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KIT MARLOWE'S WORKS.

VOLUME I.

TAMBERLAINE THE GREAT,—PART I.
TAMBERLAINE THE GREAT,—PART II.
THE JEW OF MALTA.

[redacted]

[illegible] by P. G. Robinson

THE

WORKS

OF

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

"Marlowe renown'd for his rare art and wit
Could ne'er attain beyond the flame of Kit."

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LONDON:

WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE;
TALBOYS AND WHEELER, OXFORD;
T. COMBE AND SON, LEICESTER.

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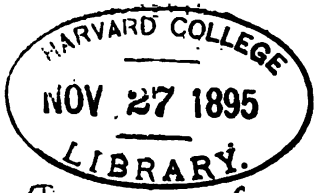

Estate of
Prof. H. W. Torrey

Thomas White, Printer,
Crane Court.

THE LIFE

OF

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

MARLOWE was the only dramatic poet who obtained any great degree of celebrity previously to the appearance of Shakespeare's plays; we hardly meet with a single scene in the dramatic productions of Marlowe's predecessors which is calculated to call forth the passions of grief, or terror, or astonishment. They are all written either in the dry didactic style of Ferrex and Porrex, or in the extravagant vein of King Cambises. The dramatists, indeed, who preceded him had no dominion over the passions—they were extravagant and bombastic, instead of being pathetic or natural. Peele and Greene, the friends and contemporaries of Marlowe, exhibited only slight and occasional indications of feeling in their dramatic compositions. Marlowe was the first who made any impression upon the hearts of the audience. He possessed more genius and refinement, and drew his materials from a purer source, than any former

dramatic poet. His career was melancholy and brief, but he has left sufficient testimonies of power to convince us that if he had lived longer he would have contested the palm with the most celebrated poets of the age of Elizabeth, who, in the dramatic art, must be considered rather as his successors than contemporaries. Marlowe had the honour of being the first to adopt a more natural and chaste model, and that is no slight praise at a time when taste wavered between extravagance and pedantry. Notwithstanding the backward state of tragedy in England before Marlowe's time, it is remarkable that comedy had made considerable progress. The dramatic writings of John Heywood are of a most facetious and comic kind, and Gammer Gurton's Needle is exquisitely droll and humorous.

The time of Marlowe's birth is matter of conjecture, but is placed by Mr. Ellis in 1562, and by Malone, with greater appearance of probability, about 1565.* Oldys on the contrary carries it as far back as the former part of the reign of Edward VI. He was entered of Bennet's College, Cambridge, and took his Bachelor's degree in 1583, and that of Master of Arts in 1587. Marlowe, on leaving the University, came to London, and, like many of the

* MS. Notes to the collection of Marlowe's Plays in the Bodleian Library.

scholars of his age, became, according to Phillips and Warton, at once an actor and a writer for the stage. Malone, however, is of opinion, that there is no sufficient authority for the assertion, that Marlowe was ever on the stage, as he is not mentioned as an actor by any of his contemporaries. He has been equally the subject of high panegyric, and the sport of scurrilous abuse, esteemed for his verse and hated for his life—the favorite of the learned and witty, and the horror of the precise and religious. The praise applies to his intellectual and the censure to his moral character; what the latter really was may be difficult at this time to determine with accuracy, although the accusations are not of a nature to be entitled to any great weight. Marlowe's familiar appellative was Kit, which may be considered as evidence of a kind disposition, or a companionable nature. "That elemental wit Kit Marlowe" is the expression of one writer, and Thomas Heywood, in his 'Hierarchy,' informs us that

> "Marlowe renowned for his rare art and wit,'
> Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit."

The testimonies of his contemporary poets in his favour are numerous and highly laudatory. Nash, speaking of Hero and Leander, expresses himself thus:—"Of whom divine Musæus sung, and a

diviner Muse than he Kit Marlowe;" and Heywood calls him "the best of poets." Peele, in his Honour of the Garter, thus speaks of him:—

> ——" Unhappy in thine end,
> Marlowe the muses' darling for thy verse,
> Fit to write passions for the souls below
> If any wretched souls in passions speak."

In *The Return from Parnassus* he is characterised in these words:—

> " Marlowe was happy in his buskined muse,
> Alas! unhappy in his life and end:
> Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell,
> Wit lent from heaven but vices sent from hell."

Drayton describes him in a still higher and finer strain:—

> " Next Marlowe bathed in the Thespian springs,
> Had in him those brave translunary things
> That your first poets had: his raptures were
> All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
> For that fine madness still he did retain
> Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

We will now exhibit the reverse of the picture, from which, if the representation be correct, we must conclude Marlowe to be a blasphemer and an atheist, a scoffer of God, and a standing monument of his justice. Thomas Beard, in *The Theatre of God's*

*Judgments**, a zealous puritan, and an arch-dialectician, holds him up as a notable example of the danger of speaking lightly of religious mysteries. "Not inferior," says he, "to any of the former in atheism and impiety, and equal to all in manner of punishment, was one of our own nation of fresh and late memory, called Marlowe, by profession a scholar, brought up from his youth in the University of Cambridge, but by practice a play-maker, and a poet of scurrility, who by giving too large a swing to his own wit, and suffering his lust to have the full reins, fell (not without just desert) to that great outrage and extremity that he denied God and his son Christ, and not only in word blasphemed the Trinity (but also as it is credibly reported) wrote books against it, affirming our Saviour to be a deceiver, and Moses but to be a seducer of the people, and the Holy Bible to be but vain and idle stories, and all religion but a device of policy. But see what a hook the Lord put in the nostrils of this barking dog: so it fell out that as he purposed to stab one whom he ought a grudge unto with his dagger; the other party perceiving, so avoided the stroke that withal catching hold of his wrist, he stabbed his own dagger into his own head, in such sort that not-

* We quote from the 4to. edition, by Thomas Beard and Thomas Taylor, p. 92, 1668, fol.

withstanding all the means of surgery that could be wrought he shortly after died thereof, the manner of his death being so terrible (for he even cursed and blasphemed to his last gasp, and together with his breath an oath flew out of his mouth) that it was not only a manifest sign of God's judgment, but also an horrible and fearful terror to all that beheld him. But herein did the justice of God most notably appear in that he compelled his own hand which had written those blasphemies to be the instrument to punish him, and that in his brain which had devised the same."

William Vaughan, another of the same class, in a book called the Golden Grove, published in 1600, gives a somewhat different version of this story. "Christopher Marlowe," says he, "by profession a play-maker, who, as it is reported, about fourteen years ago wrote a book against the Trinity, but see the effects of God's justice; it so happened that at Deptford, a little village about three miles distant from London, as he meant to stab with his poinard one named Ingram, that had invited him thither to a feast, and was then playing at tables, he quickly perceiving it so avoided the thrust, that withall drawing out his dagger for his defence, he stabbed this Marlowe into the eye in such sort that his brains coming out at the dagger's point he

shortly after died. Thus did God, the true executioner of divine justice, work the end of impious atheists."

From the Register of Burials for the Parish of St. Nicholas, Deptford, it appears that the name of this person was Archer and not Ingram. The entry is as follows:—" 1st June, 1593, Christopher Marlowe slain by Francis Archer."

The earliest authority for the manner of Marlowe's death is that of Francis Meres in his 'Wits' Treasury,' 8vo. 1598, who observes, " As the poet Lycophron was shot to death by a rival of his, so Marlowe was stabbed to death by a bawdy serving man, a rival of his lewd love."

Anthony Wood introduces Beard's story into his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, with this addition on the authority of Meres, " that he being deeply in love with a certain woman, had for his rival a bawdy serving man, one rather fit to be a pimp than an ingenious amoretto as Marlowe conceived himself to be."

The opinions ascribed to Marlowe probably originated in a string of accusations, which appear to have been preferred against him by a man of the name of Richard Bame or Banes. This document is amongst Lord Keeper Puckering's papers* and is

* Harl. MSS. No. 6853.

printed in Ritson's Observations on Warton, for th purpose of shewing the truth of the accusation brought against Marlowe. Its extravagance an absurdity however render it totally unworthy c credit; indeed some of the opinions, we conjecture have been considered so ridiculous by a more cau tious person than the informer, that he has strucl them out with a pen; the same person has als altered the title of the piece. Whether it was dic tated by personal dislike or misguided zeal, or pro ceeded from mercenary motives is perhaps unimpor tant; but it is not unimportant to observe, that Mar lowe's accuser was hanged at Tyburn on the 6th o December, 1594.*

It is probable, however, from the quotation w are about to make from the posthumous work of hi

begin, thou famous gracer of tragedians, that Greene (who hath said with thee like the fool in his heart, there is no God) should now give glory unto his greatness, for penetrating is his power; his hand is heavy upon me ***** Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded that thou should give no glory to the giver. The brother (breather) of this diabolical atheism is dead, and in his lifetime had never the felicity he aimed at; but as he began in craft, lived in fear and ended in despair. And wilt thou, my friend, be his disciple? Look unto me, by him persuaded to that liberty, and thou shalt find it an eternal bondage." He then proceeds to address Lodge and Peele:—"With thee I join young Juvenal [Lodge], that biting satyrist, that lately together with me writ a comedy. Sweet boy, might I advise thee; be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words; inveigh against vain men, for thou canst do it, no man better, no man so well; thou hast liberty to reprove all, and name none. Stop shallow water still running it will rage; tread on a worm it will turn; then blame not scholars who are vexed with sharp and bitter lines, if they reprove too much liberty of reproof. And thou [George Peele] no less deserving than the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferior, driven as myself, to extreme shifts, a little

have I to say to thee; and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet St. George, thou art unworthy better hap since thou dependest on so mean a stay. Base minded men, all three of you, if by my misery you be not warned; for unto none of you like me sought these burs to cleave; those puppets I mean that speak from our mouths; those antics garnished in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whom they have all been beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not, for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *tigers heart wrapt in a players hide* supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes *fac-totum*, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country. O that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses; and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions."

Henry Chettle, the editor of Greene's work, in the preface to a work of his own, called "Kind Hart's Dreame, 1592," mentions that "the letter written to divers players is offensively by one or two of them taken****. With neither of them that take

offence was I acquainted, and with one of them [Marlowe] I care not if I never be. The other [Shakespeare] whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the hate of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case, the author being dead) that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault; because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil than he is excellent in the quality he professes. Besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art. For the first whose learning I reverenced and at the perusing of Greene's book struck out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ; or had it been true, yet to publish it was intolerable; him I would wish to use me no better than I deserve****. In that letter I put something out, but in the whole book not a word in."

Mr. Malone, from whom we quote, supposes that Marlowe and Shakespeare were the persons alluded to by Chettle, as there was nothing in the addresses to Lodge and Peele which could possibly cause offence.

All the plays contained in the present collection have been usually attributed to the pen of Marlowe, ex-

cept the play of Dido, in the composition of which he was assisted by Nash. Both the matter and style of Tamburlaine, however, differ materially from Marlowe's other compositions and doubts have more than once be[illegible] whether the play was properly a[illegible] We think that Marlowe did not [illegible] stated the reasons which have [illegible] onclusion in the note prefixed to t[illegible] d although Lust's Dominion was [illegible] with Marlowe's name to it, by [illegible] ler, and a great collector and publi[illegible] seems pretty clear that it is the composition of a later writer. The editor of the new edition of Dodsley's Old Plays has pointed out a small tract, originally printed in 1599, and included in Lord Somers' collection, vol. ix. p. 113. entitled "A brief and true declaration of the sickness and last words of Philip the Second, king of Spain," which clearly shew that the early part of the play refers to the reign and death of Philip the Second, who did not die until the 13th Sept. 1598, long after Marlowe's decease. This king left a son and daughter, Philip and Isabella, two of the characters in the play. It is true other characters unknown to history are introduced, but in two or three instances the language of the drama is so closely

pied from the tract that there can be no doubt that the latter preceded it.*

An historical event too, the banishment of the Moors from Spain, which took place in the reign of Philip the Third, is also referred to at the conclusion of the play. We were not aware of the existence of this tract until after Lust's Dominion was printed which will account for our making no mention of it in the note preceding the play.

Marlowe is also said to have joined Day in the comedy of "The Maiden's Holiday," which has never been printed, and was one of the plays destroyed

* The most remarkable are as follows:—

"——— embalm my body:
——— when I am embalmed
Apparel me in a rich royal robe
According to the custom of the land;
Then place my bones within that brazen shrine."—
A. i. S. ii.

Philip is described in the tract as also giving directions for his funeral in which these words occur, "Commanding that this my body so soon as ever my soul shall be separated from the same be embalmed; then apparelled with a royal robe and so placed in this brazen shrine."

And, again,

"Have care to Isabel,
Her virtue was King Philip's looking glass."—A. i. S. ii.

"I pray you have a great care and regard to your sister, because she was my looking glass."—TRACT.

by Warburton's servant. Of his other works, the poem of Hero and Leander is the most celebrated. Shakspeare quotes it in "As You Like It:"—

> "Dead shepherd now I find thy saw of might
> Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight."

And alludes to it twice in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Ben Jonson said of it that the lines were fitter for admiration than parallel: indeed it seems to have been a general favourite, and for the richness of the imagery and the polish of the versification well deserved to be so. Chapman's part falls far short of Marlowe's in elegance and facility, but it frequently surpasses the other in vigour. Marlowe also translated the first book of Lucan, and part of the elegies of Ovid, whose indelicacies he rendered with so much fidelity that they were ordered to be burnt at Stationers' Hall, in 1599, by command of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of London. These translations will be found at the end of the third volume, together with a collection of epigrams by I. D. and C. M. ascribed by Malone and Steevens to Davies and Marlowe. The translation, from Lucan, is curious, as exhibiting one of the earliest specimens of the use (except in dramatic compositions) of English blank verse; but the versification is by no means distinguished by the same polish and facility as that of his plays. Ac-

cording to Warton, who quotes Coxeter's MSS. Marlowe also translated Coluthus's Rape of Helen, and from the fragments contained in the second volume it seems probable that he was the author of other pieces which are now lost.

The only plays then, according to our opinion, written exclusively by Marlowe, are "The Massacre of Paris," "The Jew of Malta," "Edward the Second," and "Faustus." The first is a mere abortion: by the three remaining plays must his genius be estimated and on them must his reputation rest. The Jew of Malta possesses little to raise our interest, or awaken our sympathy; but yet amidst all its tumour and extravagance we cannot help perceiving the fire of genius, that "fine madness," for which Drayton commends the author. Although not embellished by much poetical imagery, this production occasionally displays the rich enchasing of Marlowe's hand. The play of Edward the Second is much superior in truth and consistency of character as well as in chasteness of composition. It contains an excellent portraiture of the turbulent nobility of a semi-barbarous age, and the catastrophe is distinguished by a truth and pathos of the most affecting kind. Faustus is a drama of an entirely different class, and in it Marlowe displays more vigour of imagination and originality of conception than in any

other of his productions. It appears to have bee written after Greene's "Honorable History of Fris Bacon and Friar Bungay," which was printed i 1594. The magic of this play is entirely of a comi description, and bears no sort of resemblance to th tremendous interest of Faustus. Those parts of th latter in which the clowns are introduced are so un suitable to the tone of the rest of the drama that w are inclined to consider them as interpolations; probably the additions which were made by W. Bride anc Samuel Rowley, after the death of the author, anc before the first edition was printed. The introduction of such a subordinate conjuror as the clown, considerably weakens the impression of the play, and gives a ludicrous turn to it, which is at complete variance with the solemn effect intended to be pro-

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

PART THE FIRST.

Tamburlaine the Great who from a Scythian Shepheard, by his rare and wonderful conquestes became a most puissant and mightie monarch: And (for his tyrannie and terror in warre) was tearmed, The scourge of God. The first part of the two Tragicall discourses, as they were sundrie times most stately shewed upon stages in the citie of London. By the right honourable the Lord Admirall his servantes now first and newlie published, Printed by Richard Jhones', dwelling at the signe of the Rose and Crowne neere Holborne Bridge, 1590. 8vo.

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

THIS play, or history as the publisher calls it, which is founded on the vulgar notion of Tamburlaine's history, is one of the most wild and extravagant productions of an imperfectly formed stage: and yet from what the publisher says in his address to the reader we may infer that it was originally still more extravagant. "I have purposely," says he, "omitted some fond and frivolous gestures, digressing, and in my poor opinion, far unmeet for the matter which I thought might seem more tedious unto the wise than any way else to be regarded, though haply they have been of some vain conceited fondlings, greatly gaped at what time they were shewed upon the stage in their graced deformities." With an audience of this kind we could hardly expect the author to prefer the modesty of nature. As far as the delineation of Tamburlaine himself goes, some justification for the extravagant stuff which is put into his mouth may be found in the lofty oriental strain which he really adopted in his correspondence with foreign princes.

The title of Marlowe however to this play, or rather its title to him, has been disputed. That Marlowe was the author of a play called "Tamburlaine," has long been the received opinion, founded on one of the pro-

logues written by Thomas Heywood, to the Jew c
Malta, and which has been supposed to convey tha
information. It appears to us doubtful whether thi
play has not been attributed to Marlowe under
misconception of Heywood's meaning. The passag
in question is as follows :

> " We know not how our play may pass this stage,
> But by the best of poets* in that age,
> The Malta Jew had being and was made ;
> And he then by the best of actors † play'd :
> *In Hero and Leander, one did gain*
> *A lasting memory : in Tamburlaine,*
> *This Jew, with others many : th' other won*
> *The attribute of peerless,* being a man
> Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)
> Proteus for shapes and Roscius for a tongue."

This is the way in which the lines printed in
Italics are punctuated in the old editions, and thos

dence, which is strong against the supposition of this play being written by Marlowe, that it was the composition of some other author. The sole authority upon which it is attributed to him is the prologue just quoted. The words in italics may with equal if not greater propriety be read in this way,

> "In Hero and Leander one did gain
> A lasting memory: in Tamburlaine
> This Jew with others many, the other wan
> The attribute of peerless."—

In the words of the poet one "made" and the other "played," the Jew; and therefore as far as relates to this play the latter part of the sentence may be applied to either Marlowe or Allen, and in like manner what is said of Tamburlaine, may independently of other evidence, be applied either to the author or the actor. But it may be urged that the intention of the writer of the prologue was to illustrate his praise by giving examples of those things in which the objects of his eulogium gained reputation; as that Marlowe was famous for the poem of Hero and Leander, and Allen, in the character of Tamburlaine and the Jew of Malta. It may also be added that the words "with others many" are much more applicable to Allen, whose characters were numerous, than to Marlowe, whose compositions were few; besides this reading seems more likely to have been the natural order of the poet's thoughts,—one was celebrated in Hero and Leander, the other in Tamburlaine. The confusion arises from both being associated with the Jew of

Malta. Another reason for this construction is, that by it we get rid of the improbability, that Heywood himself, an excellent dramatist, who knew well how to touch the passions, should praise a composition like the one in question; but he might without any impropriety p[illegible]ce of a good actor, even in a bad pla[illegible] circumstances may be mentioned a[illegible]port this construction of the passage. [illegible] of Malta and Tamburlaine were ac[illegible] Theatre, of which Henslowe, who ma[illegible] stepmother, was proprietor; and it is [illegible] Allen played the part of Tamburl[illegible]s in his line of character. Indeed i[illegible] the plotte" of the first part of 'Tamar Cam (Tamerlane) printed in Malone's Shakspeare, and which that editor supposes to have formed part of Allen's collection, that he actually did perform the part of 'Tamar Cam;' but the incidents and the names of the characters appear to be totally different from those of the present play.

It may be inferred from the prologue to "The troublesome reign of John, King of England," that Tamburlaine was written by the same author as that play which has never been assigned to Marlowe.

> "You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow
> Have entertained the Scythian Tamburlaine,
> And given applause unto an infidel,
> Vouchsafe to welcome with like curtesy
> A warlike Christian and your countryman."

Malone conjectured "that Tamburlaine was either written wholly or in part by Nash, from the

following passage in the Black Book, 4to. 1604 :— "The spindle-shank spider which shewed like great leachers with little legs, went stealing over his (Nash's) head as if they had been conning of Tamburlaine." It seems probable that Nash was the author of both those plays. We learn from Henslowe's MSS. that 'Tamburlaine' was very popular, being frequently represented. Both parts were printed in 1590, 8vo.; the first part again in 1605, 4to. and the second in 1606, 4to. Langbaine mentions an edition in black letter in 1593, but this appears to be a mistake.

Notwithstanding our opinion that Tamburlaine cannot be laid to Marlowe's charge, we have, in deference to the received opinion, admitted it into the present collection.

THE PROLOGUE.

From jigging veins of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine:
Threat'ning the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MYCETES, *King of Persia.*
COSROE, *his Brother.*
ORTYGIUS, } *Persian Lords.*
CEREUS,
MEANDER, } *Persian Captains.*
MENAPHON,
THERIDAMAS,
TAMBURLAINE.
TECHELLES, } *his Officers.*
USUMCASANE,
AGYDAS, } *Median Lords attending upon Zenocrate.*
MAGNETES,
CAPOLIN, *an Egyptian captain.*
BAJAZET, *Emperor of the Turks.*
KING *of* ARABIA.
KING *of* FEZ.
KING *of* MOROCCO.
KING *of* ARGIERS.
SOLDAN *of* EGYPT.
GOVERNOR *of Damascus.*
PHILEMUS, *a Messenger.*

ZENOCRATE, *Daughter of the Soldan of Egypt.*
ANIPPE, *her Maid.*
ZABINA, *Empress of the Turks.*
ZENOCRA, *her Maid.*

[redacted]

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

PART THE FIRST.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter MYCETES, COSROE, MEANDER, THERIDAMAS, ORTYGIUS, CENEUS, MENAPHON, *with others.*

MYC. Brother Cosroe, I find myself agriev'd,
Yet insufficient to express the same;
For it requires a great and thund'ring speech:
Good brother, tell the cause unto my Lords;
I know you have a better wit than I.

COS. Unhappy Persia, that in former age
Hast been the seat of mighty conquerors,
That, in their prowess and their policies,
Have triumph'd over Afric and the bounds
Of Europe, where the sun scarce dares appear
For freezing meteors and congealed cold,
Now to be rul'd and govern'd by a man
Whose birth-day Cynthia with Saturn join'd,
And Jove, the Sun, and Mercury denied
Shed their influence in his fickle brain.—

That know my wit, and can be witnesses.
I might command you to be slain for this:
Meander, might I not?

MEAND. Not for so small a fault, my sovereign

MYC. I mean it not, but yet I know I might
Yet live; yea live, Mycetes wills it so.
Meander, thou, my faithful counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceived grief,
Which is, God knows, about that Tamburlaine,
That, like a fox in midst of harvest time,
Doth prey upon my flocks of passengers;
And, as I hear, doth mean to pull my plumes:
Therefore 'tis good and meet for to be wise.

MEAND. Oft have I heard your Majesty com
Of Tamburlaine, that sturdy Scythian thief,
That robs your merchants of Persepolis
Trading by land unto the Western Isles,
And in your confines with his lawless train
Daily commits uncivil outrages,
Hoping (misled by dreaming prophecies)
To reign in Asia, and with barb'rous arms
To make himself the monarch of the East;
But ere he march in Asia, or display

Your Grace hath taken order by Theridamas,
Charg'd with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him captive to your Highness' throne.
MYC. Full true, thou speak'st, and like thyself, my Lord,
Whom I may term a Damon for thy love:
Therefore 'tis best, if so it like you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent
To apprehend that paltry Scythian.
How like you this, my honourable Lords?
Is't not a kingly resolution?
COS. It cannot choose because it comes from you.
MYC. Then hear thy charge, valiant Theridamas,
The chiefest captain of Mycetes' host,
The hope of Persia, and the very legs
Whereon our State doth lean as on a staff,
That holds us up, and foils our neighbour foes,—
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foaming gall with rage and high disdain
Have sworn the death of wicked Tamburlaine.
Go, frowning forth, but come thou smiling home,
As did sir Paris with the Grecian dame;
Return with speed—time passeth swift away;
Our life is frail, and we may die to-day.
THER. Before the moon renew her borrow'd light,
Doubt not, my Lord and gracious Sovereign,
But Tamburlaine and that Tartarian rout,
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercy at your Highness' feet.
MYC. Go, stout Theridamas, thy words are swords,

And with thy looks thou conquerest all thy foes;
I long to see thee back return from thence,
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine
All loaden with the heads of killed men,
And from their knees e'en to their hoofs below
Besmear'd with blood that makes a dainty show.

THER. Then now, my Lord, I humbly take my leave.

MYC. Theridamas, farewell! ten thousand times.

[*Exit Theridamas.*

Ah, Menaphon, why stay'st thou thus behind,
When other men press forward for renown?
Go, Menaphon, go into Scythia;
And foot by foot follow Theridamas.

COS. Nay, pray you let him stay; a greater [task*]
Fits Menaphon than warring with a thief:
Create him Prorex of all Africa,
That he may win the Babylonian hearts
Which will revolt from Persian government,
Unless they have a wiser king than you.

MYC. "Unless they have a wiser king than you."
These are his words; Meander, set them down.

COS. And add this to them—that all Asia
Laments to see the folly of their king.

MYC. Well, here I swear by this my royal seat,—

COS. You may do well to kiss it then.

MYC. Emboss'd with silk as best beseems my state,
To be reveng'd for these contemptuous words.

* This word, or one of similar import, has been dropped at the press.

O, where is duty and allegiance now?
Fled to the Caspian or the Ocean main?
What shall I call thee? Brother?—No, a foe;
Monster of nature!—Shame unto thy stock
That dar'st presume thy sovereign for to mock!
Meander, come! I am abus'd, Meander.

[*All go out but Cosroe and Menaphon.*

MEN. How now, my Lord? What, mated* and amaz'd
To hear the king thus threaten like himself!

COS. Ah, Menaphon, I pass not† for his threats;
The plot is laid by Persian noblemen
And captains of the Median garrisons
To crown me emperor of Asia:
But this it is that doth excruciate
The very substance of my vexed soul—
To see our neighbours that were wont to quake
And tremble at the Persian monarch's name,
Now sit and laugh our regiment to scorn;
And that, which might resolve me into tears—
Men from the farthest equinoctial line
Have swarm'd in troops into the Eastern India,
Lading their ships with gold and precious stones,
And made their spoils from all our provinces.

MEN. This should entreat your highness to rejoice,
Since Fortune gives you opportunity
To gain the title of a conqueror
By curing of this maimed empery.

* *mated*—confounded; from the French *mater*.
† *pass not*—care not.

Afric and Europe bord'ring on your land,
And continent to your dominions,
How eas'ly may you, with a mighty host,
Pass into Grecia, as did Cyrus once!
And cause them to withdraw their forces home,
Lest you subdue the pride of Christendom.

Cos. But, Menaphon, what means this trumpet's sound?

Men. Behold, my lord, Ortygius and the rest
Bringing the crown to make you emperor!

Enter Ortygius *and* Cenedus, *with others, bearing a Crown.*

Orty. Magnificent and mighty Prince Cosroe,
We, in the name of other Persian states
And Commons of the mighty monarchy,
Present thee with th' imperial diadem.

Cen. The warlike soldiers and the gentlemen,
That heretofore have fill'd Persepolis
With Afric captains taken in the field,
Whose ransom made them march in coats of gold,
With costly jewels hanging at their ears,
And shining stones upon their lofty crests,
Now living idle in the walled towns,
Wanting both pay and martial discipline,
Begin in troops to threaten civil war,
And openly exclaim against their king:
Therefore, to stop all sudden mutinies,
We will invest your highness emperor,
Whereat the soldiers will conceive more joy,
Than did the Macedonians at the spoil

Of great Darius and his wealthy host.

Cos. Well, since I see the state of Persia droop
And languish in my brother's government,
I willingly receive th' imperial crown,
And vow to wear it for my country's good,
In spite of them shall malice my estate.

Orty. And in assurance of desir'd success,
We here do crown thee monarch of the East,
Emperor of Asia and of Persia;
Great Lord of Media and Armenia;
Duke of Africa and Albania,
Mesopotamia and of Parthia,
East India and the late discover'd isles;
Chief lord of all the vast wide Euxine Sea,
And of the ever-raging Caspian Lake.

All. Long live Cosroe, mighty emperor!

Cos. And Jove may never let me longer live
Than I may seek to gratify your love,
And cause the soldiers that thus honour me
To triumph over many provinces,
By whose desire of discipline in arms
I doubt not shortly but to reign sole king,
And with the army of Theridamas,
(Whither we presently will fly, my lords)
To rest secure against my brother's force.

Orty. We knew, my lord, before we brought the crown,
Intending your investion so near
The residence of your despised brother,
The lords would not be too exasperate

To injure or suppress your worthy title;
Or, if they would, there are in readiness
Ten thousand horse to carry you from hence,
In spite of all suspected enemies.

Cos. I know it well, my lord, and thank you all.

ORTY. Sound up the trumpets then—
God save the king! [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, *leading* ZENOCRATE, *followed by* TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, AGYDAS, MAGNETES, *Lords, and Soldiers, loaded with Treasure.*

TAMB. Come, lady, let not this appal your thoughts;
The jewels and the treasure we have ta'en
Shall be reserv'd, and you in better state,
Than if you were arriv'd in Syria,
Even in the circle of your father's arms,
The mighty soldan of Ægyptia.

ZENO. Ah, shepherd! pity my distressed plight,
(If, as thou seem'st, thou art so mean a man,)
And seek not to enrich thy followers
By lawless rapine from a silly maid,
Who travelling with these Median lords
To Memphis, from my uncle's country of Media,
Where, all my youth, I have been governed,
Have past the army of the mighty Turk,
Bearing his privy signet and his hand
To safe conduct us thorough Africa.

MAG. And since we have arrived in Scythia,

Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham,
We have his highness' letters to command
Aid and assistance, if we stand in need.

TAMB. But now you see these letters and commands
Are countermanded by a greater man;
And through my provinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightiness,
If you intend to keep your treasure safe.
But since I love to live at liberty,
As easily may you get the soldan's crown
As any prizes out of my precinct;
For they are friends that help to wean my state
Till men and kingdoms help to strengthen it;
And must maintain my life exempt from servitude.
But, tell me, madam, is your grace betroth'd?

ZENO. I am, my lord—for so you do import.

TAMB. I am a lord, for so my deeds shall prove;
And yet a shepherd by my parentage.
But, lady, this fair face and heavenly hue
Must grace his bed that conquers Asia,
And means to be a terror to the world,
Measuring the limits of his empery
By east and west, as Phœbus doth his course.
Lie here ye weeds that I disdain to wear!
This complete armour and this curtle axe
Are adjuncts more beseeming Tamburlaine.
And, madam, whatsoever you esteem
Of this success and loss unvalued,
Both may invest you empress of the East;

And these that seem but silly country swains
May have the leading of so great an host,
As with their weight shall make the mountains quake,
Even as when windy exhalations
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

TECH. As princely lions, when they rouse themselves,
Stretching their paws, and threatning herds of beasts,
So in his armour looketh Tamburlaine.
Methinks I see kings kneeling at his feet,
And he with frowning brows and fiery looks,
Spurning their crowns from off their captive heads.

USUM. And making thee and me, Techelles, kings,
That even to death will follow Tamburlaine.

TAMB. Nobly resolv'd, sweet friends and followers!
These Lords, perhaps do scorn our estimates,
And think we prattle with distempered spirits;
But since they measure our deserts so mean,
That in conceit bear empires on our spears,
Affecting thoughts coequal with the clouds,
They shall be kept our forced followers,
Till with their eyes they view us emperors.

ZENO. The Gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will never prosper your intended drifts,
That thus oppress poor friendless passengers.
Therefore at least admit us liberty,
Even as thou hop'st to be eterniz'd,
By living Asia's mighty emperor.

AGYD. I hope our ladies' treasures and our own,
May serve for ransom to our liberties:

Return our mules and empty camels back,
That we may travel into Syria,
Where her betrothed lord Alcidamas,
Expects th' arrival of her highness' person.

MAG. And wheresoever we repose ourselves,
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.

TAMB. Disdains Zenocrate to live with me?
Or you, my lords, to be my followers?
Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?
Not all the gold in India's wealthy arms
Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train.
Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,—
Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine,
Than the possession of the Persian crown,
Which gracious stars have promis'd at my birth.
A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus;
Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,
Enchas'd with precious jewels of mine own,
More rich and valourous than Zenocrate's.
With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled,
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen pools,
And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops,
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolv'd.
My martial prizes with five hundred men,
Won on the fifty-headed Wolga's waves,
Shall we offer to Zenocrate,
And then myself to fair Zenocrate.

TECH. *(Aside to Tamb.)* What now!—in love?

TAMB. *(Aside.)* Techelles, women must be flatter'd:
But this is she with whom I am in love.

Enter a SOLDIER.

SOLD. News!—News!

TAMB. How now?—What's the matter?

SOLD. A thousand Persian horsemen are at hand,
Sent from the king to overcome us all.

TAMB. How now, my lords of Egypt, and Zenocrate!
How!—must your jewels be restor'd again,
And I that triumph'd so be overcome?
How say you, Lordings,—is not this your hope?

AGYD. We hope yourself will willingly restore them.

TAMB. Such hope, such fortune, have the thousand horse.
Soft ye, my lords, and sweet Zenocrate!
You must be forced from me ere you go.
A thousand horsemen!—We five hundred foot!—
An odds too great for us to stand against.
But are they rich?—and is their armour good?

SOLD. Their plumed helms are wrought with beaten gold,
Their swords enamell'd, and about their necks
Hang massy chains of gold, down to the waist,
In ev'ry part exceeding brave and rich.

TAMB. Then shall we fight courageously with them.
Or look you I should play the orator

TECH. No: cowards and faint-hearted runaways
Look for orations when the foe is near:
Our swords shall play the orator for us.
USUM. Come! let us meet them at the mountain foot!
And with a sudden and a hot alarum,
Drive all their horses headlong down the hill.
TECH. Come! Let us march!
TAMB. Stay! ask a parley first.

The SOLDIERS *enter.*

Open the ways, yet guard the treasure sure!
Lay out our golden wedges to the view,
That their reflexions may amaze the Persians;
And look we friendly on them when they come;
But if they offer word or violence,
We'll fight five hundred men at arms to one,
Before we part with our possession.
And 'gainst the general we will lift our swords,
And either lance his greedy thirsting throat,
Or take him prisoner, and his chain shall serve
For manacles, till he be ransom'd home.
TECH. I hear them come; shall we encounter them?
TAMB Keep all your standings and not stir a foot,
Myself will bide the danger of the brunt.

Enter THERIDAMAS *and others.*

THER. Where is this Scythian Tamburlaine?
TAMB. Who seek'st thou, Persian?—I am Tamburlaine.

THER. Tamburlaine!—A Scythian shepherd so embellish'd
With nature's pride and richest furniture!
His looks do menace Heaven and dare the God's:
His fiery eyes are fix'd upon the earth,
As if he now devis'd some stratagem,
Or meant to pierce Avernus' darksome vauts
To pull the triple-headed dog from hell.

TAMB. Noble and mild this Persian seems to be,
If outward habit judge the inward man.

TECH. His deep affections make him passionate.

TAMB. With what a majesty he rears his looks!
In thee, thou valiant man of Persia,
I see the folly of thy emperor.
Art thou but captain of a thousand horse,
That by characters graven in thy brows,
And by thy martial face and stout aspect,
Deserv'st to have the leading of an host?
Forsake thy king, and do but join with me,
And we will triumph over all the world;
I hold the fates bound fast in iron chains,
And with my hand turns fortune's wheel about:
And sooner shall the sun fall from his sphere,
Than Tamburlaine be slain or overcome.
Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man at arms,
Intending but to raze my charmed skin,
And Jove himself will stretch his hand from Heaven
To ward the blow and shield me safe from harm.
See how he rains down heaps of gold in showers,
As if he meant to give my soldiers pay!

And as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the monarch of the East,
He sends this soldan's daughter rich and brave,
To be my queen and portly emperess.
If thou wilt stay with me, renowned man,
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize,
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial spoil
Of conquer'd kingdoms and of cities sack'd;
Both we will walk upon the lofty cliffs,
And Christian merchants that with Russian stems
Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian sea,
Shall vail to us, as Lords of all the lake.
Both we will reign as consuls of the earth,
And mighty kings shall be our senators.
Jove sometimes masked in a shepherd's weed,
And by those steps that he hath scal'd the heavens
May we become immortal like the Gods.
Join with me now in this my mean estate,
(I call it mean because being yet obscure,
The nations far remov'd admire me not,)
And when my name and honour shall be spread
As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,
Or fair Böötes sends his cheerful light,
Then shalt thou be competitor with me,
And sit with Tamburlaine in all his majesty.

THER. Not Hermes, prolocutor to the Gods,
Could use persuasions more pathetical.

TAMB. Nor are Apollo's oracles more true,
Than thou shalt find my vaunts substantial.

TECH. We are his friends, and if the Persian king
Should offer present dukedoms to our state,
We think it loss to make exchange for that
We are assur'd of by our friend's success.
USUM. And kingdoms at the least we all expect,
Besides the honour in assured conquests,
When kings shall crouch unto our conq'ring swords
And hosts of soldiers stand amaz'd at us;
When with their fearful tongues they shall confess,
These are the men that all the world admires.
THER. What strong enchantments 'tice my yielding soul
To these resolved, noble Scythians?
But shall I prove a traitor to my king?
TAMB. No, but the trusty friend of Tamburlaine.
THER. Won with thy words, and conquer'd with thy looks,
I yield myself, my men, and horse to thee,
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintains Theridamas.
TAMB. Theridamas, my friend, take here my hand,
Which is as much as if I swore by Heaven,
And call'd the Gods to witness of my vow.
Thus shall my heart be still combin'd with thine
Until our bodies turn to elements,
And both our souls aspire celestial thrones.
Techelles and Casane, welcome him!
TECH. Welcome, renowned Persian to us all!
USUM. Long may Theridamas remain with us!

TAMB. These are my friends, in whom I more rejoice
Than doth the King of Persia in his crown,
And by the love of Pylades and Orestes,
Whose statues * we adore in Scythia,
Thyself and them shall never part from me
Before I crown you kings in Asia.
Make much of them, gentle Theridamas,
And they will never leave thee to the death.

THER. Nor they nor theirs, thrice noble Tamburlaine,
Shall want my heart to be with gladness pierc'd,
To do you honour and security.

TAMB. A thousand thanks, worthy Theridamas.
And now fair madam, and my noble lords,
If you will willingly remain with me
You shall have honours as your merits be;
Or else you shall be forc'd with slavery.

AGYD. We yield unto thee, happy Tamburlaine.

TAMB. For you then, madam, I am out of doubt.

ZENO. I must be pleas'd perforce. Wretched Zenocrate! [*Exeunt.*

* The first edition reads statutes, but as the Scythians worshipped Pylades and Orestes in temples, we have adopted the reading of the quarto as being most probably the correct one.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter COSROE, MENAPHON, ORTYGIUS, CENEUS, *with other Soldiers.*

COS. Thus far are we towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune
Bears figures of renown and miracle.
But tell me, that hast seen him, Menaphon,
What stature wields he, and what personage?

MEN. Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire lift upward and divine,
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burthen;—*'twixt this manly pitch,
A pearl more worth than all the world is plac'd,
Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
Are fix'd his piercing instruments of sight,
Whose fiery circles bear encompassed
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne,
Where honour sits invested royally:
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms;
His lofty brows in folds do figure death,

* *'Twixt this manly pitch*, or height; that is, 'twixt or on 'such breadth of shoulders,' a pearl (his head) is placed, &c. The old editions read, "his manly pitch;" the alteration in the text, however, renders the phrase more intelligible.

And in their smoothness amity and life;
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
On which the breath of Heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty.—
His arms and fingers, long, and snowy-white,*
Betokening valour and excess of strength;—
In ev'ry part proportion'd like the man
Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine.

Cos. Well hast thou pourtrayed in thy terms of life
The face and personage of a wond'rous man;
Nature doth strive with fortune and his stars
To make him famous in accomplish'd worth;
And well his merits shew him to be made
His fortune's master and the king of men,
That could persuade at such a sudden pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life,
A thousand sworn and overmatching foes.
Then, when our powers in points of swords are join'd
And clos'd in compass of the killing bullet,
Though straight the passage and the port be made
That leads to palace of my brother's life,
Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not.
And when the princely Persian diadem
Shall overweigh his weary witless head,
And fall like mellow'd fruit with shakes of death,
In fair Persia, noble Tamburlaine
Shall be my regent and remain as king.

* Thus, the octavo: the quarto has "his arms long,—his fingers snowy white."

ORTY. In happy hour we have set the crown
Upon your kingly head that seeks our honour,
In joining with the man ordain'd by Heaven,
To further ev'ry action to the best.

CEN. He that with shepherds and a little spoil
Durst in disdain of wrong and tyranny,
Defend his freedom 'gainst a monarchy,
What will he do supported by a king,
Leading a troop of gentlemen and lords,
And stuff'd with treasure for his highest thoughts?

COS. And such shall wait on worthy Tamburlaine.
Our army will be forty thousand strong,
When Tamburlaine and brave Theridamas
Have met us by the river Araris;
And all conjoin'd to meet the witless king,
That now is marching near to Parthia,
And with unwilling soldiers faintly arm'd,

And which is worse, to have his diadem
Sought for by such scald knaves as love him not?
I think it would; well then, by Heavens I swear,
Aurora shall not peep out of her doors,
But I will have Cosroe by the head,
And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of sword.
Tell you the rest, Meander; I have said.

MEAND. Then having past Armenian deserts now,
And pitch'd our tents under the Georgian hills,
Whose tops are cover'd with Tartarian thieves,
That lie in ambush, waiting for a prey,
What should we do but bid them battle straight,
And rid the world of those detested troops?
Lest, if we let them linger here awhile,
They gather strength by pow'r of fresh supplies.
This country swarms with vile outragious men
That live by rapine and by lawless spoil,
Fit soldiers for the wicked Tamburlaine;
And he that could with gifts and promises
Inveigle him that led a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith unto his king,
Will quickly win such as be like himself.
Therefore cheer up your minds! prepare to fight!
He that can take or slaughter Tamburlaine,
Shall rule the province of Albania:
Who brings that traitor's head, Theridamas,
Shall have a government in Media,
Beside the spoil of him and all his train:
But if Cosroe, (as our spials say,
And as we know) remains with Tamburlaine,

His Highness' pleasure is that he should live,
And be reclaim'd with princely lenity.

A Spy. A hundred horsemen of my company
Scouting abroad upon these champion plains
Have view'd the army of the Scythians,
Which make report it far exceeds the king's.

Meand. Suppose they be in number infinite,
Yet being void of martial discipline,
All running headlong after greedy spoils,
And more regarding gain than victory,
Like to the cruel brothers of the earth,
Sprung of the teeth of dragons venomous,
Their careless swords shall lance their fellows' throats,
And make us triumph in their overthrow.

Myc. Was there such brethren, sweet Meander, say,
That sprung of teeth of dragons venomous?

Meand. So poets say, my lord.

Myc. And 'tis a pretty toy to be a poet.
Well, well, Meander, thou art deeply read,
And having thee, I have a jewel sure.
Go on, my Lord, and give your charge, I say;
Thy wit will make us conquerors to-day.

Meand. Then, noble soldiers, to entrap these thieves,
That live confounded in disorder'd troops,
If wealth or riches may prevail with them,
We have our camels laden all with gold,
Which you that be but common soldiers
Shall fling in ev'ry corner of the field;
And while the base-born Tartars take it up,

You, fighting more for honour than for gold,
Shall massacre those greedy-minded slaves;
And when their scatter'd army is subdu'd,
And you march on their slaughter'd carcasses,
Share equally the gold that bought their lives,
And live like gentlemen in Persia.
Strike up the drum! and march courageously!
Fortune herself doth sit upon our crests.

MYC. He tells you true, my masters: so he does.
Drums, why sound ye not, when Meander speaks?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter COSROE, TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE *and* ORTYGIUS, *with others.*

COS. Now, worthy Tamburlaine, have I repos'd
In thy approved fortune all my hope.
What think'st thou, man, shall come of our attempts?
For e'en as from assured oracle,
I take thy doom for satisfaction.

TAMB. And so mistake you not a whit, my Lord;
For fates and oracles [of] Heav'n have sworn
To royalize the deeds of Tamburlaine,
And make them blest that share in his attempts.
And doubt you not, but if you favour me,
And let my fortunes and my valour sway
To some direction in your martial deeds,
The world will strive with hosts of men at arms,
To swarm unto the ensign I support:

The host of Xerxes, which by fame is said
T' have drank the mighty Parthian Araris,
Was but a handful to that we will have.
Our quiv'ring lances, shaking in the air,
And bullets, like Jove's dreadful thunderbolts,
Enroll'd y smould'ring mists,
Shall thr e than Cyclopian wars:
And with rmour as we march,
We'll ch heaven and dim their eyes
That star ur admired arms.

THER. d, what working words he hath,
But when you s ons stop his speech,
Your speech will stay o extol his worth
As I shall be commended, and excus'd
For turning my poor charge to his direction.
And these his two renowned friends, my lord,
Would make one thrust and strive to be retain'd
In such a great degree of amity.

TECH. With duty and with amity we yield
Our utmost service to the fair Cosroe.

COS. Usumcasane and Techelles both,
When she* that rules in Rhamnus' golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosp'rous arms,
Shall make me solely emperor of Asia,
Then shall your meeds and valours be advanc'd
To rooms of honour and nobility.

TAMB. Then haste, Cosroe, to be king alone,
That I with these, my friends, and all my men

* The Goddess Nemesis.

May triumph in our long-expected fate.
The king, your brother, is now hard at hand;
Meet with the fool, and rid your royal shoulders
Of such a burthen as outweighs the sands
And all the craggy rocks of Caspia.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MES. My lord, we have discovered the enemy
Ready to charge you with a mighty army.

COS. Come, Tamburlaine! now whet thy winged sword,
And lift thy lofty arm into the clouds,
That it may reach the king of Persia's crown,
And set it safe on my victorious head.

TAMB. See where it is, the keenest curtle axe
That ere made passage thorough Persian arms.
These are the wings shall make it fly as swift
As doth the lightning or the breath of Heaven,
And kill as surely* as it swiftly flies.

COS. Thy words assure me of kind success;
Go, valiant soldier, go before and charge
The fainting army of that foolish king.

TAMB. Usumcasane and Techelles come!
We are enough to scare the enemy,
And more than needs to make an emperor.

[*They go out to the battle. Mycetes enters alone with his crown in his hand, and endeavours to hide it.*]

MYC. Accurs'd be he that first invented war!
They knew not, ah they knew not, simple men,

* *Sure* in both the old editions.

How those, who're hit by pelting cannon shot,
Stand stagg'ring like a quiv'ring aspin leaf
Fearing the force of Boreas boist'rous blasts.
In what a lamentable case were I
If Nature had not giv'n me wisdom's lore,
For kings are clouts that ev'ry man shoots at,
Our crown the pin that thousands seek to cleave;
Therefore in policy I think it good
To hide it close; a goodly stratagem,
And far from any man that is a fool:
So shall I not be known; or if I be,
They can not take away my crown from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter TAMBURLAINE.

TAMB. What fearful coward's straggling from the camp,
When kings themselves are present in the field?

TAMB. You will not sell it, will you?

MYC. Such another word and I will have thee executed.

Come, give it me!

TAMB. No; I took it prisoner.

MYC. You lie; I gave it you.

TAMB. Then 'tis mine.

MYC. No; I mean I let you keep it.

TAMB. Well; I mean you shall have it again.

Here; take it for awhile: I lend it thee,
Till I may see thee hemm'd with armed men;
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head;
Thou art no match for mighty Tamburlaine.

[*Exit Tamb.*

MYC. O gods! Is this Tamburlaine the thief?
I marvel much he stole it not away.

[*Trumpets sound to the battle: Mycetes runs out.*

Enter COSROE, TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS, MEXAPHON, MEANDER, ORTYGIUS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, *with others.*

TAMB. Hold thee, Cosroe! wear two imperial crowns;
Think thee invested now as royally,
Even by the mighty hand of Tamburlaine,
As if as many kings as could encompass thee
With greatest pomp, had crown'd thee emperor.

COS. So do I, thrice-renowned man at arms,
And none shall keep the crown but Tamburlaine.
Thee do I make my regent of Persia,
And general lieutenant of my armies.

Meander, you, that were our brother's guide,
And chiefest counsellor in all his acts,
Since he is yielded to the stroke of war,
On your submission we with thanks excuse,
And give you equal place in our affairs.

MEA[illegible]mperor, in humblest terms,
I vow n[illegible] majesty,
With ut[illegible] faith and duty.

Cos. [illegible]eander: then Cosroe reign,
And go[illegible] former pomp!
Now ser[illegible]hy neighbour kings,
And let [illegible]'ersian king is chang'd,
From o[illegible] what a king should do,
To one tha[illegible] [illegible]d what longs thereto.
And now we will to fair Persepolis,
With twenty thousand expert soldiers.
The lords and captains of my brother's camp
With little slaughter take Meander's course,
And gladly yield them to my gracious rule.
Ortygius and Menaphon, my trusty friends,
Now will I gratify your former good,
And grace your calling with a greater sway.

ORTY. And as we ever aim'd at your behoof,
And sought your state all honour it deserv'd,
So will we with our powers and our lives
Endeavour to preserve and prosper it.

Cos. I will not thank thee, sweet Ortygius;
Better replies shall prove my purposes.
And now, Lord Tamburlaine, my brother's camp
I leave to thee and to Theridamas,

To follow me to fair Persepolis.
Then will I march to all those Indian mines,
My witless brother to the Christians lost,
And ransom them with fame and usury.
And till thou overtake me, Tamburlaine,
(Staying to order all the scatter'd troops,)
Farewel, lord regent and his happy friends!
I long to sit upon my brother's throne.

MEAND. Your majesty shall shortly have your wish,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis,

[*All go out but Tamb. Tech. Ther. and Usum.*

TAMB. And ride in triumph through Persepolis!
Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles?
Usumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing brave to be a king,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

TECH. O, my lord, 'tis sweet and full of pomp.

USUM. To be a king is half to be a god.

THER. A god is not so glorious as a king.
I think the pleasure they enjoy in heaven,
Cannot compare with kingly joys in earth.—
To wear a crown enchas'd with pearl and gold,
Whose virtues carry with it life and death;
To ask and have—command and be obey'd;
When looks breed love, with looks to gain the prize,
Such power attractive shines in princes' eyes!

TAMB. Why say, Theridamas, wilt thou be a king?

THER. Nay, though I praise it, I can live without it.

TAMB. What say my other friends, will you be kings?

TECH. If I could, with all my heart, my lord.
TAMB. Why, that's well said, Techelles; so would I,
And so would you, my masters, would you not?
USUM. What then, my lord?
TAMB. Why then, Casane, shall we wish for ought
The world affords in greatest novelty,
And rest attemptless, faint, and destitute?
Methinks we should not: I am strongly mov'd,
That if I should desire the Persian crown,
I could attain it with a wond'rous ease.
And would not all our soldiers soon consent,
If we should aim at such a dignity?
THER. I know they would with our persuasions.
TAMB. Why then, Theridamas, I'll first essay
To get the Persian kingdom to myself;
Then thou for Parthia; they for Scythia and Media:

To bid him battle ere he pass too far,
And lose more labour than the gain will quit.
Then shalt thou see this Scythian, Tamburlaine,
Make but a jest to win the Persian crown.
Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turn him back to war with us,
That only made him king to make us sport.
We will not steal upon him cowardly,
But give him warning with more warriors.
Haste, thee, Techelles, we will follow thee.
What saith Theridamas?

THER. Go on for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter COSROE, MEANDER, ORTYGIUS, MENAPHON, *with other Soldiers.*

COS. What means this dev'lish shepherd to aspire
With such a giantly presumption
To cast up hills against the face of heaven,
And dare the force of angry Jupiter?
But as he thrust them underneath the hills,
And press'd out fire from their burning jaws,
So will I send this monstrous slave to hell,
Where flames shall ever feed upon his soul.

MEAND. Some pow'rs divine, or else infernal, mix'd
Their angry seeds at his conception;
For he was never sprung from human race,
Since with the spirit of his fearful pride,
He dares so doubtlessly resolve of rule,

And by profession be ambitious.

ORTY. What God, or fiend, or spirit of the earth,
Or monster turned to a manly shape,
Or of what mould or mettle he be made,
What star or state soever govern him,
Let us put on our meet encount'ring minds;
And in detesting such a devilish chief,
In love of honour and defence of right,
Be arm'd against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or heaven he grow.

COS. Nobly resolved, my good Ortygius;
And since we all have suck'd one wholesome air,
And with the same proportion of elements
Resolve, I hope we are resembled
Vowing our loves to equal death and life.
Let's cheer our soldiers to encounter him,
That grievous image of ingratitude,
That fiery thirster after sovereignty.

Alarums.—A battle; enter COSROE, *wounded,* THERIDAMAS, TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, *with others.*

Cos. Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
Thus to deprive me of my crown and life!
Treacherous and false Theridamas,
Ev'n at the morning of my happy state,
Scarce being seated in my royal throne,
To work my downfal and untimely end!
An uncouth pain torments my grieved soul,
And death arrests the organ of my voice,
Who, ent'ring at the breach thy sword hath made,
Sacks every vein and artier of my heart.—
Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine!

TAMB. The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown
That caus'd the eldest son of heavenly Ops,
To thrust his doting father from his chair,
And place himself in the imperial heaven,
Mov'd me to manage arms against thy state.
What better precedent than mighty Jove?
Nature that form'd us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds;
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wond'rous architecture of the world,
And measure ev'ry wand'ring planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,

That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

THER. And that made me to join with Tamburlaine:
For he is gross and like the massy earth,
That moves not upwards, nor by princely deeds
Doth mean to soar above the highest sort.

TECH. And that made us the friends of Tamburlaine,
To lift our swords against the Persian king.

USUM. For as when Jove did thrust old Saturn down,
Neptune and Dis gain'd each of them a crown,
So do we hope to reign in Asia,
If Tamburlaine be plac'd in Persia.

COS. The strangest men that ever nature made!
I know not how to take their tyrannies.
My bloodless body meanth chill and cold

TAMB. Not all the curses, which the furies breathe,
Shall make me leave so rich a prize as this.
Theridamas, Techelles, and the rest,
Who think you now is king of Persia?
ALL. Tamburlaine!—Tamburlaine!
TAMB. Though Mars himself, the angry god of arms,
And all the earthly potentates conspire
To dispossess me of this diadem,
Yet will I wear it in despite of them,
As great commander of this eastern world,
If you but say that Tamburlaine shall reign.
ALL. Long live Tamburlaine and reign in Asia!
TAMB. So now it is more surer on my head,
Than if the Gods had held a Parliament,
And all pronounc'd me king of Persia. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

BAJAZET, *the Kings of* FEZ, MOROCCO, *and* ARGIER, *with others in great Pomp.*

BAJ. Great kings of Barbary and my portly bassas,
We bear the Tartars and the eastern thieves,
Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Presume a bick'ring with your emperor,

And think to rouse us from our dreadful siege
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople.
You know our army is invincible;
As many circumcised Turks we have,
And warlike bands of Christian's reni'd*,
As hath the ocean or the Tyrrhene sea
Small drops of water when the moon begins
To join in one her semicircled horns.
Yet would we not be brav'd with foreign pow'r,
Nor raise our siege before the Grecians yield,
Or breathless lie before the city walls.

K. of Fez. Renowned emperor, and mighty general,
What, if you sent the bassas of your guard
To charge him to remain in Asia,
Or else to threaten death and deadly arms
As from the mouth of mighty Bajazet.

Baj. Hie thee, my bassa, fast to Persia;
Tell him thy lord, the Turkish emperor,
Dread lord of Afric, Europe, and Asia,
Great king and conqueror of Grecia,
The ocean Tyrrhene, and the coal-black sea,
The high and highest monarch of the world
Wills and commands, (for say not I entreat)
Not once to set his foot on Africa,
Or spread his colours in Grecia,
Lest he incur the fury of my wrath.
Tell him I am content to take a truce,
Because I hear he bears a valiant mind:

* Renied—denied. Christians who had denied their faith.

But if presuming on his silly pow'r,
He be so mad to manage arms with me,
Then stay thou with him; say, I bid thee so:
And if, before the sun have measur'd heaven
With tripple circuit thou regreet us not,
We mean to take his morning's next arise
For messenger he will not be reclaim'd,
And mean to fetch thee in despite of him.

BAS. Most great and puissant monarch of the earth,
Your bassa will accomplish your behest,
And show your pleasure to the Persian,
As fits the legate of the stately Turk. [*Exit Bas.*

ARG. They say he is the king of Persia;
But, if he dare attempt to stir your siege,
Twere requisite he should be ten times more,
For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.

BAJ. True, Argier; and trembles at my looks.

K. OF MOR. The spring is hinder'd by your smoth'ring hosts,
For neither rain can fall upon the earth,
Nor sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon,
The ground is mantled with such multitudes.

BAJ. All this is true as holy Mahomet;
And all the trees are blasted with our breaths.

K. OF FEZ. What thinks your highness best to be achiev'd
In pursuit of the city's overthrow?

BAJ. I will the captive pioneers of Argier
Cut off the water that by leaden pipes

Runs to the city from the mountain Carmon.
Two thousand horse shall forage up and down,
That no relief or succour come by land:
And all the sea my gallies countermand.
Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,
And with their cannons' mouths, like Orcus' gulf,
Batter the walls, and we will enter in;
And thus the Grecians shall be conquer'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ZENOCRATE, AGYDAS, ANIPPE, *with others.*

AGYD. Madam Zenocrate, may I presume
To know the cause of these unquiet fits,
That work such trouble to your wonted rest?
'Tis more than pity such a heavenly face
Should by heart's sorrow wax so wan and pale,
When your offensive rape by Tamburlaine,
(Which of your whole displeasures should be most)
Hath seem'd to be digested long ago.

ZENO. Although it be digested long ago,
As his exceeding favours have deserv'd,
And might content the Queen of Heav'n, as well
As it hath chang'd my first conceiv'd disdain,
Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts
With ceaseless and disconsolate conceits,
Which dye my looks so liveless as they are,
And might, if my extremes had full events,
Make me the ghastly counterfeit of death.

AGYD. Eternal Heaven, sooner be dissolv'd,
And all that pierceth Phœbus' silver eye,

Before such hap fall to Zenocrate!

ZENO. Ah, life and soul, still hover in his breast
And leave my body senseless as the earth,
Or else unite you* to his life and soul,
That I may live and die with Tamburlaine!

Enter TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, *and others behind.*

AGYD. With Tamburlaine! Ah, fair Zenocrate,
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holds you from your father in despite,
And keeps you from the honours of a queen,
(Being suppos'd his worthless concubine,)
Be honour'd with your love but for necessity.
So now the mighty soldan hears of you,
Your highness needs not doubt, but in short time,
He will with Tamburlaine's destruction
Redeem you from this deadly servitude.

ZENO. Leave to wound me with these words,
And speak of Tamburlaine as he deserves.
The entertainment we have had of him
Is far from villainy or servitude,
And might in noble minds be counted princely.

AGYD. How can you fancy one that looks so fierce.
Only dispos'd to martial stratagems?
Will tell how many thousand men he slew;
Who, when he shall embrace you in his arms,
And when you look for amorous discourse,
Will rattle forth his facts of war and blood,
Too harsh a subject for your dainty ears.

* 4to.—me.

ZENO. As looks the sun through Nilus' flowi
stream,
Or when the morning holds him in her arms,
So looks my lordly love, fair Tamburlaine;
His talk much sweeter than the Muses' song
They sung for honour 'gainst Pierides;
Or when Minerva did with Neptune strive:
And higher would I rear my estimate
Than Juno, sister to the highest god,
If I were match'd with mighty Tamburlaine.

AGYD. Yet be not so inconstant in your love;
But let the young Arabian live in hope
After your rescue to enjoy his choice.
You see though first the king of Persia,
Being a shepherd, seem'd to love you much,
Now in his majesty he leaves those looks,
Those words of favour, and those comfortings,
And gives no more than common courtesies.

ZENO. Thence rise the tears that so distain r
cheeks,
Fearing his loving through my unworthiness.—

[*Tamburlaine goes to her and takes her an lovingly by the hand, looking wrathfully Agyd. and says nothing. All follow but Agy*

AGYD. Betray'd by fortune and suspicious love
Threat'ned with frowning wrath and jealousy,
Surpris'd with fear and hideous revenge,
I stand aghast! but most astonied
To see his choler shut in secret thoughts,
And wrapt in silence of his angry soul!

Upon his brows was pourtray'd ugly death;
And in his eyes the fury of his heart
That shine as comets, menacing revenge,
And casts a pale complexion on his cheeks.
As when the sea-man sees the Hyades
Gather an army of Cimmerian clouds,
(Auster and Aquilon with winged steeds,
All sweating, tilt about the wat'ry heavens,
With shiv'ring spears enforcing thunder claps,
And from their shields strike flames of lightning,)
All-fearful folds his sails and sounds the main,
Lifting his prayers to the Heavens for aid
Against the terror of the winds and waves,
So fares Agydas for the late-felt frowns,
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughts,
And make my soul divine her overthrow.

Enter USUMCASANE, *and* TECHELLES *with a naked dagger.*

TECH. See you, Agydas, how the king salutes you?
He bids you prophesy what it imports.

AGYD. I prophesy'd before, and now I prove
The killing frowns of jealousy and love.
He needed not with words confirm my fear,
For words are vain where working tools present
The naked action of my threat'ned end:
It says, Agydas, thou shalt surely die,
And of extremities elect the least;
More honour and less pain it may procure
To die by this resolved hand of thine,
Than stay the torments he and Heaven have sworn.

Then haste, Agydas, and prevent the plagues
Which thy prolonged fates may draw on thee.
Go, wander, free from fear of tyrant's rage,
Removed from the torments and the hell,
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soul,
And let Agydas by Agydas die,
And with this stab slumber eternally. [*Stabs himself.*

TECH. Usumcasane, see, how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my lord, the king.

USUM. 'Faith, and Techelles, it was manly done;
And since he was so wise and honourable,
Let us afford him now the bearing hence,
And crave his triple-worthy burial.

TECH. Agreed, Casane; we will honour him.

[*Exeunt, bearing out the body.*

SCENE III.

[redacted]

And can not terrify his mighty host.
My lord, the great commander of the world,
Besides fifteen contributory kings,
Hath now in arms ten thousand Janisaries,
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian steeds,
Brought to the war by men of Tripoli;
Two hundred thousand footmen that have serv'd
In two set battles fought in Grecia;
And for the expedition of this war,
If he think good, can from his garrisons
Withdraw as many more to follow him.

TECH. The more he brings, the greater is the spoil,
For when they perish by our warlike hands,
We mean to seat our footmen on their steeds,
And rifle all those stately Janisars.

TAMB. But will those kings accompany your lord?

BAS. Such as his highness please; but some must stay
To rule the provinces he late subdu'd.

TAMB. [*To his Officers.*] Then fight courageously: Their crowns are yours:
This hand shall set them on your conq'ring heads,
That made me emperor of Asia.

USUM. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Western Africa and Greece,
Yet we assure us of the victory.

THER. Ev'n he that in a trice vanquish'd two kings,
More mighty than the Turkish emperor,
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scatter'd army till they yield or die.

TAMB. Well said, Theridamas; speak in that mood;
For will and shall best fitteth Tamburlaine,
Whose smiling stars give him assured hope
Of martial triumph ere he meet his foes.
I that am term'd the scourge and wrath of God,
The only fear and terror of the world,
Will first subdue the Turk, and then enlarge
Those Christian captives, which you keep as slaves,
Burth'ning their bodies with your heavy chains,
And feeding them with thin and slender fare,
That naked row about the Tyrrhene sea,
And when they chance to rest or breathe a space,
Are punish'd with bastones * so grievously,
That they lie panting on the gallies' side,
And strive for life at ev'ry stroke they give.
These are the cruel pirates of Argier,

BAJ. Kings of Fez, Morocco, and Argier,
He calls me Bajazet, whom you call lord!
Note the presumption of this Scythian slave!
I tell thee, villain; those that lead my horse,
Have to their names title of dignity,
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Bajazet?

TAMB. And know, thou Turk, that those which lead my horse,
Shall lead thee captive thorough Africa;
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?

BAJ. By Mahomet, my kinsman's sepulchre,
And by the holy Alcoran I swear,
He shall be made a chaste and lustless eunuch,
And in my serail tend my concubines;
And all his captains that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the chariot of my emperess,
Whom I have brought to see their overthrow:

TAMB. By this my sword, that conquer'd Persia,
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world.
I will not tell thee how I'll handle thee,
But every common soldier of my camp
Shall smile to see thy miserable state.

K. OF FEZ. What means the mighty Turkish emperor,
To talk with one so base as Tamburlaine?

K. OF MOR. Ye Moors and valiant men of Barbary;
How can ye suffer these indignities?

K. OF ARG. Leave words, and let them feel your lances' points
Which glided through the bowels of the Greeks.

BAJ. Well said, my stout contributory kings:
Your threefold army and my huge host
Shall swallow up these base-born Persians.
TECH. Puissant, renowned, and mighty Tamburlaine,
Why stay we thus prolonging of their lives?
THER. I long to see those crowns won by our swords,
That we may rule as kings of Africa.
USUM. What coward would not fight for such a prize?
TAMB. Fight all courageously, and be you kings;
I speak it, and my words are oracles.
BAJ. Zabina, mother of three braver boys
Than Hercules, that in his infancy
Did part the jaws of serpents venomous;
Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike lance,

Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of heaven,
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony;
That with thy looks canst clear the darken'd sky,
And calm the rage of thund'ring Jupiter,
Sit down by her, adorned with my crown,
As if thou wert the empress of the world.
Stir not, Zenocrate, until thou see
We march victoriously with all my men,
Triumphing over him and these his kings,
Which I will bring as vassals to thy feet;
Till then take thou my crown, vaunt of my worth,
And manage words with her, as we will arms.

ZENO. And may my love the king of Persia,
Return with victory and free from wound!

BAJ. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms,
Which lately made all Europe quake for fear.
I have of Turks, Arabians, Moors, and Jews,
Enough to cover all Bithynia.
Let thousands die; their slaughter'd carcases
Shall serve for walls and bulwarks to the rest;
And as the heads of Hydra, so my power,
Subdu'd, shall stand as mighty as before.
If they should yield their necks unto the sword,
Thy soldiers' arms could not endure to strike
So many blows as I have heads for thee.
Thou know'st not, foolish, hardy Tamburlaine,
What 'tis to meet me in the open field,
That leave no ground for thee to march upon.

TAMB. Our conq'ring swords shall marshal us the way
We use to march upon the slaughter'd foe,
Trampling their bowels with our horses' hoofs;
Brave horses bred o'er the white Tartarian hills;
My camp is like to Julius Cæsar's host,
That never fought but had the victory;
Nor in Pharsalia was there such hot war,
As these, my followers, willingly would have.
Legions of spirits fleeting in the air
Direct our bullets and our weapons' points,
And make our strokes to wound the senseless light,
And when she sees our bloody colours spread,
Then victory begins to take her flight,
Resting herself upon my milk-white tent:—
But come, my lords, to weapons let us fall;
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife, and all.

[*Exit, with his followers.*

BAJ. Come kings and bassas, let us glut our swords,
That thirst to drink the feeble Persian's blood.

[*Exit, with his followers.*

ZAB. Base concubine! must thou be plac'd by me,
That am the empress of the mighty Turk?

ZENO. Disdainful Turkess and unrev'rend Boss!*
Callest thou me concubine, that am betroth'd
Unto the great and mighty Tamburlaine?

* *Boss*, a contemptuous epithet, expressive of the inflated pride of the Turkish empress;—a tumour, an excrescence.

ZAB. To Tamburlaine, the great Tartarian thief!
ZENO. Thou wilt repent these lavish words of thine,
When thy great bassa-master and thyself
Must plead for mercy at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your advocate.
ZAB. And sue to thee!—I tell thee, shameless girl,
Thou shalt be laundress to my waiting maid!
How likest thou her, Ebra?—Will she serve?
EBRA. Madam, perhaps, she thinks she is too fine,
But I shall turn her into other weeds,
And make her dainty fingers fall to work.
ZENO. Hear'st thou, Anippe, how thy drudge doth talk?
And how my slave, her mistress, menaceth?
Both for their sauciness shall be employ'd
To dress the common soldiers' meat and drink,
For we will scorn they should come near ourselves.
ANIP. Yet sometimes let your highness send for them,
To do the work my chambermaid disdains.
[*They sound to the battle within.*
ZENO. Ye Gods and Pow'rs that govern Persia,
And made my lordly love her worthy king,
Now strengthen him against the fearful Bajazet,
And let his foes, like flocks of fearful roes
Pursu'd by hunters fly his angry looks,
That I may see him issue conqueror!
ZAB. Now, Mahomet, solicit God himself,

And make him rain down murd'ring shot from heaven
To dash the Scythians' brains, and strike them dead,
That dare to manage arms with him
That offer'd jewels to thy sacred shrine,
When first he warr'd against the Christians!

[*To the battle again.*

ZENO. By this the Turks lie welt'ring in their blood,
And Tamburlaine is lord of Africa.

ZAB. Thou art deceiv'd.—I heard the trumpet sound,
As when my emp'ror overthrew the Greeks,
And led them captive into Africa.
Straight will I use thee as thy pride deserves,—
Prepare thyself to live and die my slave.

Enter BAJAZET, *who is pursued by* TAMBURLAINE *and overcome.*

TAMB. Now, king of bassas, who is conqueror?

BAJ. Thou; by the fortune of this damned soil.

TAM. Where are your stout, contributory kings?

Enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, *and* USUMCASANE.

TECH. We have their crowns—their bodies strew the field.

TAMB. Each man a crown!—Why kingly fought i'faith.
Deliver them into my treasury.

ZENO. Now let me offer to my gracious lord
His royal crown again so highly won.

TAMB. Nay, take the crown from her, Zenocrate,

And crown me emperor of Africa.

ZAB. No, Tamburlaine: though now thou got the best,
Thou shalt not yet be lord of Africa.

THER. Give her the crown, Turkess; you were best.

[*He takes it from her, and gives it to Zenocrate.*

ZAB. Injurious villains!—thieves!—runagates!
How dare you thus abuse my majesty?

THER. [*To Zenocrate.*] Here, madam, you are empress; she is none.

TAMB. Not now, Theridamas; her time is past.
The pillars that have bolster'd up those terms,
Are fall'n in clusters at my conq'ring feet.

ZAB. Though he be pris'ner, he may be ransom'd.

TAMB. Not all the world shall ransom Bajazet.

BAJ. Ah, fair Zabina, we have lost the field;
And never had the Turkish emperor
So great a foil by any foreign foe.
Now will the Christian miscreants be glad,
Ringing with joy their superstitious bells,
And making bonfires for my overthrow.
But, ere I die, those foul idolaters
Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones.
For though the glory of this day be lost,
Afric and Greece have garrisons enough
To make me sovereign of the earth again.

TAMB. Those walled garrisons will I subdue,
And write myself great lord of Africa.

So from the East unto the furthest West
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant arm.
The gallies and those pilling brigandines,
That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,
And hover in the Streights for Christian wreck,
Shall lie at anchor in the isle Asant,
Until the Persian fleet and men of war,
Sailing along the oriental sea,
Have fetch'd about the Indian continent,
Even from Persepolis to Mexico,
And thence unto the straights of Gibraltar;
Where they shall meet and join their force in one,
Keeping in awe the bay of Portugal,
And all the ocean by the British shore;
And by this means I'll win the world at last.

BAJ. Yet set a ransom on me, Tamburlaine.

TAMB. What, think'st thou, Tamburlaine esteems thy gold?
I'll make the kings of India, ere I die,
Offer their mines (to sue for peace) to me,
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath.
Come, bind them both, and one lead in the Turk;
The Turkess, let my love's maid lead away.

[*They bind them.*

BAJ. Ah, villains!—dare ye touch my sacred arms?
O Mahomet!—O sleepy Mahomet!

ZAB. O cursed Mahomet, that makes us thus
The slaves to Scythians, rude and barbarous!

TAMB. Come, bring them in; and for this happy conquest,
Triumph and solemnize a martial feast. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter the SOLDAN *of* EGYPT, CAPOLINE, LORDS, *and a* MESSENGER.

SOLD. Awake, ye men of Memphis!—hear the clang
Of Scythian trumpets!—hear the basilisks,
That, roaring, shake Damascus' turrets down!
The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate,
The Soldan's daughter, for his concubine,
And with a troop of thieves and vagabonds,
Hath spread his colours to our high disgrace,
While you, faint-hearted, base Egyptians,
Lie slumb'ring on the flow'ry banks of Nile,
As crocodiles that unaffrighted rest,
While thund'ring cannons rattle on their skins.

MESS. Nay, mighty soldan, did your greatness see
The frowning looks of fiery Tamburlaine,
That with his terror and imperious eyes,
Commands the hearts of his associates,
It might amaze your royal majesty.

SOLD. Villain, I tell thee, were that Tamburlaine
As monstrous as [the] gorgon prince of hell,

The soldan would not start a foot from him.
But speak, what pow'r hath he?
MESS. Mighty lord,
Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,
Upon their prancing steeds disdainfully,
With wanton paces trampling on the ground:
Five hundred thousand footmen threat'ning shot,
Shaking their swords, their spears, and iron bills,
Environing their standard round, that stood
As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood:
Their warlike engines and munition
Exceed the forces of their martial men.
SOLD. Nay, could their numbers countervail the stars,
Or ever-drizzling drops of April show'rs,
Or wither'd leaves that Autumn shaketh down,
Yet would the Soldan, by his conq'ring pow'r
So scatter and consume them in his rage,

To shroud his shame in darkness of the night.

MESS. Pleaseth your Mightiness to understand,
His resolution far exceedeth all.
The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,
White is their hue, and on his silver crest,
A snowy feather spangled white he bears,
To signify the mildness of his mind,
That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood.
But when Aurora mounts the second time
As red as scarlet is his furniture;
Then must his kindled wrath be quench'd with blood,
Not sparing any that can manage arms;
But if these threats move not submission,
Black are his colours, black, his pavilions;
His spear, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
And petty feathers, menace death and hell;
Without respect of sex, degree, or age,
He razeth all his foes with fire and sword.

SOLD. Merciless villain!—peasant, ignorant
Of lawful arms or martial discipline!
Pillage and murder are his usual trades.
The slave usurps the glorious name of war.
See, Capoline, the fair Arabian king,
That hath been disappointed by this slave
Of my fair daughter, and his princely love,
May have fresh warning to go war with us,
And be reveng'd for her disparagement. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, ZENOCRATE, ANIPPE, *two Moors drawing* BAJAZET *in a cage, and his Wife following him.*

TAMB. Bring out my footstool.

[*Bajazet is taken out of the cage.*

BAJ. Ye holy priests of heavenly Mahomet,
That, sacrificing, slice and cut your flesh,
Staining your altars with your purple blood;
Make Heaven to frown and ev'ry fixed star
To suck up poison from the Moorish fens,
And pour it in this glorious tyrant's throat!

TAMB. The chiefest god, first mover of that sphere,
Enchas'd with thousand ever-shining lamps,
Will sooner burn the glorious frame of Heaven,
Than it should so conspire my overthrow.
But villain! thou that wishest this to me,
Fall prostrate on the low disdainful earth,
And be the footstool of great Tamburlaine,
That I may rise unto my royal throne.

BAJ. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,
And sacrifice my soul to death and hell,
Before I yield to such a slavery.

TAMB. Base villain, vassal, slave to Tamburlaine!
Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground,
That bears the honour of my royal weight;
Stoop, villain, stoop! stoop! for so he bids

That may command thee piecemeal to be torn,
Or scatter'd like the lofty cedar trees
Struck with the voice of thund'ring Jupiter.

BAJ. When as I look down to the damned fiends,
Fiends look on me; and thou dread god of hell
With ebon sceptre strike this hateful earth,
And make it swallow both of us at once.

[*Tamburlaine gets upon him to his chair.*

Tamb. Now clear the triple region of the air,
And let the Majesty of Heaven behold
Their scourge and terror tread on emperors.
Smile, stars, that reign'd at my nativity,
And dim the brightness of their neighbour lamps!
Disdain to borrow light of Cynthia!
For I, the chiefest lamp of all the earth,
First rising in the East with mild aspect,
But fixed now in the Meridian line,
Will send up fire to your turning spheres,
And cause the sun to borrow light of you.
My sword struck fire from his coat of steel
Even in Bithynia, when I took this Turk;
As when a fiery exhalation,
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud
Fighting for passage, makes the welkin crack,
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth:
But ere I march to wealthy Persia,
Or leave Damascus and th' Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of Clymene's brain-sick son,
That almost brent* the axle-tree of heaven,

* *Brent*—burnt.

So shall our swords, our lances, and our shot
Fill all the air with fiery meteors:
Then when the sky shall wax as red as blood
It shall be said I made it red myself,
To make me think of nought but blood and war.

ZAB. Unworthy king, that by thy cruelty
Unlawfully usurp'st the Persian seat,
Dar'st thou that never saw an emperor,
Before thou met my husband in the field,
Being thy captive, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his kingly body in a cage,
That roofs of gold and sun-bright palaces
Should have prepar'd to entertain his grace?
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
Whose feet the kings of Africa have kiss'd.

TECH. You must devise some torment worse, my lord,
To make these captives rein their lavish tongues.

TAMB. Zenocrate, look better to your slave.

ZENO. She is my handmaid's slave, and she shall look
That these abuses flow not from her tongue:
Chide her, Anippe.

ANIP. Let these be warnings for you then, my slave,
How you abuse the person of the king;
Or else I swear to have you whipt, stark-naked.

BAJ. Great Tamburlaine, great in my overthrow
X Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,
For treading on the back of Bajazet,

That should be horsed on four mighty kings.

TAMB. Thy names, and titles, and thy dignities
Are fled from Bajazet and remain with me,
That will maintain it 'gainst a world of kings.
Put him in again. [*They put him into the cage.*

BAJ. Is this a place for mighty Bajazet?
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus!

TAMB. There, while he lives, shall Bajazet be kept;
And, where I go, be thus in triumph drawn;
And thou, his wife, shalt feed him with the scraps
My servitors shall bring thee from my board;
For he that gives him other food than this,
Shall sit by him and starve to death himself;
This is my mind and I will have it so.
Not all the kings and emp'rors of the earth,
If they would lay their crowns before my feet,
Shall ransom him, or take him from his cage.
The ages that shall talk of Tamburlaine,
Ev'n from this day to Plato's wond'rous year,
Shall talk how I have handled Bajazet;
These Moors, that drew him from Bithynia,
To fair Damascus, where we now remain,
Shall lead him with us wheresoe'er we go.
Techelles, and my loving followers,
Now may we see Damascus' lofty towers,
Like to the shadows of Pyramides,
That with their beauties grac'd the Memphian fields:
The golden statue of their feather'd bird
That spreads her wings upon the city's walls

Shall not defend it from our batt'ring shot:
The townsmen mask in silk and cloth of gold,
And ev'ry house is as a treasury:
The men, the treasure, and the town are ours.

THER. Your tents of white now pitch'd before the gates,
And gentle flags of amity display'd,
I doubt not but the government will yield,
Off'ring Damascus to your majesty.

TAMB. So shall he have his life and all the rest:
But if he stay until the bloody flag
Be once advanc'd on my vermilion tent,
He dies, and those that kept us out so long.
And when they see us march in black array,
With mournful streamers hanging down their heads,
Were in that city all the world contain'd,
Not one should scape, but perish by our swords.

ZAB. Yet would you have some pity for my sake,

To waste and spoil the sweet Aonian fields,
A monster of five hundred thousand heads,
Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil.
The scum of men, the hate and scourge of God,
Raves in Egyptia and annoyeth us.
My lord, it is the bloody Tamburlaine,
A sturdy felon, a base-bred thief,
By murder raised to the Persian crown,
That dares controul us in our territories.
To tame the pride of this presumptuous beast,
Join your Arabians with the Soldan's power;
Let us unite our royal bands in one,
And hasten to remove Damascus' siege.
It is a blemish to the majesty
And high estate of mighty emperors,
That such a base, usurping, vagabond
Should brave a king, or wear a princely crown.

ARAB. Renowned Soldan, have ye lately heard
The overthrow of mighty Bajazet
About the confines of Bithynia?
The slavery wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turk and his great emperess?

SOLD. I have, and sorrow for his bad success;
But noble lord of great Arabia,
Be so persuaded that the Soldan is
No more dismay'd with tidings of his fall,
Than in the haven when the pilot stands,
And views a stranger's ship rent in the winds,
And shivered against a craggy rock;
Yet in compassion of his wretched state,

A sacred vow to Heaven and him I make,
Confirming it with Isis' holy name,
That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the hour,
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong
Unto the hallow'd person of a prince,
Or kept the fair Zenocrate so long
As concubine, I fear, to feed his lust.

ARAB. Let grief and fury hasten on revenge;
Let Tamburlaine for his offences feel
Such plagues as we and Heaven can pour on him.
I long to break my spear upon his crest,
And prove the weight of his victorious arm;
For Fame, I fear, hath been too prodigal
In sounding through the world his partial praise.

SOLD. Capoline, hast thou survey'd our powers?

CAPOL. Great emperors of Egypt and Arabia,
The number of your hosts united is
A hundred and fifty thousand horse;
Two hundred thousand foot, brave men at arms,
Courageous, and full of hardiness,
As frolick as the hunters in the chase
Of savage beasts amid the desert woods.

ARAB. My mind presageth fortunate success;
And Tamburlaine, my spirit doth foresee
The utter ruin of thy men and thee.

SOLD. Then rear your standards; let your sounding drums
Direct our soldiers to Damascus' walls.
Now, Tamburlaine, the mighty Soldan comes,
And leads with him the great Arabian King,

To dim thy baseness and obscurity,
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoil;
To raze and scatter thy inglorious crew
Of Scythians and slavish Persians. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Banquet; and to it come TAMBURLAINE, *all in scarlet,* THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, BAJAZET, ZABINA, *and others.*

TAMB. Now hang our bloody colours by Damascus,
Reflexing hues of blood upon their heads,
While they walk quiv'ring on their city walls,
Half dead for fear before they feel my wrath.
Then let us freely banquet and carouse
Full bowls of wine unto the god of war
That means to fill your helmets full of gold,
And make Damascus' spoils as rich to you,
As was to Jason Colchos' golden fleece.
And now, Bajazet, hast thou any stomach?

BAJ. Aye, such a stomach, cruel Tamburlaine,
As I could willingly feed upon thy blood-raw heart.

TAMB. Nay thine own is easier to come by; pluck out that;
And 'twill serve thee and thy wife: Well, Zenocrate,
Techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals.

BAJ. Fall to, and never may your meat digest!
Ye furies, that can walk invisible,
Dive to the bottom of Avernus' pool,
And in your hands bring hellish poison up

And squeeze it in the cup of Tamburlaine!
Or, winged snakes of Lerna, cast your stings,
And leave your venoms in this tyrant's dish!

ZAB. And may this banquet prove as ominous
As Progne's to th' adult'rous Thracian king,
That fe[illegible]nce of his child.

ZENO. [illegible]an you suffer these
Outrage[illegible]se slaves of yours?

TAMB. [illegible], divine Zenocrate,
I glory i[illegible]y foes,
Having t[illegible]he imperial heaven
To turn t[illegible]eir proper heads.

TECH [illegible] them leave, madam; this
speech is [illegible]ing to them.

THER. But if his highness would let them be fed, it would do them more good.

TAMB. Sirrah, why fall you not to?—are you so daintily brought up, you cannot eat your own flesh?

BAJ. First, legions of devils shall tear thee in pieces.

USUM. Villain, know'st thou to whom thou speakest?

TAMB. O, let him alone. Here; eat sir; take it from my sword's point, or I'll thrust it to thy heart.

[*Bajazet takes it and stamps upon it.*

THER. He stamps it under his feet, my lord.

TAMB. Take it up, villain, and eat it; or I will make thee slice the brawns of thy arms into carbonades and eat them.

USUM. Nay, 'twere better he kill'd his wife, and

then he shall be sure not to be starved, and be provided for a month's victual beforehand.

TAMB. Here is my dagger: despatch her while she is fat, for if she live but a while longer, she will fall into a consumption with fretting, and then she will not be worth the eating.

THER. Dost thou think that Mahomet will suffer this?

TECH. 'Tis like he will when he cannot let it.

TAMB. Go to; fall to your meat.—What, not a bit! Belike he hath not been watered to day; give him some drink.

[*They give him water to drink, and he flings it on the ground.*

TAMB. Fast, and welcome, sir, while* hunger make you eat. How now, Zenocrate, do not the Turk and his wife make a goodly show at a banquet?

ZENO. Yes, my lord.

THER. Methinks 'tis better than a consort of musick.

TAMB. Yet musick would do well to cheer up Zenocrate. Pray thee, tell, why thou art so sad?—If thou wilt have a song, the Turk shall strain his voice. But why is it?

ZENO. My lord, to see my father's town besieg'd,
The country wasted where myself was born,
How can it but afflict my very soul?
If any love remain in you, my lord,

* Until.

Or if my love unto your majesty
May merit favour at your highness' hands,
Then raise your siege from fair Damascus' walls,
And with my father take a friendly truce.

TAMB. Zenocrate, were Egypt Jove's own land,
Yet would I with my sword make Jove to stoop.
I will confute those blind geographers
That make a triple region in the world,
Excluding regions which I mean to trace,
And with this pen reduce them to a map,
Calling the provinces cities and towns,
After my name and thine, Zenocrate.
Here at Damascus will I make the point
That shall begin the perpendicular;
And would'st thou have me buy thy father's love
With such a loss?—Tell me, Zenocrate.

ZENO. Honour still wait on happy Tamburlaine;
Yet give me leave to plead for him, my lord.

TAMB. Content thyself: his person shall be safe
And all the friends of fair Zenocrate,
If with their lives they may be pleas'd to yield,
Or may be forc'd to make me emperor;
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine.—
Feed you slave; thou may'st think thyself happy to be fed from my trencher.

BAJ. My empty stomach, full of idle heat,
Draws bloody humours from my feeble parts,
Preserving life by hast'ning cruel death.
My veins are pale; my sinews hard and dry;
My joints benumb'd; unless I eat, I die.

ZAB. Eat, Bajazet; and let us live in spite of them, looking some happy power will pity and enlarge us.

TAMB. Here, Turk; wilt thou have a clean trencher?

BAJ. Aye, tyrant, and more meat.

TAMB. Soft, sir; you must be dieted; too much eating will make you surfeit.

THER. So it would, my lord, especially having so small a walk and so little exercise.

[*A second course is brought in of crowns.*

TAMB. Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane, here are the cates you desire to finger, are they not?

THER. Aye my lord: but none save kings must feed with them.

TECH. 'Tis enough for us to see them, and for Tamburlaine only to enjoy them.

TAMB. Well; here is now to the Soldan of Egypt, the King of Arabia, and the Governor of Damascus, Now take these three crowns, and pledge me, my contributory kings.—I crown you here Theridamas, King of Argier; Techelles, King of Fez; and Usumcasane, King of Morocco. How say you to this, Turk? These are not your contributory kings.

BAJ. Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them.

TAMB. Kings of Argier, Morocco, and of Fez,
You that have march'd with happy Tamburlaine
As far as from the frozen place of heaven,
Unto the wat'ry morning's ruddy bower,
And thence by land unto the torrid zone,

Deserve these titles I endow you with,
By valour and by magnanimity.
Your birth shall be no blemish to your fame,
For virtue is the fount whence honour springs,
And they are worthy she investeth kings.

THER. And since your highness hath so well vouchsafed,
If we deserve them not with higher meeds
Than erst our states and actions have retain'd
Take them away again and make us slaves.

TAMB. Well said, Theridamas; when holy fates
Shall stablish me in strong Egyptia,
We mean to travel to th' antarctick pole,
Conq'ring the people underneath our feet,
And be renown'd as never emperors were.
Zenocrate, I will not crown thee yet,
Until with greater honours I be grac'd. [*Exeunt.*

Were but to bring our wilful overthrow,
And make us desperate of our threat'ned lives.
We see his tents have now been altered
With terrors to the last and cruel'st hue.
His coal-black colours every where advanc'd,
Threaten our city with a gen'ral spoil;
And if we should with common rites of arms
Offer our safeties to his clemency,
I fear the custom, proper to his sword,
Which he observes as parcel of his fame,
Intending so to terrify the world,
By any innovation or remorse
Will never be dispens'd with 'till our deaths;
Therefore, for these our harmless virgins' sakes,
Whose honours and whose lives rely on him,
Let us have hope that their unspotted pray'rs,
Their blubber'd cheeks, and hearty, humble moans,
Will melt his fury into some remorse,
And use us like a loving conqueror.*

1 VIRG. If humble suits or imprecations,
(Utter'd with tears of wretchedness and blood
Shed from the heads and hearts of all our sex
Some made your wives, and some your children)
Might have entreated your obdurate breasts
To entertain some care of our securities
While only danger beat upon our walls,
These more than dangerous warrants of our death

* And use us like a loving conqueror—i. e. and that he will use us like, &c.

Had never been erected as they be,
Nor you depend on such weak helps as we.

Gov. Well, lovely virgins, think our country's care,
Our love of honour, loath to be inthrall'd
To foreign pow'rs and rough imperious yokes,
Would not with too much cowardice or fear
(Before all hope of rescue were denied)
Submit yourselves and us to servitude.
Therefore in that your safeties and our own,
Your honours, liberties, and lives were weigh'd
In equal care and balance with our own,
Endure as we the malice of our stars,
The wrath of Tamburlaine and power of wars;
Or be the means the overweighing heavens
Have kept to qualify these hot extremes,
And bring us pardon in your cheerful looks.

2 Virg. Then here before the Majesty of Heaven

imple virgins may persuade, we will.
ov. Farewel, sweet virgins, on whose safe re-
turn
Depend our city, liberty, and lives. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, *with others: Tamburlaine all in black and very melancholy. To them enter the* VIRGINS *of* DAMASCUS.

TAMB. What, are the turtles fray'd out of their nests?
Alas, poor fools! must you be first shall feel
The sworn destruction of Damascus?
They knew my custom; could they not as well
Have sent ye out, when first my milk-white flags
Through which sweet mercy threw her gentle beams
Reflexed them on your disdainful eyes,
As now, when fury and incensed hate
Flings slaught'ring terror from my coal-black tents,
And tells for truth submission comes too late?

1 VIRG. Most happy king and emp'ror of the earth,
Image of honour and nobility,
For whom the pow'rs divine have made the world,
And on whose throne the holy graces sit;
In whose sweet person is compriz'd the sum
Of nature's skill and heavenly majesty;
Pity our plights! O pity poor Damascus!
Pity old age, within whose silver hairs
Honour and rev'rence evermore have reign'd!

Pity the marriage bed, where many a lord
In prime and glory of his loving joy
Embraceth now with tears of ruth and blood
The jealous body of his fearful wife
Whose cheeks and hearts so punish'd with conceit,
To think thy puissant, never-stayed arm,
Will part their bodies and prevent their souls
From heavens of comfort yet their age might bear,
Now wax all pale and wither'd to the death,
As well for grief our ruthless governor
Has thus refus'd the mercy of thy hand,
(Whose sceptre angels kiss and furies dread,)
As for their liberties, their loves, or lives!
Oh then for these, and such as we ourselves,
For us, for infants, and for all our bloods,
That never nourish'd thought against thy rule,
Pity, oh pity, sacred emperor,
The prostrate service of this wretched town,
And take in sign thereof this gilded wreath;
Whereto each man of rule hath giv'n his hand,
And wish'd, as worthy subjects, happy means
To be investers of thy royal brows
Even with the true Egyptian diadem!

TAMB. Virgins, in vain you labour to prevent
That which mine honour swears shall be perform'd.
Behold my sword! what see you at the point?

1 VIRG. Nothing but fear, and fatal steel, my lord.

TAMB. Your fearful minds are thick and misty them;
For there sits Death; there sits imperious Death
Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.

But I am pleas'd you shall not see him there;
He now is seated on my horsemen's spears,
And on their points his fleshless body feeds.
Techelles, straight go charge a few of them
To charge these dames, and shew my servant, Death,
Sitting in scarlet on their armed spears.

ALL. O pity us!

TAMB. Away with them, I say, and shew them Death. [*The Virgins are taken out.*
I will not spare these proud Egyptians,
Nor change my martial observations
For all the wealth of Gehon's golden waves,
Or for the love of Venus, would she leave
The angry god of arms and lie with me.
They have refus'd the offer of their lives,
And know my customs are as peremptory
As wrathful planets, death, or destiny.

Enter TECHELLES.

What, have your horsemen shown the virgins' death?

TECH. They have, my lord, and on Damascus' walls
Have hoisted up their slaughter'd carcases.

TAMB. A sight as baneful to their souls, I think,
As are Thessalian drugs or Mithridate:
But go, my lords, put the rest to the sword.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Ah, fair Zenocrate!—divine Zenocrate!—
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,
That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,

With hair dishevell'd wip'st thy wat'ry cheeks;
And, like to Flora in her morning pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
Rain'st on the earth resolved pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where beauty, mother to the Muses, sits
And comments volumes with her iv'ry pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes,
Eyes, when that Ebena steps to heaven,
In silence, of thy solemn evening's walk,
Making the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light;
These angels, in their chrystal armours fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
For Egypt's freedom, and the Soldan's life;
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
Than all my army to Damascus' walls:
And neither Persia's* sovereign, nor the Turk
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their master's thoughts,
And ev'ry sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,

* Old copies, Persians.

Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest:
But how unseemly is it for my sex,
My discipline of arms and chivalry,
My nature, and the terror of my name,
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint!
Save only that in beauty's just applause,
With whose instinct the soul of man is touch'd;
And ev'ry warrior that is wrapt with love
Of fame, of valour, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits.
I thus conceiving and subduing both
That which hath stopt the tempest of the Gods,*
Even from the fiery-spangled veil of Heaven,
To feel the lovely warmth of shepherds' flames,
And march in cottages of strowed weeds,
Shall give the world to note for all my birth,
That virtue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobility.—
Who's within there?

Enter ANIPPE.

Hath Bajazet been fed to-day?

* A line appears to have been omitted in both the old copies, after the word "Gods." The reader will easily supply the sense.

AN. Aye, my lord.

TAMB. Bring him forth; and let us know if the town be ransack'd. [*Exit An.*

Enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, *and others.*

TECH. The town is our's, my lord, and fresh supply
Of conquest and of spoil is offered us.

TAMB. That's well, Techelles;—what's the news?

TECH. The Soldan and the Arabian king together
March on us with such eager violence,
As if there were no way but one with us.

TAMB. No more there is not, I warrant thee, Techelles.

BAJAZET *and* ZABINA, *are brought in.*

THER. We know the victory is ours, my lord;
But let us save the reverend Soldan's life,
For fair Zenocrate that so laments his state.

Sharp, forked arrows light upon thy horse!
Furies from the black Cocytus lake,
Break up the earth, and with their fire-brands,
Enforce thee run upon the baneful pikes!
Vollies of shot pierce through thy charmed skin,
And ev'ry bullet dipt in poison'd drugs!
Or, roaring cannons sever all thy joints,
Making thee mount as high as eagles soar!

ZAB. Let all the swords and lances in the field
Stick in his breast as in their proper rooms!
At ev'ry pore let blood come dropping forth,
That ling'ring pains may massacre his heart,
And madness send his damned soul to hell!

BAJ. Ah, fair Zabina! we may curse his power;
The heav'ns may frown, the earth for anger quake:
But such a star hath influence on his sword,
As rules the skies and countermands the Gods,
More than Cimmerian Styx or destiny:
And then shall we in this detested guise,
With shame, with hunger, and with horror live,*
Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughts,
And have no hope to end our extacies.

ZAB. Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,
No fiend, no fortune, nor no hope of end
To our infamous, monstrous slaveries.
Gape, earth, and let the fiends infernal view
A hell as hopeless and as full of fear
As are the blasted banks of Erebus,

* Live is here substituted for *aie* in the 8vo. and *aye* in the 4to.

Where shaking ghosts with ever-howling groans
Hover about the ugly ferryman,
To get a passage to Elysium!
Why should we live? O, wretches, beggars, slaves!
Why live we, Bajazet, and build up nests
So high within the region of the air
By living long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scorn
The former triumphs of our mightiness
In this obscure infernal servitude?

BAJ. O life, more loathsome to my vexed thoughts
Than noisome parbreak of the Stygian snakes,
Which fill the nooks of hell with standing air,
Infecting all the ghosts with cureless griefs!
O dreary engines of my loathed sight
That see my crown, my honour, and my name
Thrust under yoke and thraldom of a thief,

O poor Zabina! O my queen! my queen!
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
To cool and comfort me with longer date,
That in the shorten'd sequel of my life
I may pour forth my soul into thine arms
With words of love, whose moaning intercourse
Hath hitherto been stayed with wrath and hate,
Of our expressless hard* inflictions.

ZAB. Sweet Bajazet! I will prolong thy life,
As long as any blood or spark of breath
Can quench or cool the torments of my grief.

[*She goes out.*

BAJ. Now, Bajazet, abridge thy baneful days,
And beat the brains out of thy conquer'd head,
Since other means are all forbidden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O, highest lamp of ever-living Jove,
Accursed day! infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stained face in endless night,
And shut the windows of the lightsome Heavens!
Let ugly darkness with her rusty coach,
Engirt with tempests, wrapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with never-fading mists!
And let her horses from their nostrils breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadful thunder-claps!
That in this terror Tamburlaine may live,
And my pin'd soul, resolv'd in liquid air,
May still excruciate his tormented thoughts!
Then let the stony dart of senseless cold

* *bend*, in both the 8vo. and 4to.

Pierce through the centre of my wither'd heart,
And make a passage for my loathed life!

[*He brains himself against the cage.*

Enter ZABINA.

ZAB. What do mine eyes behold? my husband dead!
His skull all riv'n in twain! his brains dash'd out,
The brains of Bajazet, my lord and sovereign:
O, Bajazet, my husband and my lord!
O Bajazet! O Turk! O Emperor!
Give him his liquor? not I. Bring milk and fire, and my blood I bring him again.—Tear me in pieces, and give me the sword with a ball of wild-fire upon it. Down with him! Down with him!—Go to, my child! Away! Away! Away!—Ah, save that infant! save him, save him!—I, even I, speak to her,—the sun was down.—Streamers white, red, black—here, here,

(Whose looks might make the angry god of arms
To break his sword and mildly treat of love)
On horsemen's lances to be hoisted up
And guiltlessly endure a cruel death:
For ev'ry fell and stout Tartarian steed,
That stampt on others with their thund'ring hoofs,
When all their riders charg'd their quiv'ring spears,
Began to check the ground and rein themselves
Gazing upon the beauty of their looks.—
Oh, Tamburlaine! wert thou the cause of this
That term'st Zenocrate thy dearest love?
Whose lives were dearer to Zenocrate
Than her own life; or ought save thine own love.
But see another bloody spectacle!
Ah, wretched eyes, the en'mies of my heart,
How are ye glutted with these grievous objects,
And tell my soul more tales of bleeding ruth!
See, see, Anippe, if they breathe or no.

ANIPPE. No breath, nor sense, nor motion, in them both;
Ah, madam! this their slav'ry hath enforc'd,
And ruthless cruelty of Tamburlaine.

ZENO. Earth, cast up fountains from thy entrails,
And wet thy cheeks for their untimely deaths!
Shake with their weight in sign of fear and grief!
Blush, Heaven, that gave them honour at their birth
And let them die a death so barbarous!
Those that are proud of fickle empery
And place their chiefest good in earthly pomp,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!

Ah, Tamburlaine! my love! sweet Tamburlaine!
That fight'st for sceptres and for fickle crowns,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!
Thou, that in conduct of thy happy stars
Sleep'st every night with conquests on thy brows
And yet would'st shun the wav'ring turns of war,
In fear and feeling of the like distress
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!
Ah, mighty Jove and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my love!—Oh, pardon his contempt
Of earthly fortune and respect of pity,
And let not conquest, ruthlessly pursu'd,
Be equally against his life incens'd,
In this great Turk and hapless Emperess!
And pardon me that was not mov'd with ruth
To see them live so long in misery!
Ah, what may chance to thee, Zenocrate?

ANIPPE. Madam, content yourself, and be resolv'd
Your love hath fortune so at his command,
That she shall stay and turn her wheel no more,
As long as life maintains his mighty arm
That fights for honour to adorn your head.

Enter PHILEMUS, *a Messenger.*

ZENO. What other heavy news now brings Philemus?

PHIL. Madam, your father, and th' Arabian king
The first affecter of your excellence,
Come now, as Turnus 'gainst Æneas did,
Armed with lance into th' Ægyptian fields,
Ready for battle 'gainst my lord, the king.

ZEN. Now shame and duty, love and fear present
A thousand sorrows to my martyred soul.
Whom should I wish the fatal victory
When my poor pleasures are divided thus
And rack'd by duty from my cursed heart?
My father and my first-betrothed love
Must fight against my life and present love;
Wherein the change I use condemns my faith,
And makes my deeds infamous through the world:
But as the gods, to end the Trojans' toil
Prevented Turnus of Lavinia
And fatally enrich'd Æneas' love,
So for a final issue to my griefs,
To pacify my country and my love
Must Tamburlaine by their resistless pow'rs
With virtue of a gentle victory
Conclude a league of honour to my hope;
Then, as the Pow'rs divine have pre-ordain'd,
With happy safety of my father's life
Send like defence of fair Arabia.

[*They sound to the battle: and Tamburlaine enjoys the victory; after, the* KING OF ARABIA *enters wounded.*

K. OF ARAB. What cursed power guides the murd'ring hands
Of this infamous tyrant's soldiers,
That no escape may save their enemies,
Nor fortune keep themselves from victory?
Lie down, Arabia, wounded to the death,
And let Zenocrate's fair eyes behold

That, as for her thou bear'st these wretched arms,
Ev'n so for her thou diest in these arms,
Leaving thy blood for witness of thy love.

ZENO. Too dear a witness for such love, my lord.
Behold Zenocrate! the cursed object,
Whose fortunes never mastered her griefs;
Behold her wounded, in conceit, for thee,
As much as thy fair body is for me.

K. OF ARAB. Then shall I die with full, contented heart,
Having beheld divine Zenocrate,
Whose sight with joy would take away my life
As now it bringeth sweetness to my wound,
If I had not been wounded as I am:
Ah! that the deadly pangs, I suffer now,
Would lend an hour's licence to my tongue,
To make discourse of some sweet accidents,

Though my right hand has thus enthralled thee,
Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free;
She that hath calm'd the fury of my sword,
Which had ere this been bath'd in streams of blood,
As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile.

ZENO. O sight thrice welcome to my joyful soul,
To see the king, my father, issue safe
From dang'rous battle of my conq'ring love!

SOLD. Well met, my only dear Zenocrate,
Though with the loss of Egypt and my crown.

TAMB. 'Twas I, my lord, that got the victory,
And therefore grieve not at your overthrow,
Since I shall render all into your hands,
And add more strength to your dominions
Than ever yet confirm'd the Egyptian crown.
The God of war resigns his room to me,
Meaning to make me gen'ral of the world:
Jove, viewing me in arms, looks pale and wan,
Fearing my pow'r should pull him from his throne.
Where'er I come the fatal sisters sweat,
And grisly Death, by running to and fro,
To do their ceaseless homage to my sword;
And here in Afric, where it seldom rains;
Since I arriv'd with my triumphant host,
Have swelling clouds, drawn from wide-gasping wounds,
Been oft resolv'd in bloody, purple show'rs,
A meteor that might terrify the earth,
And make it quake at every drop it drinks.
Millions of souls sit on the banks of Styx,

Waiting the back-return of Charon's boat;
Hell and Elysium swarm with ghosts of men,
That I have sent from sundry foughten fields,
To spread my fame through hell and up to heaven.
And see, my lord, a sight of strange import;
Emp'rors and kings lie breathless at my feet:
The Turk and his great Emp'ress, as it seems,
Left to themselves while we were at the fight,
Have desp'rately despatch'd their slavish lives:
With them Arabia, too, has left his life:
All sights of pow'r to grace my victory;
And such are objects fit for Tamburlaine;
Wherein, as in a mirror, may be seen
His honour, that consists in shedding blood,
When men presume to manage arms with him.

SOLD. Mighty hath God and Mah'met made thy hand,
Renowned Tamburlaine! to whom all kings
Of force must yield their crowns and emperies;
And I am pleas'd with this my overthrow,
If, as beseems a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honour us'd Zenocrate.

TAMB. Her state and person want no pomp, you see;
And for all blot of foul inchastity
I record Heaven her heavenly self is clear:
Then let me find no farther time to grace
Her princely temples with the Persian crown.
But here these kings that on my fortunes wait,
And have been crown'd for proved worthiness,

Even by this hand that shall establish them,
Shall now, adjoining all their hands with mine,
Invest her here the Queen of Persia.
What say the noble Soldan and Zenocrate?

SOLD. I yield with thanks and protestations
Of endless honour to thee for her love.

TAMB. Then doubt I not but fair Zenocrate
Will soon consent to satisfy us both.

ZENO. Else should I much forget myself, my lord.

THER. Then let us set the crown upon her head,
That long has linger'd for so high a seat.

TECH. My hand is ready to perform the deed;
For now her marriage-time shall work us rest.

USUM. And here's the crown, my lord; help set it on.

TAMB. Then sit thou down, divine Zenocrate;
And here we crown thee Queen of Persia,
And all the kingdoms and dominions
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdu'd.
As Juno, when the giants were suppress'd,
That darted mountains at her brother Jove,
So looks my love, shadowing in her brows
Triumphs and trophies for my victories;
Or, as Latona's daughters, bent to arms,
Adding more courage to my conqu'ring mind.
To gratify the sweet Zenocrate,
Egyptians, Moors, and men of Asia,
From Barbary unto the western India,
Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy sire:
And from the bounds of Afric to the banks

Of Ganges shall his mighty hand extend.
And now, my lords and loving followers,
That purchas'd kingdoms by your martial deeds,
Cast off your armour, put on scarlet robes,
Mount up your royal places of estate,
Environed blemen:
And there e your provinces.
Hang up yo lcides' post;
For Tambu e with all the world.
Thy first-bet abia,
Shall be with eems, entomb'd
With this gr s fair Emperess.
Then, after a exequies,
We will our rites of marriage solemnize.*

* The word *celebrated* occurs in both the old editions before "rites," but may well be dispensed with as regards both the sense and measure.

THE SECOND PART

OF

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

The second part of the bloody conquests of Mightie Tamburlaine: with his impassioned fury for the death of his ladie and love the faire Zenocrate: his form of exhortation and discipline to his three Sons, and the manner of his own death.

[No date to the 12mo edition, but published, as appears from the printer's preface, at the same time as the first part.]

PROLOGUE.

The general welcomes Tamburlaine receiv'd,
When he arrived last upon the stage,
Hath made our poet pen his second part,
Where death cuts off the progress of his pomp,
And murd'rous fate throws all his triumph down.
But what became of fair Zenocrate,
And with how many cities' sacrifice
He celebrated her sad funeral,
Himself in presence shall unfold at large.

THE PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TAMBURLAINE.
CALYPHAS, } *His three Sons.*
AMYRAS,
CELEBINUS,
TECHELLES, } *His Generals.*
THERIDAMAS,
USUMCASANE,
ORCANES, *King of Natolia.*
KING OF JERUSALEM.
KING OF TREBIZOND.
KING OF SYRIA.
GAZELLUS, *Viceroy of Byron.**
URIBASSA.
SIGISMUND, *King of Hungary.*
FREDERICK, } *Lords of Buda and Bohemia.*
BALDWIN,
PERDICAS, *Servant to Calyphas.*
GOVERNOR OF BABYLON.
MAXIMUS.
CALLAPINE, *Emperor of the Turks.*
ALMEDA, *his Keeper.*
KING OF AMASIA.
PHYSICIAN.
CAPTAIN.

ZENOCRATE, *Tamburlaine's Queen.*
OLYMPIA, *the Captain's Wife.*

* Byron is much more like an English or French tha Oriental name: it is perhaps Bihra or Bir, Anglecised.

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

PART THE SECOND.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

ORCANES, *King of Natolia*, GAZELLUS, *Viceroy of Byron*, URIBASSA, *and their Train, with Drums and Trumpets.*

ORC. Egregious viceroys of these eastern parts!
Plac'd by the issue of great Bajazet,
And sacred lord, the mighty Callapine,
Who lives in Egypt, prisoner to that slave
Which kept his father in an iron cage;—
Now have we march'd from fair Natolia
Two hundred leagues, and on Danubius' banks
Our warlike host, in complete armour, rest,
Where Sigismund, the king of Hungary
Should meet our person to conclude a truce.
What! Shall we parley with the Christian?
Or cross the stream, and meet him in the field?

GAZ. King of Natolia, let us treat of peace;
We all are glutted with the Christian's blood,
And have a greater foe to fight against,—

Proud Tamburlaine, that, now in Asia,
Near Gihon's head doth set his conq'ring feet,
And means to fire Turkey as he goes.
'Gainst him, my lord, you must address your power.

URI. Besides, King Sigismund hath brought from Christendom,
More than his camp of stout Hungarians,—
Sclavonians, Almains, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes,
That with the halberd, lance, and murd'ring axe,
Will hazard that we might with safety hold.

ORC. Though from the shortest northern parallel,
Vast Grantland, compass'd with the Frozen Sea,
(Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,
Giants as big as huge Polypheme,)
Millions of soldiers cut the arctick line,
Bringing the strength of Europe to these arms,
Our Turkey blades shall glide through all their throats,

Shall meet those Christians, fleeting with the tide,
Beating in heaps against their Argosies,
And make fair Europe, mounted on her bull,
Trapp'd with the wealth and riches of the world,
Alight, and wear a woeful mourning weed.

GAZ. Yet, stout Orcanes, Prorex of the world,
Since Tamburlaine hath muster'd all his men,
Marching from Cairo northward with his camp,
To Alexandria, and the frontier towns,
Meaning to make a conquest of our land,
'Tis requisite to parley for a peace
With Sigismund, the king of Hungary,
And save our forces for the hot assaults
Proud Tamburlaine intends Natolia.

ORC. Viceroy of Byron, wisely hast thou said.
My realm, the centre of our empery,
Being lost, all Turkey would be overthrown,
And for that cause the Christians shall have peace.
Sclavonians, Almains, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes,
Fear not Orcanes, but great Tamburlaine,
Nor he, but fortune, that hath made him great.
We have revolted Grecians, Albanees,
Sicilians, Jews, Arabians, Turks, and Moors,
Natolians, Syrians, black Egyptians.

GAZ. And we from Europe, to the same intent.
Illyrians, Thracians, and Bithynians,
Enough to swallow forceless Sigismund,
Yet scarce enough t' encounter Tamburlaine.
He brings a world of people to the field,
From Scythia to the oriental plage

Of India, where raging Lantchidol
Beats on the regions with his boist'rous blows,
That never seaman yet discovered.
All Asia is in arms with Tamburlaine,
Even from the midst of fiery Cancer's tropick,
To Amazonia, under Capricorn;
And thence as far as Archipelago,
All Afric is in arms with Tamburlaine;
Therefore, viceroy, the Christians must have peace

Enter SIGISMUND, FREDERICK, BALDWIN, *and their Train, with Drums and Trumpets.*

SIG. Orcanes, (as our legates promis'd thee)
We, with our peers, have cross'd Danubius' stream
To treat of friendly peace or deadly war.
Take which thou wilt, for as the Romans us'd,
I here present thee with a naked sword;
Wilt thou have war, then shake this blade at me;

In all your names desir'd a truce of me?
Forget'st thou, that to have me raise my siege,
Waggons of gold were set before my tents,
Stampt with the princely fowl, that in her wings,
Caries the fearful thunderbolts of Jove?
How canst thou think of this, and offer war?

SIG. Vienna was besieg'd, and I was there,
Then County Palatine, but now a king,
And what we did was in extremity.
But now, Orcanes, view my royal host,
That hides these plains, and seems as vast and wide,
As doth the desert of Arabia
To those that stand on Bagdad's lofty tower;
Or as the ocean, to the traveller
That rests upon the snowy Appenines;
And tell me whether I should stoop so low,
As treat of peace with the Natolian king.

GAZ. Kings of Natolia and of Hungary,
We came from Turkey to confirm a league,
And not to dare each other to the field.
A friendly parley might become you both.

FRED. And we from Europe, to the same intent,
Which if your general refuse or scorn,
Our tents are pitch'd, our men stand in array,
Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.

ORC. So prest are we; but yet, if Sigismund
Speak as a friend, and stand not upon terms,
Here is his sword,—let peace be ratified
On these conditions, specified before,
Drawn with advice of our ambassadors.

SIG. Then here I sheath it, and give thee my hand
Never to draw it out, or manage arms
Against thyself or thy confederates,
But whilst I live will be at truce with thee.
ORC. But, Sigismund, confirm it with an oath,
And swear in sight of heav'n and by thy Christ.
SIG. By Him that made the world and sav'd my soul,
The Son of God and issue of a maid,
Sweet Jesus Christ, I solemnly protest
And vow to keep this peace inviolable.
ORC. By sacred Mahomet, the friend of God,
Whose holy alcoran remains with us,
Whose glorious body, when he left the world,
Clos'd in a coffin mounted up the air,
And hung on stately Mecca's temple-roof,
I swear to keep this truce inviolable;
Of whose condition and our solemn oaths,
Sign'd with our hands each shall retain a scroll
As memorable witness of our league.
Now Sigismund, if any Christian king
Encroach upon the confines of thy realm,
Send word, Orcanes of Natolia
Confirm'd this league beyond Danubius' stream,
And they will (trembling) sound a quick retreat;
So am I fear'd among all nations.
SIG. If any heathen potentate or king
Invade Natolia, Sigismund will send
A hundred thousand horse train'd to the war,
And back'd by stout lancers of Germany,

The strength and sinews of the Imperial seat.

ORC. I thank thee, Sigismund; but, when I war,
All Asia minor, Africa, and Greece,
Follow my standard and my thund'ring drums.
Come, let us go and banquet in our tents;
I will dispatch chief of my army hence
To fair Natolia and to Trebizond,
To stay my coming 'gainst proud Tamburlaine.
Friend Sigismund, and peers of Hungary,
Come, banquet and carouse with us a while,
And then depart we to our territories. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

CALLAPINE *with* ALMEDA, *his Keeper, discovered.*

CALL. Sweet Almeda, pity the ruthful plight
Of Callapine, the son of Bajazet,
Born to be monarch of the western world,
Yet here detain'd by cruel Tamburlaine.

ALM. My lord, I pity it, and with all my heart
Wish your release; but he whose wrath is death,
My sovereign lord, renowned Tamburlaine,
Forbids you farther liberty than this.

CALL. Ah, were I now but half so eloquent
To paint in words what I'll perform in deeds,
I know thou would'st depart from hence with me.

ALM. Not for all Afric: therefore move me not.

CALL. Yet hear me speak, my gentle Almeda.

ALM. No speech to that end, by your favour, sir.

CALL. By Cairo runs—

ALM. No talk of running, I tell you, sir.

CALL. A little farther, gentle Almeda.
ALM. Well, sir, what of this?
CALL. By Cairo runs to Alexandria bay
Darote's streams, wherein at anchor lies
A Turkish gallery of my royal fleet,
Waiting my coming to the river's side,
Hoping by some means I shall be releas'd,
Which, when I come aboard, will hoist up sail,
And soon put forth into the Tyrrhene sea,
Whence,* 'twixt the isles of Cyprus and of Crete,
We quickly may in Turkish seas arrive.
Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more
Upon their knees, all bid me welcome home.
Amongst so many crowns of burnish'd gold,
Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command;
A thousand gallies, mann'd with Christian slaves,
I freely give thee, which shall cut the straits,

Fit objects for thy princely eye to pierce.
A hundred bashas, cloth'd in crimson silk,
Shall ride before thee on Barbarian steeds;
And when thou goest, a golden canopy
Enchas'd with precious stones, which shine as bright
As that fair veil that covers all the world,
When Phœbus, leaping from the hemisphere,
Descendeth downward to th' Antipodes,—
And more than this, for all I cannot tell.

ALM. How far hence lies the galley, say you?

CALL. Sweet Almeda, scarce half a league from hence.

ALM. But need we not be spied going aboard?

CALL. Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill,
And crooked landing of a craggy rock,
The sails wrapt up, the mast and tackling down,
She lies so close that none can find her out.

ALM. I like that well: but tell me, my lord, if I should let you go, would you be as good as your word? Shall I be made a king for my labour?

CALL. As I am Callapine, the emperor,
And by the hand of Mahomet I swear
Thou shalt be crown'd a king, and be my mate.

ALM. Then here I swear, as I am Almeda
Your keeper under Tamburlaine the Great,
(For that's the style and title I have yet,)
Although he sent a thousand armed men
To intercept this haughty enterprize,
Yet would I venture to conduct your grace,
And die before I brought you back again.

CALL. Thanks, gentle Almeda; then let us haste,
Lest time be past, and ling'ring let us both.
ALM. When you will, my lord; I am ready.
CALL. Ev'n straight; and farewell, cursed Tamburlaine.
Now go I to revenge my father's death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, *with* ZENOCRATE *and his three Sons*, CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, *and* CELEBINUS, *with Drums and Trumpets.*

TAMB. Now, bright Zenocrate, the world's fair eye,
Whose beams illuminate the lamps of heaven,
Whose cheerful looks do clear the cloudy air,
And clothe it in a chrystal livery;
Now rest thee here on fair Larissa's plains,
Where Egypt and the Turkish empire parts,
Between thy sons, that shall be emperors,
And every one commander of a world.
ZENO. Sweet Tamburlaine, when wilt thou leave these arms,
And save thy sacred person free from scathe,
And dang'rous chances of the wrathful war?
TAMB. When heav'n shall cease to move on both the poles,
And when the ground, whereon my soldiers march,
Shall rise aloft and touch the horned moon,
And not before, my sweet Zenocrate.
Sit up, and rest thee like a lovely queen;
So, now she sits in pomp and majesty,

martial as the sons of Tamburlaine:
ir and air, being symboliz'd in one,
ne their want of courage and of wit;
ir hair as white as milk and soft as down,
ich should be like the quills of porcupines
black as jet and hard as iron or steel)
rrays they are too dainty for the wars;
ir fingers made to quaver on a lute,
ir arms to hang about a lady's neck,
uld make me think them bastards not my sons,
t that I know they issu'd from thy womb
at never look'd on man but Tamburlaine.

ZENO. My gracious lord, they have their mother's
looks,
t, when they list, their conq'ring father's heart.
is lovely boy, the youngest of the three,
t long ago bestrid a Scythian steed
tting the ring, and tilting at a glove,
hich, when he tainted with his slender rod,
e rein'd him straight and made him so curvet,
s I cry'd out for fear he should have fall'n.

TAMB. Well done, my boy, thou shalt have shield
and lance,
mour of proof, horse, helm, and curtle axe,
nd I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,

If thou wilt love the wars and follow me,
Thou shalt be made a king and reign with me,
Keeping in iron cages emperors.
If thou exceed thy elder brothers' worth
And shine in complete virtue more than they,
Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed
Shall issue crowned from their mother's womb.

CEL. Yes, father; you shall see me, if I live,
Have under me as many kings as you,
And march with such a multitude of men,
As all the world shall tremble at their view.

TAMB. These words assure me, boy, thou art my son.
When I am old and cannot manage arms,
Be thou the scourge and terror of the world.

AMY. Why may not I my lord, as well as he,
Be term'd the scourge and terror of the world?

TAMB. Be all a scourge and terror to the world

Those head hath deepest scars, whose breast most wounds,
Which being wroth sends lightning from his eyes,
And in the furrows of his frowning brows
Harbours revenge, war, death, and cruelty;
For in a field, whose superficies*
Is cover'd with a liquid purple veil
And sprinkled with the brains of slaughter'd men,
My royal chair of state shall be advanc'd;
And he that means to place himself therein,
Must armed wade up to the chin in blood.

ZENO. My lord, such speeches to our princely sons
Dismay their minds before they come to prove
The wounding troubles angry war affords.

CEL. No, madam, these are speeches fit for us,
For if his chair were in a sea of blood
I would prepare a ship and sail to it,
Ere I would lose the title of a king.

AMY. And I would strive to swim through pools of blood,
Or make a bridge of murder'd carcases,
Whose arches should be fram'd with bones of Turks,
Ere I would lose the title of a king.

TAMB. Well, lovely boys, ye shall be emp'rors both,
Stretching your conquering arms from East to West;
And, sirrah, if you mean to wear a crown,
When we shall meet the Turkish deputy
And all his viceroys, snatch it from his head,

* Superfinities, in the old editions.

And cleave his pericranium with thy sword.

CAL. If any man will hold him, I will strike
And cleave him to the channel* with my sword.

TAMB. Hold him, and cleave him too, or I'll cle
thee,
For we will march against them presently.
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane
Promis'd to meet me on Larissa's plains
With hosts a-piece against this Turkish crew;
For I have sworn by sacred Mahomet
To make it parcel of my empery;
The trumpets sound, Zenocrate; they come.

Enter THERIDAMAS, *and his train, with Drums*
Trumpets.

TAMB. Welcome, Theridamas, king of Argier.

THER. My lord, the great and mighty Tamburlaine
Arch-monarch of the world, I offer here
My crown, myself, and all the power I have,
In all affection at thy kingly feet.

TAMB. Thanks, good Theridamas.

THER. Under my colours march ten thous
Greeks;
And of Argier's and Afric's frontier towns
Twice twenty thousand valiant men at arms,
All which have sworn to sack Natolia.
Five hundred brigantines are under sail,
Meet for your service on the sea, my lord,
That launching from Argier to Tripoli,

* The breast-bone.

ım. Magnificent and peerless Tamburlaine!
my neighbour king of Fez have brought
d thee in this Turkish expedition,
ndred thousand expert soldiers;
Azamor to Tunis near the sea
rbary unpeopled for thy sake,
all the men in armour under me,
h with my crown I gladly offer thee.
AMB. Thanks, king of Morocco, take your crown
again.
ICH. And, mighty Tamburlaine, our earthly god,
e looks make this inferior world to quake,
e present thee with the crown of Fez,
with an host of Moors train'd to the war,
e coal-black faces make their foes retire,
quake for fear, as if infernal Jove
ing to aid thee in these Turkish arms,
ld pierce the black circumference of hell
h ugly Furies bearing fiery flags,
millions of his strong tormenting spirits:
strong Tesella unto Biledule
Barbary is unpeopled for thy sake.
AMB. Thanks, king of Fez; take here thy crown
again.

Your presence, loving friends and fellow kings,
Makes me to surfeit in conceiving joy.
If all the chrystal gates of Jove's high court
Were open'd wide, and I might enter in
To see the state and majesty of Heaven,
It could not more delight me than your sight.
Now will we banquet on these plains awhile,
And after march to Turkey with our camp,
In number more than are the drops that fall,
When Boreas rents a thousand swelling clouds;
And proud Orcanes of Natolia
With all his viceroys shall be so afraid,
That though the stones, as at Deucalion's flood,
Were turn'd to men, he should be overcome.
Such lavish will I make of Turkish blood,
That Jove shall send his winged messenger
To bid me sheathe the sword and leave the field;

[illegible]

ER. They shall, Casane, and 'tis time i'faith.

CE. And I have march'd along the river Nile
lachda, where the mighty Christian Priest,
d John the Great, sits in a milk-white robe,
e triple mitre I did take by force,
made him swear obedience to my crown.
thence unto Cafates did I march,
e Amazonians met me in the field,
whom, being women, I vouchsaf'd a league,
with my power did march to Zanzibar,
western part of Afric, where I view'd
Ethiopian sea, rivers and lakes,
neither man nor child in all the land;
efore I took my course to Manico,
e unresisted, I removed my camp;
by the coast of Biafar, at last
e to Guber, where the Negroes dwell,
conquering that, made haste to Nubia.
e, having sack'd Borno the kingly seat,
k the king and led him bound in chains
Damascus, where I staid before.

AMB. Well done, Techelles. What saith Theridamas?

ELR. I left the confines and the bounds of Afric,

And made a voyage into Europe,
Where by the river, Tyras, I subdu'd
Stoka, Podolia, and Codemia;
Thence cross'd the sea and came to Oblia,
And Nigra Sylva, where the devils dance,
Which in despite of them, I set on fire.
From thence I cross'd the gulf call'd by the
Mare Majore, of the inhabitants.
Yet shall my soldiers make no period,
Until Natolia kneel before your feet.

TAMB. Then will we triumph, banquet and
Cooks shall have pensions to provide us cat
And glut us with the dainties of the world;
Lachryma Christi and Calabrian wines
Shall common soldiers drink in quaffing bow
Aye, liquid gold, (when we have conquer'd hi
Mingl'd with coral and with orient pearl.
Come, let us banquet and carouse the while. [

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter SIGISMUND, FREDERICK, BALDW
their Train.

SIG. Now say, my lords of Buda and B
What motion is it that inflames your thou
And stirs your valours to such sudden arm

FRED. Your majesty remembers, I am sure,
What cruel slaughter of our Christian bloods
These heath'nish Turks and Pagans lately made,
Betwixt the city Zula and Danubius;
How through the midst of Varna and Bulgaria,
And almost to the very walls of Rome,
They have, not long since, massacred our camp.
It resteth now then, that your majesty
Take all advantages of time and power,
And work revenge upon these infidels.
Your highness knows for Tamburlaine's repair,
That strikes a terror to all Turkish hearts.
Natolia hath dismiss'd the greatest part
Of all his army, pitch'd against our pow'r,
Betwixt Cutheia and Orminius' mount,
And sent them marching up to Belgasar,
Acantha, Antioch, and Cæsaria,
To aid the kings of Syria and Jerusalem.
Now then, my lord, advantage take thereof,
And issue suddenly upon the rest;
That in the fortune of their overthrow,
We may discourage all the Pagan troop,
That dare attempt to war with Christians.

SIG. But calls not then your grace to memory,
The league we lately made with king Orcanes,
Confirm'd by oath and articles of peace,
And calling Christ for record of our truths?
This should be treachery and violence
Against the grace of our profession.

BALD. No whit, my lord, for with such infidels,

To be esteem'd assurance for ourselves,
So we that vow to them, should not infri
Our liberty of arms or victory

SIG. Though I confess the oaths they
Breed little strength to our security,
Yet those infirmities that thus defame
Their faiths, their honours, and religion,
Should not give us presumption to the lil
Our faiths are sound, and must be contin
Religious, righteous, and inviolate.

FRED. Assure your grace 'tis superstit
To stand so strictly on dispensive faith;
And should we lose the opportunity
That God hath given to 'venge our Chris
And scourge their foul blasphemous Pag
As fell to Saul, to Balaam, and the rest,
That would not kill and curse at God's
So surely will the vengeance of the high
And jealous anger of his fearful arm,
Be pour'd with rigour on our sinful hea
If we neglect this offer'd victory.

SIG. Then arm, my lords, and issue
Giving commandment to our general ho
With expedition to assail the Pagan,

SCENE II.

Enter ORCANES, GAZELLUS, *and* URIBASSA, *with their Trains.*

ORC. Gazellus, Uribassa, and the rest,
Now will we march from proud Orminius' mount,
To fair Natolia, where our neighbour kings
Expect our power and our royal presence,
T' encounter with the cruel Tamburlaine,
That nigh Larissa sways a mighty host,
And, with the thunder of his martial tools
Makes earthquakes in the hearts of men and heavens.

GAZ. And now come we to make his sinews shake,
With greater pow'r than erst his pride hath felt.
An hundred kings, by scores, will bid him arms,
An hundred thousand subjects to each score,
Which, if a show'r of wounding thunderbolts
Should break out of the bowels of the clouds,
And fall as thick as hail upon our heads,
In partial aid of that proud Scythian,
Yet should our courages and steeled crests,
And numbers, more than infinite, of men,
Be able to withstand and conquer him.

URI. Methinks I see how glad the Christian king
Is made, for joy of your admitted truce,
That could not but before be terrified
With unacquainted power of our host.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESS. Arm, dread sovereign, and my noble lords!
The treach'rous army of the Christians,

Taking advantage of your slender power,
Comes marching on us, and determines straight
To bid us battle for our dearest lives.

ORC. Traitors! villains! damned Christians!
Have I not here the articles of peace,
And solemn covenants we've both confirm'd,
He by his Christ, and I by Mahomet?

GAZ. Hell and confusion light upon their heads,
That with such treason seek our overthrow,
And care so little for their prophet, Christ!

ORC. Can there be such deceit in Christians,
Or treason in the fleshly heart of man,
Whose shape is figure of the highest God!
Then, if there be a Christ, as Christians say,
But in their deeds deny him for their Christ,
If he be son to everliving Jove,
And hath the power of his outstretched arm;
If he be jealous of his name and honour,
As is our holy prophet, Mahomet;—
Take here these papers as our sacrifice
And witness of thy servants' perjury.

[*He tears to pieces the articles of peac*

Open, thou shining veil of Cynthia,
And make a passage from th' empyreal heaven,
That he that sits on high and never sleeps,
Nor in one place is circumscriptible,
But ev'ry where fills ev'ry continent
With strange infusion of his sacred vigour,
May in his endless power and purity,
Behold and 'venge this traitor's perjury!

Thou Christ, that art esteem'd omnipotent,
If thou wilt prove thyself a perfect God,
Worthy th worship of all faithful hearts,
Be now reveng'd upon this traitor's soul,
And make the power I have left behind,
(Too little to defend our guiltless lives)
Sufficient to discomfort and confound
The trustless force of those false Christians.
To arms, my lords! On Christ still let us cry!
If there be Christ, we shall have victory.

Alarums.—They go out.—Enter SIGISMUND, *wounded.*

SIG. Discomfited is all the Christian host,
And God hath thunder'd vengeance from on high,
For my accurs'd and hateful perjury.
O, just and dreadful punisher of sin,
Let the dishonour of the pains I feel,
In this my mortal well-deserved wound,
End all my penance in my sudden death!
And let this death, wherein to sin I die,
Conceive a second life in endless mercy! [*He dies.*

Enter ORCANES, GAZELLUS, URIBASSA, *and others.*

ORC. Now lie the Christians bathing in their bloods,
And Christ or Mahomet hath been my friend.

GAZ. See here the perjur'd traitor, Hungary,
Bloody and breathless for his villainy.

ORC. Now shall his barbarous body be a prey
To beasts and fowls, and all the winds shall breathe
Through shady leaves of ev'ry senseless tree,
Murmurs and hisses for his heinous sin.
Now scalds his soul in the Tartarian streams,

And feeds upon the baneful tree of hell,
That Zoacum*, that fruit of bitterness,
That in the midst of fire is engraff'd,
Yet flourishes as Flora in her pride,
With apples like the heads of damned fiends.
The devils there, in chains of quenchless flame,
Shall lead his soul through Orcus' burning gulph,
From pain to pain, whose change shall never end.
What say'st thou yet, Gazellus, to his foil
Which we referr'd to justice of his Christ,
And to his power, which here appears as full
As rays of Cynthia to the clearest sight?

GAZ. 'Tis but the fortune of the wars, my lord,
Whose power has often prov'd a miracle.

ORC. Yet in my thoughts shall Christ be honoured,
Not doing Mahomet an injury,
Whose pow'r had share in this our victory;
And since this miscreant hath disgrac'd his faith,
And died a traitor both to heaven and earth,
We will, both watch and ward shall keep his trunk
Amidst these plains for fowls to prey upon.
Go, Uribassa, give it straight in charge.

URI. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

ORC. And now, Gazellus, let us haste and meet
Our army, and our brothers, of Jerusalem,
Of Syria, Trebizond, and Amasia,
And happily with full Natolian bowls
Of Greekish wine, now let us celebrate
Our happy conquest, and his angry fate. [*Exeunt.*

* *Zoacum or Zakkûm.*—The description of this tree is taken from a fable in the Koran, chap. 37.

[illegible], [illegible]
a. Black is the beauty of the [illegible]
lden hair of [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
ods his temples with [illegible]
y to darken earth with [illegible]
rate, that gave him [illegible]
e eyes shot fire from [illegible]
temper'd every soul with [illegible]
by the malice of the [illegible]
e jealousy admiring [illegible]
s in the comfort of her [illegible]
azzled with the hellish [illegible]
walk the angels in the [illegible]
rumels to warn th' immortal soul
ntertain divine *Zemzemia*
lo, Cynthia, and the [illegible]
gently look'd upon this [illegible]
: downward now no more [illegible]
ntertain divine *Zemzemia*
crystal spring, whose [illegible]
ed eyes with an eternal night.

To entertain divine Zenocrate.
The cherubims and holy seraphims,
That sing and play before the King of Kings,
Use all their voices and their instruments
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
And in this sweet and curious harmony,
The God that tunes this music to our souls,
Holds out his hand in highest majesty
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts
Up to the palace of th' empyreal heav'n,
That this my life may be as short to me
As are the days of sweet Zenocrate.
Physicians, will no physic do her good?

PHYS. My lord, your majesty shall soon perceive:
And if she pass this fit, the worst is past.

TAMB. Tell me, how fares my fair Zenocrate?

ZENO. I fare, my lord, as other empresses.
That, when this frail and transitory flesh
Hath suck'd the measure of that vital air
That feeds the body with his dated health,
Wane with enforc'd and necessary change.

TAMB. May never such a change transform my love,
In whose sweet being I repose my life,
Whose heavenly presence, beautified with health,
Gives light to Phœbus and the fixed stars!
Whose absence makes the sun and moon as dark
As when, oppos'd in one diameter,
Their spheres are mounted on the serpent's head,
Or else descended to his winding train.

Live still, my love, and so conserve my life,
Or, dying, be the author of my death!

ZENO. Live still, my lord! Oh, let my sovereign live!
And sooner let the fiery element
Dissolve and make your kingdom in the sky,
Than this base earth should shroud your majesty:
For should I but suspect your death by mine,
The comfort of my future happiness,
And hope to meet your highness in the heavens,
Turn'd to despair, would break my wretched breast,
And fury would confound my present rest.
But let me die, my love; yes, let me die;
With love and patience let your true love die!
Your grief and fury hurt my second life.—
Yet let me kiss my lord before I die,
And let me die with kissing of my lord.
But since my life is lengthen'd yet awhile,
Let me take leave of these my loving sons,
And of my lord, whose true nobility
Have merited my latest memory.
Sweet sons, farewell! In death resemble me,
And in your lives your father's excellency.
Some music, and my fit will cease, my lord.

[*They call for music.*

TAMB. Proud fury, and intolerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my love,
And scourge the scourge of the immortal God:
Now are those spheres, where Cupid us'd to sit,
Wounding the world with wonder and with love,
Sadly supply'd with pale and ghastly death,

Whose darts do pierce the centre of my soul.
Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heaven;
And had she liv'd before the siege of Troy,
Helen, (whose beauty summon'd Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos)
Had not been nam'd in Homer's Illiades;
Her name had been in ev'ry line he wrote.
Or had those wanton poets, for whose birth
Old Rome was proud, but gaz'd awhile on her,
Nor Lesbia nor Corinna had been nam'd;
Zenocrate had been the argument
Of ev'ry epigram or elegy.

[*The music sounds.—Zenocrate dies.*

What! is she dead? Techelles, draw thy sword
And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,
And we desend into th' infernal vaults,
To hale the fatal sisters by the hair,
And throw them in the triple moat of hell

Behold me here, divine Zenocrate,
Raving, impatient, desperate, and mad,
Breaking my steeled lance, with which I burst
The rusty beams of Janus' temple-doors,
Letting out death and tyrannizing war,
To march with me under this bloody flag!
And if thou pitiest Tamburlaine the Great,
Come down from heav'n, and live with me again.

THER. Ah, good my lord, be patient; she is dead,
And all this raging can not make her live.
If words might serve, our voice hath rent the air;
If tears, our eyes have water'd all the earth;
If grief, our murder'd hearts have strain'd forth blood;
Nothing prevails, for she is dead, my lord.

TAMB. For she is dead! Thy words do pierce my soul!
Ah, sweet Theridamas! say so no more;
Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives,
And feed my mind that dies for want of her.
Where'er her soul be, thou (*To the body.*) shalt stay with me,
Embalm'd with cassia, ambergris, and myrrh,
Not lapt in lead, but in a sheet of gold,
And till I die thou shalt not be interr'd.
Then in as rich a tomb as Mausolus
We both will rest and have our epitaph
Writ in as many several languages
As I have conquer'd kingdoms with my sword.
This cursed town will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereav'd me of my love:

The houses, burnt, will look as if they mourn'd;
And here will I set up her statue,
And march about it with my mourning camp
Drooping and pining for Zenocrate. [*The Scene closes.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter the Kings of TREBIZOND *and* SYRIA, *one bearing a sword, and another a sceptre; next* NATOLIA *and* JERUSALEM, *with the imperial Crown; after* CALLAPINE, *and after him other Lords.* ORCANES *and* JERUSALEM *crown him, and the others give him the sceptre.*

ORC. Callapinus Cyricelibes, otherwise Cybelius, son and successive heir to the late mighty emperor, Bajazet, by the aid of God and his friend Mahomet, emperor of Natolia, Jerusalem, Trebizond, Syria, Amasia, Thracia, Ilyria, Carmonia, and all the hundred and thirty kingdoms late contributory to his mighty father. Long live Callapinus, emperor

the world should blot our dignities
the book of base-born infamies.
ow I doubt not but your royal cares
o provided for this cursed foe,
since the heir of mighty Bajazet,
nperor so honour'd for his virtues,)
s the spirits of true Turkish hearts,
rous mem'ry of his father's shame,
all not need to nourish any doubt,
at proud fortune, who hath follow'd long
artial sword of mighty Tamburlaine,
ow retain her old inconstancy,
aise our honours to as high a pitch,
s our strong and fortunate encounter;
hath heaven provided my escape,
all the cruelty my soul sustain'd,
s my friendly keeper's happy means,
love, surcharg'd with pity of our wrongs,
our it down in showers on our heads,
ging the pride of Tamburlaine.
c. I have a hundred thousand men in arms:
, that in conquest of the perjur'd Christian,
a handful to a mighty host,
them in number yet sufficient

And for their power know to win the world.

TER. And I as many from Jerusalem,
Judæa, Gaza, and Sclavonia's bounds,
That on mount Sinai with their ensigns spread,
Look like the parti-coloured clouds of heaven
That sh[illegible] o the neighbour morn.

TRE[illegible] y bring from Trebizond,
Chio, I[illegible] nasia
All bord'ring [illegible] re Major sea,
Riso, Sa[illegible] bord'ring towns
That touc[illegible] amous Euphrates,
Whose cour[illegible] dled with the flames,
The cursed Scythi[illegible] s on all their towns,
And vow to burn the villain's cruel heart.

SYR. From Syria with seventy thousand strong
Ta'en from Aleppo, Saldino, Tripoli,
And so unto my city of Damascus,
I march to meet and aid my neighbour kings;
All which will join against this Tamburlaine,
And bring him captive to your highness' feet.

ORC. Our battle then in martial manner pitch'd
According to our ancient use, shall bear
The figure of the semicircled moon,
Whose horns shall sprinkle through the tainted air
The poison'd brains of this proud Scythian.

CALL. Well then, my noble lords, for this my friend
That freed me from the bondage of my foe,
I think it requisite and honourable,
To keep my promise and to make him king,

That is a gentleman, I know, at least.

ALM. That is no matter, sir, for being a king;
For Tamburlaine came up from nothing.

JER. Your majesty may choose some pointed time,
Performing all your promise to the full;
'Tis nought for your majesty to give a kingdom.

CALL. Then will I shortly keep my promise, Almeda.

ALM. Why, I thank your majesty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter TAMBURLAINE *with* USUMCASANE, *and his three Sons, four bearing the hearse of Zenocrate, and the drums sounding a doleful march; the town burning.*

TAM. So burn the turrets of this cursed town,
Flame to the highest region of the air,
And kindle heaps of exhalations,
That being fiery meteors may presage
Death and destruction to the inhabitants!
Over my Zenith hang a blazing star,
That may endure till heaven be dissolv'd,
Fed with the fresh supply of earthly dregs,
Threat'ning a death and famine to this land!
Flying dragons, lightning, fearful thunderbolts,
Singe these fair plains, and make them seem as black
As is the island where the Furies mask,
Compass'd with Lethe, Styx, and Phlegethon,

Because my dear'st Zenocrate is dead.

CAL. This pillar, plac'd in memory of her,
Where in Arabian, Hebrew, Greek, is writ:—
This town, being burnt by Tamburlaine the Great,
Forbids the world to build it up again.

AMY. And here this mournful streamer shall be plac'd,
Wrought with the Persian and th' Ægyptian arms,
To signify she was a princess born,
And wife unto the monarch of the East.

CEL. And here this table as a register
Of all her virtues and perfections.

TAMB. And here the picture of Zenocrate,
To show her beauty which the world admir'd;
Sweet picture of divine Zenocrate,
That, hanging here, will draw the gods from heaven,
And cause the stars fix'd in the southern arc,

And now, my lords, advance your spears again:
Sorrow no more, my sweet Casane, now;
Boys, leave to mourn! this town shall ever mourn,
Being burnt to cinders for your mother's death.

CAL. If I had wept a sea of tears for her,
It would not ease the sorrows I sustain.

AMY. As is that town, so is my heart consum'd
With grief and sorrow for my mother's death.

CEL. My mother's death hath mortified my mind,
And sorrow stops the passage of my speech.

TAMB. But now, my boys, leave off and list to me,
That mean to teach you rudiments of war;
I'll have you learn to sleep upon the ground,
March in your armour thorough wat'ry fens,
Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and thirst, right adjuncts of the war,
And after this to scale a castle wall,
Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,
And make whole cities caper in the air.
Then next the way to fortify your men;
In champion grounds, what figure serves you best;
For which the quinque-angle form is meet,
Because the corners there may fall more flat
Whereas the fort may fittest be assail'd,
And sharpest where th' assault is desperate.
The ditches must be deep; the counterscarps
Narrow and steep; the walls made high and broad;
The bulwarks and the rampiers large and strong,
With cavalieros and thick counterforts,

And room within to lodge six thousand men.
It must have privy ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch;
It must have high argins* and cover'd ways,
To keep the bulwark fronts from battery,
And parapets to hide the musketeers,
Casemates to place the great artillery,
And store of ordinance, that from ev'ry flank
May scour the outward curtain of the fort,
Dismount the cannon of the adverse part,
Murder the foe, and save their walls from breach
When this is learn'd for service on the land,
By plain and easy demonstration
I'll teach you how to make the water mount,
That you may dry-foot march through lakes and po
Deep rivers, havens, creeks, and little seas,
And make a fortress in the raging waves,
Fenc'd with the concave of a monstrous rock,
Invisible by nature of the place.
When this is done, then are ye soldiers,
And worthy sons of Tamburlaine the Great.

CAL. My lord, but this is dangerous to be don
We may be slain or wounded ere we learn.

TAMB. Villain! Art thou the son of Tamburlai
And fear'st to die, or with the curtle-axe
To hew thy flesh, and make a gaping wound?
Hast thou beheld a peal of ordnance strike
A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,
Whose shatter'd limbs, being toss'd as high as heav

* *Argins*—*argine*, Ital. An embankment, a rampart.

And canst thou, coward, stand in fear of death?
Hast thou not seen my horsemen charge the foe,
Shot through the arms, cut overthwart the hands,
Dying their lances with their streaming blood,
And yet at night carouse within my tent,
Filling their empty veins with airy wine,
That, being concocted turns to crimson blood,
And wilt thou shun the field for fear of wounds?
View me, thy father, that hath conquer'd kings,
And, with his host, march'd round about the earth,
Quite void of scars, and clear from any wound,
That by the wars lost not a drop of blood,
And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.

[*He cuts his arm.*

A wound is nothing, be it ne'er so deep;
Blood is the god of war's rich livery.
Now look I like a soldier, and this wound
As great a grace and majesty to me,
As if a chain of gold, enamelled,
Enchas'd with diamonds, sapphires, rubies,
And fairest pearl of wealthy India,
Were mounted here under a canopy,
And I sate down cloth'd with a massy robe,
That late adorn'd the Afric potentate,
Whom I brought bound unto Damascus' walls.
Come, boys, and with your fingers search my wound,
And in my blood wash all your hands at once,
While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
Now, my boys, what think you of a wound?

CAL. I know not what I should think of it;

Methinks it is a pitiful sight.

CEL. This? nothing: give me a wound, father.

AMY. And me another, my lord.

TAMB. Come, sirrah, give me your arm.

CEL. Here, father, cut it bravely, as you did yo
own.

TAMB. It shall suffice thou dar'st abide a woun
My boy, thou shalt not lose a drop of blood
Before we meet the army of the Turk;
But then run desp'rate through the thickest dregs,
Dreadless of blows, of bloody wounds, and death;
And let the burning of Larissa's walls,
My speech of war, and this my wound, you see,
Teach you, my boys, to bear courageous minds,
Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine!
Usumcasane, now come, let us march
Towards Techelles and Theridamas,

SCENE III.

Enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, *and their Train.*

THER. Thus have we march'd northward from Tamburlaine,
Unto the frontier port of Syria;
And this is Balsora, their chiefest hold,
Wherein is all the treasure of the land.

TECH. Then let us bring our light artillery,
Minions, Falc'nets, and Sakers*, to the trench,
Filling the ditches with the walls' wide breach,
And enter in to seize upon the gold.
How say you, soldiers, shall we not?

SOLD. Yes, my lord, yes; come, let's about it.

THER. But stay awhile; summon a parley, drum.
It may be they will yield it quietly,
Knowing two kings, the friends to Tamburlaine,
Stand at the walls with such a mighty pow'r.

[*A parley sounded.—Captain appears on the walls, with Olympia, his wife and son.*

CAPT. What require you, my masters?

THER. Captain, that thou yield up thy hold to us.

CAPT. To you! Why, do you think me weary of it?

TECH. Nay, captain, thou art weary of thy life,
If thou withstand the friends of Tamburlaine.

THER. The pioneers of Argier in Africa,
Even in the cannon's face, shall raise a hill
Of earth and faggots higher than the fort,
And over thy Argins and cover'd ways

* *Minions, Falc'nets, and Sakers.* All small pieces of ordnance.

Shall play upon the bulwarks of thy hold
Volleys of ordnance, till the breach be made
That with his ruin fills up all the trench.
And when we enter in, not heav'n itself
Shall ransom thee, thy wife, and family.

TECH. Captain, these Moors shall cut the lead
pipes,
That bring fresh water to thy men and thee,
And lie in trench before thy castle walls,
That no supply of victual shall come in,
Nor any issue forth but they shall die;
And, therefore, captain, yield it quietly.

CAPT. Were you, that are the friends of Tambu
laine,
Brothers of holy Mahomet himself,
I would not yield it; therefore do your worst:
Raise mounts, batter, intrench, and undermine,
Cut off the water, all convoys that come,
Yet I am resolute and so farewell.

[*Captain, Olympia, and their son, retire fr
the walls.*

THER. Pioneers, away! and where I stuck t
stake,
Intrench with those dimensions I prescrib'd.
Cast up the earth towards the castle walls,
Which, till it may defend you, labour low,
And few or none shall perish by the shot.

PIO. We will, my lord. [*Exeunt Pionee*

TECH. A hundred horse shall scout about
plains,

rhat force comes to relieve the hold.
, Theridamas, will intrench our men,
ı the Jacob's staff measure the height
ance of the castle from the trench,
may know if our artillery
ry full point blank into their castle.
. Then see the bringing of our ordnance
ıe trench into the battery,
re will have gallions of six foot broad,
our cannoniers from musket shot.
which shall our ordnance thunder forth,
h the breach's fall, smoke, fire, and dust,
ck, the echo, and the soldier's cry,
eaf the air and dim the chrystal sky.
. Trumpets and drums, alarum presently;
ldiers, play the men; the hold is yours!

[*Exeunt.*

ı. *Re-enter the* CAPTAIN, *with* OLYMPIA, *and his* SON.

ı. Come, good, my lord, and let us haste
n hence
be cave that leads beyond the foe;
: is left to save this conquer'd hold.
:. A deadly bullet, gliding through my side,
ıy at my heart; I cannot live.
y liver pierc'd, and all my veins,
re begin and nourish every part,
d and torn, and all my entrails bath'd
l that straineth from their orifice.

Farewell, sweet wife! sweet son, farewell! I die!
[*He dies.*

OLYM. Death, whither art thou gone, that both we live?
Come back again, sweet Death, and strike us both!
One minute end our days! and one sepulchre
Contain our bodies! Death, why com'st thou not?
Well, this must be the messenger for thee:
Now, ugly Death, stretch out thy sable wings,
And carry both our souls where his remains.
Tell me, sweet boy, art thou content to die?
These barb'rous Scythians, full of cruelty,
And Moors, in whom was never pity found,
Will hew us piecemeal, put us to the wheel,
And else invent some torture worse than that;
Therefore die by thy loving mother's hand,
Who gently now will lance thy iv'ry throat,
And quickly rid thee both of pain and life.

Enter THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, *and all their Train.*

THER. How now, madam, what are you doing?
OLYM. Killing myself, as I have done my son,
Whose body, with his father's, I have burnt,
Lest cruel Scythians should dismember him.
TECH. 'Twas bravely done, and, like a soldier's wife.
Thou shalt with us to Tamburlaine the Great,
Who, when he hears how resolute thou art,
Will match thee with a viceroy or a king.
OLYM. My lord deceas'd was dearer unto me
Than any viceroy, king, or emperor;
And for his sake here will I end my days.
THER. But, lady, go with us to Tamburlaine,
And thou shalt see a man, greater than Mahomet,
In whose high looks is much more majesty,
Than from the concave superficies
Of Jove's vast palace, the empyreal orb,
Unto the shining bow'r where Cynthia sits,
Like lovely Thetis, in a chrystal robe;
That treadeth Fortune underneath his feet,
And makes the mighty god of arms his slave;
On whom Death and the Fatal sisters wait
With naked swords and scarlet liveries:
Before whom, mounted on a lion's back,
Rhamnusia bears a helmet full of blood,
And strews the way with brains of slaughter'd men;
By whose proud side the ugly furies run,

Hearkening when he shall bid them plague the world;
Over whose zenith, cloth'd in windy air,
And eagle's wings join'd to her feather'd breast,
Fame hov'reth, sounding of her golden trump,
That to the adverse poles of that straight line,
Which measureth the glorious frame of heaven,
The name of mighty Tamburlaine is spread,
And him, fair lady, shall thine eyes behold. Come

OLYM. Take pity of a lady's ruthful tears,
That humbly craves upon her knees to stay
And cast her body in the burning flame,
That feeds upon her son's and husband's flesh.

TECH. Madam, sooner shall fire consume us both
Than scorch a face so beautiful as this,
In frame of which Nature hath show'd more skill
Than when she gave eternal chaos form,
Drawing from it the shining lamps of heaven.

THER. Madam, I am so far in love with you,
That you must go with us—no remedy.

OLYM. Then carry me, I care not, where you wil
And let the end of this my fatal journey
Be likewise end to my accursed life.

TECH. No, madam, but the beginning of you
joy:
Come willingly therefore.

THER. Soldiers, now let us meet the general,
Who by this time is at Natolia,
Ready to charge the army of the Turk.
The gold and silver, and the pearl, ye got,

Rifling this fort, divide in equal shares:
This lady shall have twice so much again
Out of the coffers of our treasury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter CALLAPINE, ORCANES, ALMEDA, *and the* KINGS *of* JERUSALEM, TREBIZOND *and* SYRIA, *with their Trains.—To them enter a* MESSENGER.

MES. Renowned emperor, mighty Callapine,
God's great lieutenant over half the world!
Here at Aleppo, with a host of men,
Lies Tamburlaine, this King of Persia,
(In numbers more than are the quiv'ring leaves
Of Ida's forest, where your highness' hounds,
With open cry, pursue the wounded stag,)
Who means to girt Natolia's walls with siege,
Fire the town, and overrun the land.

CALL. My royal army is as great as his,
That, from the bounds of Phrygia to the sea
Which washeth Cyprus with his brinish waves,
Covers the hills, the vallies, and the plains.
Viceroys and peers of Turkey, play the men!
Whet all your swords, to mangle Tamburlaine,
His sons, his captains, and his followers;
By Mahomet! not one of them shall live;
The field wherein this battle shall be fought
For ever term the Persians' sepulchre,
In memory of this our victory!

ORC. Now, he that calls himself the scourge of Jove,

The emp'ror of the world, and earthly god,
Shall end the warlike progress he intends,
And travel headlong to the lake of hell,
Where legions of devils, (knowing he must die
Here, in Natolia, by your highness' hands,)
All brandishing their brands of quenchless fire,
Stretching their monstrous paws, grin with their teeth
And guard the gates to entertain his soul.

CALL. Tell us, viceroys, the number of your men
And what our army royal is esteem'd.

JER. From Palestina and Jerusalem,
Of Hebrews three score thousand fighting men
Are come since last we showed to your majesty.

ORC. So from Arabia desert, and the bounds
Of that sweet land, whose brave metropolis
Re-edified the fair Semiramis,
Came forty thousand warlike foot and horse,
Since last we number'd to your majesty.

TREB. From Trebizond, in Asia the Less,
Naturaliz'd Turks and stout Bithynians
Came to my band, full fifty thousand more
(That fighting know not what retreat doth mean,
Nor e'er return but with the victory,)
Since last we number'd to your majesty.

SYR. Of Syrians from Halla is repair'd,
And neighbour cities of your highness' land,
Ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot,
Since last we number'd to your majesty;
So that the royal army is esteem'd
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.

CALL. Then welcome, Tamburlaine, unto thy death.
Come, puissant viceroys, let us to the field,
(The Persians' sepulchre) and sacrifice
Mountains of breathless men to Mahomet
Who now, with Jove, opens the firmament
To see the slaughter of our enemies.

Enter TAMBURLAINE *and his three Sons*, USUMCASANE, *&c.*

TAMB. How now, Casane? See a knot of kings,
Sitting as if they were a telling riddles.

USUM. My lord, your presence makes them pale and wan:
Poor souls! they look as if their deaths were near.

TAMB. And so it is, Casane; I am here;
But yet I'll save their lives, and make them slaves.
Ye petty kings of Turkey, I am come,
As Hector did, unto the Grecian camp,
To overdare the pride of Græcia,
And set his warlike person to the view
Of fierce Achilles, rival of his fame:
I do you honour in the simile;
For if I should, as Hector did Achilles,
(The worthiest knight that ever brandish'd sword,)
Challenge in combat any of you all,
I see how fearfully ye would refuse,
And fly my glove as from a scorpion.

ORC. Now thou art fearful of thy army's strength,
Thou would'st with overmatch of person fight;
But shepherd's issue, base-born Tamburlaine,

Think of thy end! this sword shall lance thy throat.

TAMB. Villain! the shepherd's issue (at whose birth
Heaven did afford a gracious aspect,
And join'd those stars that shall be opposite,
Even till the dissolution of the world,
And never meant to make a conqueror
So famous as is mighty Tamburlaine)
Shall so torment thee and that Callapine,
That, like a roguish runaway, suborn'd
That villain there, that slave, that Turkish dog,
To false his service to his sovereign,
As ye shall curse the birth of Tamburlaine.

CALL. Rail not, vile Scythian! I shall now revenge
My father's vile abuses, and mine own.

JER. By Mahomet! he shall be tied in chains,
Rowing with Christians in a Brigandine
About the Grecian isles to rob and spoil,
And turn him to his ancient trade again:
Methinks the slave should make a lusty thief.
Nay, when the battle ends, all we will

and, harness'd like my horses, draw my coach;
And when ye stay, be lash'd with whips of wire.
I'll have you learn to feed on provender
And in a stable lie upon the planks.

ORC. But, Tamburlaine, first thou shalt kneel to us,
And humbly crave a pardon for thy life.

TREB. The common soldiers of our mighty host
Shall bring thee bound unto our gen'ral's tent.

SYR. And all have jointly sworn thy cruel death,
Or bind thee in eternal torments' wrath.

TAMB. Well, sirs, diet yourselves; you know I shall
Have occasion shortly to journey you.

CEL. See, father, how Almeda the jailor looks upon us.

TAMB. Villain! traitor! damned fugitive!
I'll make thee wish the earth did swallow thee,
See'st thou not death within my wrathful looks?
Go, villain, cast thee headlong from a rock!
Or rip thy bowels, and rend out thy heart
T' appease my wrath! or else I'll torture thee,
Searing thy hateful flesh with burning irons
And drops of scalding lead, while all thy joints
Be rack'd and beat asunder with the wheel;
For, if thou liv'st, not any element
Shall shroud thee from the wrath of Tamburlaine.

CALL. Well, in despite of thee he shall be king.
Come, Almeda; receive this crown of me,
I here invest thee king of Ariadan

Bord'ring on Mare Rosso, near to Mecca.

ORC. What! Take it, man.

ALM. Good my lord, let me take it.

CALL. Dost thou ask him leave? Here; take it.

TAMB. Go to, sirrah, take your crown, and make up the half dozen.

So, sirrah, now you are a king, you must give arms.

ORC. So he shall and wear thy head in his scutcheon.

TAMB. No; let him hang a bunch of keys on his standard

To put him remembrance he was a jailor, that
When I take him, I may knock out his brains
With them, and lock you in the stable, when you
Shall come sweating from my chariot.

TREB. Away; let us to the field, that the villain may be slain.

Hide his crown as the foolish king of Persia did.

SYR. No, Tamburlaine; he shall not be put to that exigent, I warrant thee.

TAM. You know not, sir.
But now, my followers and my loving friends,
Fight as you ever did, like conquerors,
The glory of this happy day is yours.
My stern aspect shall make fair victory,
Hov'ring betwixt our armies, light on me
Laden with laurel wreaths to crown us all.

TECH. I smile to think how, when this field is fought
And rich Natolia ours, our men shall sweat
With carrying pearl and treasure on their backs.

TAMB. You shall be princes all, immediately;
Come, fight ye Turks, or yield us victory.

ORC. No; we will meet thee, slavish Tamburlaine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Alarums.—AMYRAS *and* CELEBINUS *issue from the tent where* CALPHAS *sits asleep.*

AMY. Now in their glories shine the golden crowns
Of these proud Turks, much like so many suns
That half dismay the majesty of heaven.
Now, brother, follow we our father's sword,
That flies with fury swifter than our thoughts,

And cuts down armies with his conquering wings.

CEL. Call forth our lazy brother from the tent,
For if my father miss him in the field,
Wrath, kindled in the furnace of his breast,
Will send a deadly lightning to his heart.

AMY. [illegible] what given so much to sleep,
You c[illegible]ve it, when our enemies' drums
And ra[illegible] cannons thunder in our ears
Our proper ruins and our father's foil?

CAL. Away, ye fools! my father needs not me,
Nor you in faith, but that you will be thought
More childish valourous than manly wise.
If half our camp should sit and sleep with me,
My father were enough to scare the foe.
You do dishonour to his majesty,
To think our helps will do him any good.

AMY. What! Dar'st thou then be absent from the field,
Knowing my father hates thy cowardice,
And oft hath warn'd thee to be still in field,
When he himself amidst the thickest troops
Beats down our foes, to flesh our taintless swords.

CAL. I know, sir, what it is to kill a man;
It works remorse of conscience in me;
I take no pleasure to be murderous,
Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirst.

CEL. O cowardly boy! Fie! for shame come forth;
Thou dost dishonour manhood and thy house.

CAL. Go, go, tall stripling, fight you for us both,

And take my other toward brother here,
For person like to prove a second Mars.
'Twill please my mind as well to hear, both you
Have won a heap of honour in the field
And left your slender carcases behind,
As if I lay with you for company.

AMY. You will not go then?

CAL. You say true.

AMY. Were all the lofty mounts of Zona Mundi
That fill the midst of farthest Tartary
Turn'd into pearl and proffer'd for my stay,
I would not bide the fury of my father,
When, made a victor in these haughty arms,
He comes and finds his sons have had no shares
In all the honours he proposed for us.

CAL. Take you the honour, I will take my ease;
My wisdom shall excuse my cowardice.
I go into the field before I need!

[*Alarums.—Amyras and Celebinus exeunt.*

The bullets fly at random where they list;
And should I go and kill a thousand men,
I were as soon rewarded with a shot,
And sooner far, than he that never fights;
And should I go and do no harm nor good,
I might have harm which all the good I have,
Join'd with my father's crown, would never cure.
I will to cards. Perdicas.

PERD. Here, my lord.

CAL. Come thou and I will go away to cards to drive away the time.

PERD. Content, my lord: but what shall a
play for?

CAL. Who shall kiss the fairest of the Turk's co
cubines first, when my father hath conquer'd the

PERD. Agreed, i'faith. [*They pla*

CAL. They say I am a coward, Perdicas, and
fear as little their taratantaras, their swords or th
cannons as I do a naked lady in a net of gold, an
for fear I should be afraid, would put it off a
come to bed with me.

PERD. Such a fear, my lord, would never ma
ye retire.

CAL. I would my father would let me be p
in the front of such a battle once to try my valo
[*Alarms.*] What a coil they keep! I believe th
will be some hurt done anon amongst them.

[*Exeu*

Can never wash from thy distained brows!
Here, Jove, receive his fainting soul again;
A form not meet to give that subject essence
Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlaine;
Wherein an incorporeal spirit moves,
Made of the mould whereof thyself consists,
Which makes me valiant, proud, ambitious,
Ready to levy pow'r against thy throne.
That I might move the turning spheres of heav'n!
For earth and all this airy region
Cannot contain the state of Tamburlaine.
By Mahomet! thy mighty friend, I swear,
In sending to my issue such a soul,
Created of the massy dregs of earth,
The scum and tartar of the elements,
Wherein was neither courage, strength, or wit,
But folly, sloth, and damned idleness,
Thou hast procur'd a greater enemy
Than he that darted mountains at thy head,
Shaking the burthen mighty Atlas bears;
Whereat thou trembling hid'st thee in the air,
Cloth'd with a pitchy cloud for being seen: *
And now, ye canker'd curs of Asia,
That will not see the strength of Tamburlaine,
Although it shine as brightly as the sun;
Now you shall see the strength of Tamburlaine,

* *for being seen*—that thou mayest not be seen. So in Spenser's Mother Hubberd's Tale.

"Upon his tiptoes nicely up he went
For making noise."———

And, by the state of his supremacy, [*Stabs Calyphas.*
Approve the diff'rence 'twixt himself and you.
ORC. Thou show'st the diff'rence 'twixt ourselves and thee,
In this thy barbarous damned tyranny.
JER. Thy victories are grown so violent,
That shortly heaven, fill'd with the meteors
Of blood and fire thy tyrannies made,
Will pour down blood and fire on thy head,
Whose scalding drops will pierce thy seething brains,
And, with our bloods, revenge our blood on thee.
TAMB. Villains! these terrors and these tyrannies,
(If tyrannies, wars' justice ye repute)
I execute, enjoin'd me from above,
To scourge the pride of such as heav'n abhors;
Nor am I made arch-monarch of the world,
Crown'd and invested by the hand of Jove
For deeds of bounty and nobility;
But since I exercise a greater name,
The scourge of God, and terror of the world,
I must apply myself to fit those terms,
In war, in blood, in death, in cruelty.
And plague such peasants as resisting me,
[Resist] the pow'r of Heav'n's eternal majesty.
Theridamas, Techelles, and Usumcasane,
Ransack the tents and the pavilions
Of these proud Turks, and take their concubines,
Making them bury this effeminate brat,
For not a common soldier shall defile

His manly fingers with so faint a boy.
Then bring those Turkish harlots to my tent,
And I'll dispose them as it likes me best;
Meanwhile, take him in.

SOLD. We will, my lord.

JER. O damned monster! Nay, a fiend of hell,
Whose cruelties are not so harsh as thine,
Nor yet impos'd with such a bitter hate!

ORC. Revenge it, Rhadamanth and Æacus,
And let your hates, extended in his pains,
Expel the hate wherewith he pains our souls.

TREB. May never day give virtue to his eyes,
Whose sight, compos'd of fury and of fire,
Doth send such stern affections to his heart.

SYR. May never spirit, vein, or artier, feed
The cursed substance of that cruel heart!
But, wanting moisture and remorseful blood,

Conquer, sack, and utterly consume
Your cities and your golden palaces,
And, with the flames that beat against the clouds,
Incense the Heavens, and make the stars to melt,
As if they were the tears of Mahomet,
For hot consumption of his country's pride;
And, till by vision or by speech I hear
Immortal Jove say "cease, my Tamburlaine,"
I will persist, a terror to the world,
Making the meteors (that, like armed men,
Are seen to march upon the tow'rs of Heav'n)
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And break their burning lances in the air,
For honour of my wond'rous victories.
Come, bring them in to our pavilion. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

OLYMPIA *discovered alone.*

OLYM. Distress'd Olympia, whose weeping eyes,
Since thy arrival here beheld no sun,
But clos'd within the compass of the tent,
Have stain'd thy cheeks, and made thee look like death,
Devise some means to rid thee of thy life,
Rather than yield to his detested suit,
Whose drift is only to dishonour thee;
And since this earth, dew'd with thy brinish tears
Affords no herbs, whose taste may poison thee,
Nor yet this air, beat often with thy sighs,
Contagious smells and vapours to infect thee,

Nor thy close cave a sword to murder thee;
Let this invention be the instrument.

Enter THERIDAMAS.

THER. Well met, Olympia; I sought thee in a tent,
But when I saw the place obscure and dark,
Which with thy beauty thou wast wont to light;
Enrag'd, I ran about the fields for thee,
Supposing am'rous love had sent his son,
The winged Hermes, to convey thee hence;
But now I find thee, and that fear is past.
Tell me, Olympia, wilt thou grant my suit?

OLYM. My lord and husband's death, with a sweet son's,
(With whom I buried all affections
Save grief and sorrow, which torment my heart)
Forbid my mind to entertain a thought

THER. Why, madam, think you to mock me thus palpably?

OLYM. To prove it, I will 'noint my naked throat,
Which, when you stab, look on your weapon's point,
And you shall see't rebated with the blow.

THER. Why gave you not your husband some of it,
If you loved him, and it so precious?

OLYM. My purpose, was my lord, to spend it so,
But was prevented by his sudden end;
And for a present, easy proof thereof,
That I dissemble not, try it on me.

THER. I will, Olympia, and I'll keep it for
The richest present of this eastern world.

[*She anoints her throat.*

OLYM. Now stab, my lord, and mark your weapon's point,

Infernal Dis is courting of my love,
Inventing masks and stately shows for her,
Opening the doors of his rich treasury
To entertain this queen of chastity;
Whose body shall be tomb'd with all the pomp
The treasure of this kingdom may afford.

[*Exit, with the body.*

SCENE IV.

Enter TAMBURLAINE *drawn in his Chariot by the Kings of Trebizond, and Syria, with bits in their mouths, reins in his left hand, and in his right hand a whip with which he scourgeth them, accompanied with* TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, AMYRAS, CELEBINUS: NATOLIA *and* JERUSALEM *led by five or six common Soldiers.*

TAMB. Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia!
What! can ye draw but twenty miles a-day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine,
But from Asphaltis, where I conquer'd you,
To Byron here, where thus I honour you?
The horse that guide the golden eye of Heav'n,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
Are not so honour'd in their governor,
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine.
The headstrong jades of Thrace, Alcides tam'd,
That King Egeus fed with human flesh,
And made so wanton, that they knew their strengths

Were not subdu'd with valour more divine
Than you by this unconquer'd arm of mine.
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
A[illegible] the strongest muscadel;
I[illegible] with it, then live, and draw
M[illegible] swifter than the racking clouds;
If [illegible] die[illegible] beasts, and fit for nought
B[illegible] fo[illegible] black and fatal ravens.
T[illegible] the scourge of highest Jove;
Ar[illegible] figure of my dignity
By [illegible] old my name and majesty!

AMY. Let me have coach, my lord, that I ride,
And thus be drawn by these two idle kings.

TAMB. Thy youth forbids such ease, my kingly
They shall to-morrow draw my chariot,
While these their fellow kings may be refresh'd.

ORC. O thou that sway'st the region under e
And art a king as absolute as Jove,
Come as thou didst in fruitful Sicily,
Surveying all the glories of the land,
And as thou took'st the fair Proserpina,
Joying the fruit of Ceres' garden-plot,
For love, for honour, and to make her queen,
So for just hate, for shame, and to subdue
This proud contemner of thy dreadful power,
Come once in fury and survey his pride,
Haling him headlong to the lowest hell.

THER. Your majesty must get some bits for t

To bridle their contemptuous, cursing tongues,
That, like unruly, never-broken jades,
Break through the hedges of their hateful mouths,
And pass their fixed bounds exceedingly.

TECH. Nay, we will break the hedges of their mouths,
And pull their kicking colts out of their pastures.

USUM. Your majesty already hath devis'd
A mean, as fit as may be, to restrain
These coltish coach-horse tongues from blasphemy.

CEL. How like you that, sir king? why speak ye not?

JER. Ah, cruel brat, sprung from a tyrant's loins!
How like his cursed father he begins
To practice taunts and bitter tyrannies!

TAMB. Aye, Turk, I tell thee, this same boy is he
That must (advanc'd in higher pomp than this)
Rifle the kingdoms I shall leave unsack'd,
If Jove, esteeming me too good for earth,
Raise me to match the fair Aldeboron,
Above the threefold Astracism of heav'n,
Before I conquer all the triple world.
Now, fetch me out the Turkish concubines;
I will prefer them for the funeral
They have bestow'd on my abortive son.

[*The Concubines are brought in.*

Where are my common soldiers now, that fought
So lion-like upon Asphaltis' plains?

SOLD. Here, my lord.

TAMB. Hold ye, tall soldiers, take ye queens a piece—
I mean such queens as were king's concubines—
Take them; divide them, and their jewels too,
And let them equally serve all your turns.

SOLD. We thank you.

TAMB. Brawl not (I warn you) for your letchery:
For ev'ry man that so offends shall die.

ORC. Injurious tyrant, wilt thou so defame
The hateful fortunes of thy victory,
To exercise upon such guiltless dames
The violence of thy common soldier's lust?

TAMB. Live continent* then, ye slaves, and meet not me
With troops of harlots at your slothful heels.

LADIES. O pity us, my lord, and save our honours.

TAMB. Are ye not gone, ye villains, with your

Till we prepare our march to Babylon,
Whither we next make expedition.
TECH. Let us not be idle then, my lord,
But presently be prest to conquer it.
TAMB. We will, Techelles. Forward then, ye jades.
Now crouch, ye kings of greatest Asia,
And tremble, when ye hear this scourge will come
That whips down cities and controuleth crowns,
Adding their wealth and treasure to my store.
The Euxine sea, north to Natolia;
The Tyrrhene, west; the Caspian, north north-east;
And on the south, Sinus Arabicus;
Shall all be laden with the martial spoils,
We will convey with us to Persia.
Then shall my native city, Samarcanda,
And chrystal waves of fresh Jakertis' stream,
The pride and beauty of her princely seat,
Be famous through the farthest continents,
For there my palace-royal shall be plac'd,
Whose shining turrets shall dismay the heavens,
And cast the fame of Ilion's tow'r to hell.
Thorough the streets, with troops of conquer'd kings,
I'll ride in golden armour like the sun;
And in my helm a triple plume shall spring,
Spangled with diamonds dancing in the air,
To note me emp'ror of the three-fold world,
Like to an almond tree, mounted high
Upon the lofty and celestial mount
Of ever green Selinis quaintly deck'd
With blooms more white than Hericina's brows,

Whose tender blossoms tremble ev'ry one,
At ev'ry little breath that thorough heav'n is blown.*
Then in my coach, like Saturn's royal son
Mounted, his shining chariots gilt with fire,
And drawn with princely eagles through the path,
Pav'd with bright chrystal, and enchas'd with stars,
When all the gods stand gazing at his pomp,
So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
Until my soul, dissever'd from this flesh,

* This simile is borrowed from the following stanza in Spenser's Faerie Queene :—

"Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bunch of heares discolour'd diversly,
With sprincled pearle and gold full richly drest,
Did shake and seem'd to dance for jollity,
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily ;

SCENE I.

r the Governor of Babylon, Maximus, *and others, upon the Walls.*

:. What saith Maximus?

x. My lord, the breach the enemy hath made
such assurance of our overthrow,
ttle hope is left to save our lives,
d our city from the conqueror's hands.
ang out flags, my lord, of humble truce,
tisfy the people's general pray'rs,
amburlaine's intolerable wrath
: suppress'd by our submission.

. Villain, respect'st thou more thy slavish life
onour of thy country or thy name?
: my life and state as dear to me,
r and my native country's weal
thing of price in thy conceit?
e not hope, for all our batter'd walls,
secure and keep his forces out,
his our famous lake of Limnasphaltis
walls afresh with ev'ry thing that falls
: liquid substance of his stream
rong than are the gates of death or hell?

What faintness should dismay our courages
When we are thus defenc'd against our foes,
And have no terror but his threat'ning look.

Enter another CITIZEN, *who kneels to the Governor.*

CIT. My lord, if ever you did deed of ruth,
And now will work a refuge for our lives,
Offer submission, hang up flags of truce,
That Tamburlaine may pity our distress,
And use us like a loving conqueror.
Though this be held his last day's dreadful siege,
Wherein he spareth neither man nor child,
Yet are there Christians of Georgia here,
Whose state was ever pitied and reliev'd,
Would get his pardon if your grace would send.

GOV. How is my soul environed!
And this eterniz'd city, Babylon,

Enter THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, *and* SOLDIERS, *without the walls.*

THER. Thou desperate governor of Babylon,
To save thy life, and us a little labour,
Yield speedily the city to our hands,
Or else be sure thou shalt be forc'd with pains,
More exquisite than ever traitor felt.

GOV. Tyrant! I turn the traitor in thy throat,
And will defend it in despite of thee.
Call up the soldiers to defend these walls.

TECH. Yield, foolish governor; we offer more
Than ever yet we did to such proud slaves
As durst resist us till our third day's siege.
Thou seest us prest to give the last assault,
And that shall bide no more regard of parley.

GOV. Assault and spare not; we will never yield.

[*Alarms: and they scale the walls.*

Enter TAMBURLAINE, USUMCASANE, AMYRAS, *and* CELEBINUS, NATOLIA, JERUSALEM, *&c.*

TAMB. The stately buildings of fair Babylon,
Whose lofty pillars, higher than the clouds
Were wont to guide the seaman in the deep,
Being carried thither by the cannon's force,
Now fill the mouth of Limnasphaltis' lake
And make a bridge unto the batter'd walls.
Where Belus, Ninus, and great Alexander
Have rode in triumph, triumph Tamburlaine—
Whose chariot wheels have burst th' Assyrians' bones
Drawn with these kings on heaps of carcases.
Now in the place, where fair Semiramis,

Courted by kings and peers of Asia,
Hath trod the measures, I and my soldiers march;
And in the streets, where brave Assyrian dames
Have rid in pomp like rich Saturnia,
With furious words and frowning visages
My horsemen brandish their unruly blades.

Enter THERIDAMAS *and* TECHELLES, *bringing in the* GOVERNOR *of Babylon.*

Who have ye there, my lords?

THER. The sturdy governor of Babylon,
That made us all the labour for the town,
And us'd such slender reck'ning of your majesty.

TAMB. Go, bind the traitor; he shall hang in chains
Upon the ruins of this conquer'd town.
Sirrah, the view of our vermilion tents,
(Which threaten'd more than if the region

Gov. Nor, if my body could have stopp'd the breach,
Should'st thou have enter'd, cruel Tamburlaine.
'Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yield,
Nor yet thyself, the anger of the highest;
For though thy cannon shook the city walls,
My heart did never quake, nor courage faint.

Tamb. Well, now I'll make it quake; go draw him up,
Hang him in chains upon the city walls,
And let my soldiers shoot the slave to death.

Gov. Vile monster! born of some infernal hag,
And sent from hell to tyrrannize on earth,
Do all thy worst; nor death, nor Tamburlaine,
Torture, nor pain, can daunt my dreadless mind.

Tamb. Up with him then; his body shall be sear'd.

Gov. But, Tamburlaine; in Limnasphaltis' lake
There lies more gold than Babylon is worth,
Which, when the city was besieg'd, I hid.
Save but my life and I will give it thee.

Tamb. Then for all your valour you would save your life?
Where about lies it?

Gov. Under a hollow bank, right opposite
Against the Western gate of Babylon.

Tamb. Go thither, some of you, and take his gold;
The rest forward with th' execution.
Away with him hence, let him speak no more.
I think I make your courage something quail.

When this is done, we'll march from Babylon,
And make our greatest haste to Persia.

[*They hang up the Governor in chains.*

These jades are broken-winded and half-tir'd,
Unharness them, and let me have fresh horse.
So, now their best is done to honour me,
Take them and hang them both up presently.

TREB. Wild tyrant! barb'rous bloody Tamburlaine!

TAMB. Take them away, Theridamas; see them despatch'd.

THER. I will, my lord.

[*Exit, with the Kings of Trebizond and Syria.*

TAMB. Come, Asian viceroys; to your tasks awhile,
And take such fortune as your fellows felt.

ORC. First let thy Scythian horse tear both our limbs,

TAMB. 'Tis brave indeed, my boy; well done.
Shoot first, my lord, and then the rest shall follow.
THER. Then have at him to begin withal.
[*Therid. shoots.*
GOV. Yet save my life, and let this wound appease
The mortal fury of great Tamburlaine.
TAMB. No, though Asphaltis' lake were liquid gold,
And offer'd me as ransom for thy life,
Yet should'st thou die. Shoot at him all at once.
[*They shoot.*
So, now he hangs like Bagdad's governor,
Having as many bullets in his flesh
As there be breaches in the batter'd walls.
Go now, and bind the burghers hand and foot,
And cast them headlong in the city's lake.
Tartars and Persians shall inhabit there,
And to command the city, I will build
A citadel that all Africa,
Which hath been subject to the Persian king,
Shall pay me tribute for in Babylon.
TECH. What shall be done with their wives and children, my lord?
TAMB. Techelles, drown them all, man, woman, and child.
Leave not a Babylonian in the town.
TECH. I will about it straight. Come, soldiers.
[*Exit, with Soldiers.*
TAMB. Now, Casane, where's the Turkish Alcoran,
And all the heaps of superstitious books

Found in the temples of that Mahomet,
Whom I have thought a god? They shall be burnt.

USUM. Here they are, my lord.

TAMB. Well said; let there be a fire presently.
In vain, I see, men worship Mahomet:
My sword hath sent millions of Turks to hell,
Slain all his priests, his kinsmen, and his friends,
And yet I live untouch'd by Mahomet.
There is a God, full of revengeful wrath,
From whom the thunder and the lightning breaks,
Whose scourge I am, and him will I obey:
So, Casane, fling them in the fire.
Now, Mahomet, if thou have any power,
Come down thyself and work a miracle.
Thou art not worthy to be worshipped.
That suffer'st flame of fire to burn the writ
Wherein the sum of thy religion rests.
Why send'st thou not a furious whirlwind down
To blow thy Alcoran up to thy throne,
Where men report thou sit'st by God himself?
Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlaine
That shakes his sword against thy majesty,
And spurns the abstracts of thy foolish laws?
Well, soldiers, Mahomet remains in hell;
He cannot hear the voice of Tamburlaine;
Seek out another Godhead to adore,
The God that sits in heav'n, if any God;
For he is God alone, and none but he.

Re-enter TECHELLES.

TECH. I have fulfill'd your highness' will, my lord.

Thousands of men, drown'd in Asphaltis' lake,
Have made the waters swell above the banks,
And fishes, fed by human carcases,
Amaz'd, swim up and down upon the waves,
As when they swallow assafœtida,
Which makes them fleet aloft and gape for air.

TAMB. Well then, my friendly lords, what more remains,
But that we leave sufficient garrison,
And presently depart to Persia
To triumph after all our victories?

THER. Aye, good my lord; let us in haste to Persia,
And let this captain be remov'd the walls
To some high hill above the city here.

TAMB. Let it be so; about it soldiers;
But stay; I feel myself distemper'd suddenly.

TECH. What is it dares distemper Tamburlaine?

TAMB. Something, Techelles; but I know not what—
But forth, ye vassals, whatsoe'er it be,
Sickness or death can never conquer me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CALLAPINE, AMASIA, *and Soldiers, with drums and trumpets.*

CALL. King of Amasia, now our mighty host
Marcheth in Asia Major where the streams
Of Euphrates and Tigris swiftly run,
And here we may behold great Babylon
Circled about with Limnasphaltis' lake
Where Tamburlaine with all his army lies,

Which being faint and weary with the siege,
We may lie ready to encounter him
Before his host be full from Babylon,
And so revenge our latest grievous loss,
If God or Mahomet send any aid.

AMA. Doubt not, my lord, but we shall conquer him.
The monster that hath drunk a sea of blood,
And yet gapes still for more to quench his thirst,
Our Turkish swords shall headlong send to hell,
And that vile carcase drawn by warlike kings
The fowls shall eat; for never sepulchre
Shall grace that base-born tyrant Tamburlaine.

CALL. When I record my parents' slavish life,
Their cruel death, mine own captivity,
My viceroy's bondage under Tamburlaine,
Methinks I could sustain a thousand deaths
To be reveng'd of all his villainy.

Renowned general, mighty Callapine,
Though God himself and holy Mahomet
Should come in person to resist your pow'r,
Yet might your mighty host encounter all,
And pull proud Tamburlaine upon his knees
To sue for mercy at your highness' feet.

CALL. Captain, the force of Tamburlaine is great,
His fortune greater, and the victories
Wherewith he hath so sore dismay'd the world
Are greatest to discourage all our drifts;
Yet when the pride of Cynthia is at full,
She wanes again, and so shall his, I hope;
For we have here the chief selected men
Of twenty several kingdoms at the least;
Nor ploughman, priest, nor merchant, stays at home;
All Turkey is in arms with Callapine;
And never will we sunder camps and arms
Before himself or his be conquer'd.
This is the time that must eternize me
For conquering the tyrant of the world.
Come, soldiers, let us lie in wait for him,
And if we find him absent from his camp,
Or that it be rejoin'd again at full,
Assail it and be sure of victory. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, *and* USUMCASANE.

THER. Weep, heavens, and vanish into liquid tears!

Fall stars that govern his nativity,
And summon all the shining lamps of heaven
To cast their bootless fires to the earth,
And shed their feeble influence in the air.
Muffle your beauties with eternal clouds,
For hell and darkness pitch their pitchy tents,
And death with armies of Cimmerian spirits
Gives battle 'gainst the heart of Tamburlaine.
Now in defiance of that wonted love
Your sacred virtues pour'd upon his throne
And made his state an honour to the heavens,
These cowards invisible assail his soul,
And threaten conquest on our sovereign;
But if he die your glories are disgrac'd;
Earth droops and says that hell in heaven is plac'd.

TECH. O then, ye pow'rs that sway eternal seats
And guide this massy substance of the earth,
If you retain desert of holiness
As your supreme estates instruct our thoughts,
Be not inconstant, careless of your fame,—
Bear not the burthen of your en'mies joys
Triumphing in his fall you most advanc'd,
But as his birth, life, health and majesty
Were strangely blest and governed by heaven,
So honour heaven (till heaven dissolved be)
His birth, his life, his health, and majesty!

USUM. Blush, heaven, to lose the honour of thy name!
To see thy footstool set upon thy head!
And let no baseness in thy haughty breast

Sustain a shame of such inexcellence,
To see the devils mount in angels' thrones,
And angels dive into the pools of hell.
And though they think their painful date is out,
And that their power is puissant as Jove's,
Which makes them manage arms against thy state,
Yet make them feel the strength of Tamburlaine,
(Thy instrument and note of majesty,)
Is greater far than they can thus subdue:
For if he die thy glory is disgrac'd;
Earth droops and says that hell in heaven is plac'd.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, AMYRAS, *and* PHYSICIAN.

TAMB. What daring god torments my body thus,
And seeks to conquer mighty Tamburlaine?
Shall sickness prove me now to be a man,
That have been term'd the terror of the world?
Techelles and the rest, come, take your swords,
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul.
Come, let us march against the pow'rs of Heaven,
And set black streamers in the firmament,
To signify the slaughter of the gods.
Ah, friends, what shall I do? I cannot stand.
Come carry me to war against the gods
That envy thus the health of Tamburlaine.

THER. Ah, good my lord, leave these impatient words,
Which add much danger to your malady.

TAMB. Why, shall I sit and languish in this pain?
No, strike the drums, and in revenge of this,
Come, let us charge our spears, and pierce his breast,

Whose shoulders bear the axis of the world,
That, if I perish, heav'n and earth may fade.
Theridamas, haste to the court of Jove,
Will him to send Apollo hither straight,
To cure me, or I'll fetch him down myself.

TECH. Sit still, my gracious lord; this grief will cease,
And can not last, it is so violent.

TAMB. Not last, Techelles?—No! for I shall die.
See, where my slave, the ugly monster, death,
Shaking and quiv'ring, pale and wan for fear,
Stands aiming at me with his murd'ring dart,
Who flies away at ev'ry glance I give,
And, when I look away, comes stealing on.
Villain, away, and hie thee to the field!
I and mine army come to load thy back
With souls of thousand mangled carcases.
Look, where he goes: but see, he comes again

Are not a parcel of the elements,
But of a substance more divine and pure,
Are almost clean extinguished and spent;
Which, being the cause of life, imports your death.
Besides, my lord, this day is critical,
Dang'rous to those whose crisis is as yours;
Your artiers, which along the veins convey
The lively spirits which thy heart engenders,
Are parch'd and void of spirit, that the soul,
Wanting these organisms by which it moves,
Can not endure, by argument of art.
Yet, if your majesty may 'scape this day,
No doubt but you shall soon recover all.

TAMB. Then will I comfort all my vital parts,
And live, in spite of death, above a day.

[*Alarums within.*

Enter MESSENGER.

MES. My lord, young Callapine, that lately fled from your majesty, hath now gathered a fresh army, and hearing your absence in the field, offers to set upon us presently.

TAMB. See, my physicians now, how Jove hath sent
A present medicine to recure my pain,
My looks shall make them fly, and might I follow,
There should not one of all the villain's power
Live to give offer of another fight.

USUM. I joy, my lord, your highness is so strong,
That can endure so well your royal presence,
Which only will dismay the enemy.

TAMB. I know it will, Casane. Draw, you slaves;
In spite of death, I will go shew my face.

[*Alarums.—Tamburlaine goes out, and comes in with the rest.*

TAMB. Thus are the villain cowards fled for faar,
Like sun[illegible] ish'd by the sun;
And co[illegible] h ursue the field,
That C[illegible] my slave again.
But I per[illegible] strength is spent.
In vain I [illegible] gainst those pow'rs,
That mean t'i[illegible] a higher throne,
As much too[illegible] disdainful earth.
Give me a n[illegible] me see how much
Is left for me to conqu[illegible] ll the world,
That these, my boys, may finish all my wants.

[*One brings a map.*

Here I began to march tow'rds Persia,
Along Armenia and the Caspian Sea,
And thence to Bithynia, where I took
The Turk and his great empress prisoners.
Thence march'd I into Egypt and Arabia,
And here, not far from Alexandria,
Whereas the Tyrrhene and the Red Sea meet,
Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channel to them both,
That men might quickly sail to India,
From thence to Nubia near Borno lake,
And so along the Æthiopian sea,
Cutting the Tropic line of Capricorn,
I conquer'd all as far as Zanzibar.

Then, by the northern part of Africa,
I came at last to Grecia, and from thence
To Asia, where I stay against my will,
Which is from Scythia, where I first began,
Backwards and forwards near five thousand leagues.
Look here, my boys; see what a world of ground
Lies westward from the midst of Cancer's line,
Unto the rising of the earthly globe;
Whereas the sun, declining from our sight,
Begins the day with our Antipodes.
And shall I die, and this unconquered?
Lo, here, my sons, are all the golden mines,
Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
More worth than Asia and the world beside;
And from the Antarctick Pole eastward behold
As much more land, which never was descried,
Wherein are rocks of pearl that shine as bright
As all the lamps that beautify the sky;
And shall I die, and this unconquered?
Here, lovely boys; what death forbids my life,
That let your lives command in spite of death

AMY. Alas, my lord, how should our bleeding hearts
Wounded and broken with your highness' grief,
Retain a thought of joy or spark of life.
Your soul gives essence to our wretched subjects,
Whose matter is incorp'rate in your flesh.

CEL. Your pains do pierce our souls; no hope survives,

For by your life we entertain our lives:

TAMB. But sons, this subject, not of force enou
To hold the fiery spirit it contains,
Must part, imparting his impressions
By equal portions unto both your breasts;
My flesh, divided in your precious shapes,
Shall still retain my spirit, though I die,
And live in all your seeds immortally.
Then now remove me, that I may resign
My place and proper title to my son.
First, take my scourge and my imperial crown,
And mount my royal chariot of estate,
That I may see thee crown'd before I die.
Help me, my lords, to make my last remove.

THER. Woeful change, my lords; it daunts
thoughts,
More than the ruin of our proper souls.

TAMB. Sit up, my son, [and] let me see how
Thou wilt become thy father's majesty.

[*They crown Amy*

AMY. With what a flinty bosom should I joy
The breath of life and burthen of my soul,
If not resolv'd into resolved pains,
My body's mortified laments*
Should exercise the motions of my heart,
Pierc'd with the joy of any dignity!†
O father! if the unrelenting ears

* Lineament in the 8vo.

† The meaning of this sentence is too obscure for ordi
comprehension—'it is past finding out.'

Of death and hell be shut against my pray'rs,
And that the spiteful influence of Heaven,
Deny my soul fruition of her joy;
How should I step, or stir my hateful feet
Against the inward powers of my heart,
Leading a life that only strives to die,
And plead in vain unpleasing sovereignty.

TAMB. Let not thy love exceed thine honour, son
Nor bar thy mind that magnanimity
That nobly must admit necessity.
Sit up, my boy, and with these silken reins
Bridle the steeled stomachs of these jades.

THER. My lord, you must obey his majesty,
Since fate commands and proud necessity.

AMY. Heav'ns witness me with what a broken heart
And damned spirit I ascend this seat,
And send my soul before my father die,
His anguish and his burning agony!

TAMB. Now fetch the hearse of fair Zenocrate;
Let it be plac'd by this my fatal chair,
And serve as parcel of my funeral.

USUM. Then feels your majesty no sovereign ease,
Nor may our hearts, all drown'd in tears of blood,
Joy any hope of your recovery?

TAMB. Casane, no; the monarch of the earth,
And eyeless monster that torments my soul,
Can not behold the tears ye shed for me,
And therefore still augments his cruelty.

TECH. Then let some God oppose his holy pow
Against the wrath and tyranny of death,
That his tear-thirsty and unquenched hate
May be upon himself reverberate!

[*They bring in the hea*

TAMB. Now eyes enjoy your latest benefit,
And when my soul hath virtue of your sight,
Pierce through the coffin and the sheet of gold,
And glut your longings with a heav'n of joy.
So reign, my son, scourge and controul those slav
Guiding thy chariot with thy father's hand.
As precious is the charge thou undertak'st
As that which Clymene's brain-sick son did guide
When wand'ring Phœbus' iv'ry cheeks were scorch
And all the earth, like Ætna, breathing fire;
Be warn'd by him, then; learn with awful eye
To sway a throne as dangerous as his;
For if thy body thrive not full of thoughts
As pure and fiery as Phœbus' beams,
The nature of these proud rebelling jades
Will take occasion by the slenderest hair,
And draw thee piecemeal like Hippolitus,
Through rocks more steep and sharp than Caspi
cliffs.
The nature of thy chariot will not bear
A guide of baser temper than myself,
More than Heav'n's coach the pride of Phaeton.
Farewel, my boys! my dearest friends farewel!
My body feels, my soul doth weep to see

Your sweet desires depriv'd my company,
For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, must die.

[*He dies.*

AMY. Meet heaven and earth, and here let all things end,
For earth hath spent the pride of all her fruit,
And Heav'n consum'd his choicest living fire.
Let earth and Heav'n his timeless death deplore,
For both their worths will equal him no more.

THE

JEW OF MALTA.

The Famous Tragedy of the Rich Jew of Malta. As it was played before the King and Queene, in His Majesties theatre at White-Hall, by Her Majesties Servants at the Cock-pit. Written by Christopher Marlo. London: Printed by I. B. for Nicholas Vavasour, and are to be sold at his Shop in the Inner-Temple, neere the Church. 1633. 4to.

[This play was acted, as appears by Henslowe's MS. on the
× 26 February, 1591; was entered at Stationers' Hall, in May
× 1594, but was not printed until 1633; when Thomas Heywood, the dramatic poet, having produced it both before the court, and at the cock-pit, published it with the prologues and epilogues, spoken on those occasions. It was also revived on the stage, a few years ago, for the purpose of exhibiting the powers of a celebrated actor, in the character of Barabas, the Jew.]

TO

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

Mr. THOMAS HAMMON,

Of Gray's Inn, &c.

This play, composed by so worthy an author as Mr. Marlowe; and the part of the Jew presented by so unimitable an actor as Mr. Allen, being in this later age commended to the stage; as I usher'd it unto the court, and presented it to the cock-pit, with these prologues and epilogues here inserted, so now being newly brought to the press, I was loth it should be published without the ornament of an epistle; making choice of you unto whom to devote it; than whom (of all those gentlemen and acquaintance, within the compass of my long knowledge) there is none more able to tax ignorance, or attribute right to merit. Sir, you have been pleased to grace some of mine own works with your courteous patronage; I hope this will not be the worse accepted, because commended by me; over whom, none can claim more power or privilege than yourself. I had no better a new-year's gift to present you with; receive it therefore as a continuance of that inviolable obligement, by which, he rests still engaged; who as he ever hath, shall always remain,

Tuissimus:

Tho. Heywood.

THE PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT COURT.

Gracious and Great, that we so boldly dare,
('Mongst other plays that now in fashion are)
To present this; writ many years agone,
And in that age, thought second unto none;
We humbly crave your pardon: we pursue
The story of a rich and famous Jew
Who liv'd in Malta: you shall find him still,
In all his projects, a sound Machiavel;
And that's his character. He that hath past
So many censures, is now come at last
To have your princely ears; grace you him then;
You crown the action, and renown the pen.

EPILOGUE.

It is our fear (dread sovereign) we have been
Too tedious; neither can't be less than sin
To wrong your princely patience: If we have,
(Thus low dejected) we your pardon crave:
And if aught here offend your ear or sight,
We only act and speak, what others write.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE STAGE,

AT THE COCK-PIT.

We know not how our play may pass this stage,
But by the best of poets * in that age
The Malta Jew had being, and was made;
And he, then by the best of actors † play'd:
In Hero and Leander, one did gain
A lasting memory: in Tamburlaine,
This Jew, with others many, th' other wan
The attribute of peerless, being a man
Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)
Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue,
So could he speak, so vary; nor is't hate
To merit, in him ‡ who doth personate
Our Jew this day, nor is it his ambition
To exceed or equal, being of condition
More modest; this is all that he intends,
(And that too, at the urgence of some friends)
To prove his best, and if none here gain-say it,
The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.

EPILOGUE.

In graving, with Pygmalion to contend;
Or painting, with Apelles; doubtless the end
Must be disgrace: our actor did not so,
He only aim'd to go, but not out-go.
Nor think that this day any prize was play'd;
Here were no bets at all, no wagers laid;
All the ambition that his mind doth swell,
Is but to hear from you, (by me) 'twas well,

* Marlowe. † Allen. ‡ Richard Perkins.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MACHIAVEL, *the Prologue.*
BARABAS, *the Jew.*
FERNEZE, *Governor of Malta.*
SELIM CALYMATH, *Son of the Grand Seignior.*
DON LODOWICK, *the Governor's Son, in love wi*
Abigail.
DON MATHIAS, *also in love with her.*
MARTIN DEL BOSCO, *Vice-Admiral of Spain.*
ITHAMORE, *Barabas' Slave.*
BARNARDINO, } *Friars.*
JACOMO, }
PILIA-BORSA, *a Bully.*
TWO MERCHANTS.
THREE JEWS.
BASHAWS, KNIGHTS, OFFICERS, READER, &c.

ABIGAIL, *the Jews' Daughter.*
ABBESS.
Two NUNS.
BELLAMIRA, *a Courtezan.*

Scene —Malta.

THE

JEW OF MALTA.

Enter MACHIAVEL.

PROLOGUE.

MACHIAVEL. Albeit the world thinks Machiavel is dead,
Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps,
And now the Guise is dead, is come from France,
To view this land, and frolick with his friends.
To some perhaps my name is odious,
But such as love me, guard me from their tongues,
And let them know that I am Machiavel,
And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words.
Admir'd I am of those that hate me most.
Though some speak openly against my books,
Yet they will read me, and thereby attain
To Peter's chair: and when they cast me off,
Are poison'd by my climbing followers.
I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.
Birds of the air will tell of murders past;
I am asham'd to hear such fooleries:
Many will talk of title to a crown.

What right had Cæsar to the empire*?
Might first made kings, and laws were then most
sure
When like the Draco's they were writ in blood.
Hence comes it, that a strong built citadel
Commands much more than letters can import;
Which maxim had Phalaris observ'd,
He had never bellow'd in a brazen bull,
Of great one's envy; o' th' poor petty wights,
Let me be envy'd and not pitied!
But whither am I bound? I come not, I,
To read a lecture here in Britain,
But to present the tragedy of a Jew,
Who smiles to see how full his bags are cramm'd
Which money was not got without my means.
I crave but this—grace him as he deserves,
And let him not be entertain'd the worse
Because he favours me.

* *Empire.* The termination *ire*, was commonly used as a dissyllable, as in the word fire, which is so used several times in Tamburlaine. In the same manner the word empire ought in this place to be pronounced as a trissyllable, or it may have been a misprint for *empery*, which is equally commonly written for empire.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter BARABAS *in his counting house, with heaps of gold before him.*

BAR. So that of thus much that return was made:
And of the third part of the Persian ships,
There was the venture summ'd and satisfied.
As for those Samnites, and the men of Uz,
That bought my Spanish oils, and wines of Greece,
Here have I purst their paltry silverlings.
Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash.
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom that never finger'd groat,
Would make a miracle of thus much coin:
But he whose steel-barr'd coffers are cramm'd full,
And all his life-time hath been tired,
Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loth to labour so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mould;
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without controul can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearl like pebble stones;
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight,

Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a cara[illegible] antity,
May serve [illegible] calamity
To ransom [illegible] om captivity.
This is the [illegible] consists my wealth:
And thus [illegible] ld men of judgement frame
Their means [illegible] m the vulgar trade,
And as their [illegible] increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?
Ha! to the east? yes: see how stand the vanes?
East and by south: why then I hope my ships
I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
Are gotten up by Nilus winding banks:
Mine argosy from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.
But who comes here? How now.

Enter a MERCHANT.

MERCH. Barabas, thy ships are safe,
Riding in Malta Road: and all the merchants
With other merchandise are safe arriv'd,
And have sent me to know whether yourself
Will come and custom them.

BAR. The ships are safe thou say'st, and richly fraught.

MERCH. They are.

BAR. Why then go bid them come ashore,
And bring with them their bills of entry:
I hope our credit in the custom-house
Will serve as well as I were present there.
Go send 'em threescore camels, thirty mules,
And twenty waggons to bring up the ware.
But art thou master in a ship of mine,
And is thy credit not enough for that?

MERCH. The very custom barely comes to more
Than many merchants of the town are worth,
And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.

BAR. Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee, man:
Tush! who amongst 'em knows not Barabas?

MERCH. I go.

BAR. So then, there's somewhat come.
Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of?

MERCH. Of the Speranza, sir.

BAR. And saw'st thou not mine argosy at Alexandria?
Thou couldst not come from Egypt, or by Caire
But at the entry there into the sea,
Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main.
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

MERCH. I neither saw them, nor inquir'd of them:
But this we heard some of our seamen say,

They wondered how you durst with so much wealth
Trust such a crazed vessel, and so far.

BAR. Tush! they are wise, I know her and her strength.
But go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,
And bid m[illegible] his loading in. [*Exit Merch.*
And yet I [illegible] argosy.

[illegible] *nd* MERCHANT.

2 MER[illegible] sy from Alexandria,
Know Ba[illegible] in Malta Road,
Laden wi[illegible] exceeding store
Of Persian [illegible], and orient pearl.

BAR. Ho[illegible] you came not with those other ships
That sail'd by Egypt?

2 MERCH. Sir, we saw 'em not.

BAR. Belike they coasted round by Candy shore
About their oils, or other businesses.
But 'twas ill done of you to come so far
Without the aid or conduct of their ships.

2. MERCH. Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet,
That never left us till within a league,
That had the gallies of the Turk in chase.

BAR. Oh they were going up to Sicily: well, go
And bid the merchants and my men dispatch
And come ashore, and see the freight discharg'd.

2 MERCH. I go. [*Exit.*

BAR. Thus trowls our fortune in by land and sea,

And thus are we on every side enrich'd:
These are the blessings promis'd to the Jews,
And herein was old Abram's happiness:
What more may heaven do for earthly man
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the sea their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth?
Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty:
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Hapily some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scatter'd nation:
I cannot tell, but we have scrambled up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.
There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one;
Aye, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess we come not to be kings:
That's not our fault: Alas, our number's few,
And crowns come either by succession,
Or urg'd by force; and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give us a peaceful rule, make Christians kings,

That thirst so much for principality.
I have no charge, nor many children,
But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear
As Agamemnon did his Iphigene:
And all I h[illegible] But who comes here?

three JEWS.

1 JEW. [illegible] not me 'twas done of policy.

2 JEW. Come [illegible] fore let us go to Barabas;
For he c[illegible] est in these affairs;
And here [illegible].

BAR. Why [illegible] now countrymen?
Why flock you [illegible] us to me in multitudes?
What acc[illegible] betided to the Jews?

1 JEW. A fleet of warlike gallies, Barabas,
Are come from Turkey, and lie in our road:
And they this day sit in the council-house
To entertain them and their embassy.

BAR. Why let 'em come, so they come not to war;
Or let 'em war, so we be conquerors:
Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all,
So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth.
[*Aside.*

1 JEW. Were it for confirmation of a league,
They would not come in warlike manner thus.

2 JEW. I fear their coming will afflict us all.

BAR. Fond men! what dream you of their multitudes,
What need they treat of peace that are in league?
The Turks and those of Malta are in league.
Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.

1 JEW. Why, Barabas, they come for peace or war.

BAR. Happily for neither, but to pass along
Towards Venice by the Adriatick sea;
With whom they have attempted many times,
But never could effect their stratagem.

3 JEW. And very wisely said, it may be so.

2 JEW. But there's a meeting in the senate-house,
And all the Jews in Malta must be there.

BAR. Hum; all the Jews in Malta must be there?
Aye, like enough, why then let every man
Provide him, and be there for fashion-sake.
If any thing shall there concern our state
Assure yourselves I'll look unto myself.

1 JEW. I know you will; well brethren let us go.

2 JEW. Let's take our leaves; farewell good Barabas.

BAR. Do so; farewell Zaareth, farewell Temainte.
[*Exeunt Jews.*
And Barabas now search this secret out.
Summon thy senses, call thy wits together:
These silly men mistake the matter clean.
Long to the Turk did Malta contribute;
Which tribute all in policy, I fear,
The Turk has let increase to such a sum,
As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay;
And now by that advantage thinks, belike,
To seize upon the town: Aye, that he seeks.
Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure for one,
And seek in time to intercept the worst,
Warily guarding that which I have got.
Ego mihimet sum semper proximus.
Why let 'em enter, let 'em take the town. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter GOVERNOR *of* MALTA, KNIGHTS, *met by* BASHAWS *of the* TURK; CALYMATH, *and* OFFICERS.

GOV. Now Bashaws, what demand you at our hands?

BAS. Know Knights of Malta, that we came from Rhodes
From Cyprus, Candy, and those other Isles
That lie betwixt the Mediterranean seas.

GOV. What's Cyprus, Candy, and those other Isles
To us, or Malta? What at our hands demand ye?

CAL. The ten years tribute that remains unpaid.

GOV. Alas! my lord, the sum is over great,
I hope your highness will consider us.

BASS. That's more than is in our commission.
CAL. What, Callapine! a little courtesy.
Let's know their time, perhaps it is not long;
And 'tis more kingly to obtain by peace
Than to enforce conditions by constraint.
What respite ask you governors?
GOV. But a month.
CAL. We grant a month, but see you keep your promise.
Now launch our gallies back again, to sea,
Where we'll attend the respite you have ta'en,
And for the money send our messenger.
Farewell great governors, and brave Knights of Malta. [*Exeunt.*
GOV. And all good fortune wait on Calymath.
Go one and call those Jews of Malta hither:
Were they not summon'd to appear to day?
OFF. They were my lord, and here they come.

Enter BARABAS, *and three* JEWS.

1 KNIGHT. Have you determin'd what to say to them?
GOV. Yes, give me leave, and Hebrews, now come near.
From the emperor of Turkey is arriv'd
Great Selim Calymath, his highness' son,
To levy of us ten years' tribute past,
Now then, here know that it concerneth us.
BAR. Then, good my lord, to keep your quiet still,
Your lordship shall do well to let them have it.

Gov. Soft, Barabas, there's more 'longs to't than so.
To what this ten years' tribute will amount
That we have cast, but cannot compass it
By reason of the wars, that robb'd our store;
And therefore are we to request your aid.

BAR. Alas, my lord, we are no soldiers:
And what's our aid against so great a prince?

1 KNIGHT. Tut, Jew, we know thou art no soldier;
Thou art a merchant, and a monied man,
And 'tis thy money, Barabas, we seek.

BAR. How, my lord, my money?

Gov. Thine and the rest.
For, to be short, amongst you 't must be had,

BAR. Alas, my lord, the most of us are poor.

Gov. Then let the rich increase your portions.

BAR. Are strangers with your tribute to be tax'd?

AR. How, half his estate? I hope you mean not mine.
OV. Read on.
EADER. Secondly, he that denies to pay, shall
ght become a Christian.
AR. How! a Christian? Hum, what's here to do?
EADER. Lastly, he that denies this, shall abso-
y lose all he has.
LL 3 JEWS. Oh, my lord, we will give half.
AR. O earth-metall'd villains, and no Hebrews born!
will you basely thus submit yourselves
ave your goods to their arbitrement?
OV. Why Barabas wilt thou be christen'd?
AR. No, governor, I will be no convertite.
OV. Then pay thy half.
AR. Why know you what you did by this device?
of my substance is a city's wealth.
ernor, it was not got so easily;
will I part so slightly therewithal.
OV. Sir, half is the penalty of our decree,
er pay that, or we will seize on all.
AR. *Corpo di Dio!* stay! you shall have half,
me be us'd but as my brethren are.
OV. No, Jew, thou hast denied the articles,
now it cannot be recall'd.
AR. Will you then steal my goods?
eft the ground of your religion?
OV. No, Jew, we take particularly thine

To save the ruin of a multitude:
And better one want for a common good,
Than many perish for a private man:
Yet Barabas we will not banish thee,
But here in Malta, where thou got'st thy wealth,
Live still; and if thou canst, get more.

BAR. Christians, what, or how can I multiply?
Of nought is nothing made.

1 KNIGHT. From nought at first thou cam'st to little wealth,
From little unto more, from more to most:
If your first curse fall heavy on thy head,
And make thee poor and scorn'd of all the world,
'Tis not our fault, but thy inherent sin.

BAR. What? bring you scripture to confirm your wrongs?
Preach me not out of my possessions.
Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are:
But say the tribe that I descended of
Were all in general cast away for sin,
Shall I be tried by their transgression?
The man that dealeth righteously shall live:
And which of you can charge me otherwise?

GOV. Out wretched Barabas! sham'st thou not thus
To justify thyself, as if we knew not
Thy profession? If thou rely upon thy righteousness,
Be patient and thy riches will increase.
Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness:

And covetousness, oh, 'tis a monstrous sin.

BAR. Aye, but theft is worse: tush! take not from me then,
For that is theft; and if you rob me thus,
I must be forc'd to steal and compass more.

1 KNIGHT. Grave governors, list not to his exclaims
Convert his mansion to a nunnery,
His house will harbour many holy nuns.

Enter OFFICERS.

GOV. It shall be so:
Now, officers, have you done?

OFF. Aye, my lord, we have seized upon the goods
And wares of Barabas, which being valued
Amount to more than all the wealth in Malta.
And of the other we have seized half.

GOV. Then we'll take order for the residue.*

BAR. Well then, my lord, say, are you satisfied?
You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, and all that I enjoy'd;
And having all, you can request no more;
Unless your unrelenting flinty hearts
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life.

GOV. No, Barabas, to stain our hands with blood
Is far from us and our profession.

BAR. Why I esteem the injury far less,
To take the lives of miserable men,
Than be the causers of their misery,

* This line in the 4to. is erroneously given to the officer.

You have my wealth the labour of my life,
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope,
And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong.

GOV. Content thee, Barabas, thou hast nought but right.

BAR. Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:
But take it to you i' the devil's name.

GOV. Come, let us in, and gather of these goods
The money for this tribute of the Turk.

1 KNIGHT. 'Tis necessary that be look'd unto:
For if we break our day, we break the league,
And that will prove but simple policy. [*Exeunt.*

BAR. Aye, policy? that's their profession,
And not simplicity, as they suggest.
The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred

BAR. Why did you yield to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one,
And of me only have they taken all.
1 JEW. Yet, brother Barabas, remember Job,
BAR. What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth
Was written thus: he had seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred
She-asses: but for every one of those
Had they been valued at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine argosy,
And other ships that came from Egypt last,
As much as would have bought his beasts and him,
And yet have kept enough to live upon;
So that not he, but I may curse the day,
Thy fatal birth-day, forlorn Barabas;
And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes:
For only I have toil'd to inherit here
The months of vanity and loss of time,
And painful nights have been appointed me.
2 JEW. Good Barabas be patient.
BAR. Aye, I pray leave me in my patience.
You that were ne'er possess'd of wealth, are pleas'd
with want;
But give him liberty at least to mourn,
That in a field amidst his enemies,
Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarm'd,
And knows no means of his recovery:

Aye, let me sorrow for this sudden chance,
'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speak;
Great injuries are not so soon forgot.

1 JEW. Come, let us leave him in this ireful mood,
Our words will but increase his extasy.

2 JEW. On then; but trust me 'tis a misery
To see a man in such affliction:
Farewell Barabas! [*Exeunt.*

BAR. Aye, fare you well.
See the simplicity of these base slaves,
Who, for the villains have no wit themselves,
Think me to be a senseless lump of clay
That will with every water wash to dirt:
No, Barabas is born to better chance,
And fram'd of finer mould than common men,
That measure nought but by the present time.
A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,

And rend their hearts with tearing of my hair.
Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.

BAR. No, Abigail, things past recovery
Are hardly cur'd with exclamations.
Be silent, daughter, sufferance breeds ease,
And time may yield us an occasion
Which on the sudden cannot serve the turn.
Besides, my girl, think me not all so fond
As negligently to forego so much
Without provision for thyself and me.
Ten thousand portagues, besides great pearls,
Rich costly jewels, and stones infinite,
Fearing the worst of this before it fell,
I closely hid.

ABIG. Where father?

BAR. In my house, my girl.

ABIG. Then shall they ne'er be seen of Barabas:
For they have seiz'd upon thy house and wares.

BAR. But they will give me leave once more, I trow,
To go into my house.

ABIG. That may they not:
For there I left the governor placing nuns,
Displacing me; and of thy house they mean
To make a nunnery, where none but their own sect
Must enter in; men generally barr'd.

BAR. My gold! my gold! and all my wealth is gone.
You partial heavens, have I deserv'd this plague?
What will you thus oppose me, luckless stars,
To make me desperate in my poverty?

And knowing me impatient in distress,
Think me so mad as I will hang myself,
That I may vanish o'er the earth in air,
And leave no memory that e'er I was.
No, I will live; nor loath I this my life:
And since you leave me in the ocean thus
To sink or swim, and put me to my shifts,
I'll rouse my senses, and awake myself.
Daughter! I have it: thou perceiv'st the plight
Wherein these Christians have oppressed me:
Be rul'd by me, for in extremity
We ought to make bar of no policy.

ABIG. Father, whate'er it be to injure them
That have so manifestly wronged us,
What will not Abigail attempt?

BAR. Why, so; then thus, thou told'st me they have turn'd my house

ABIG. Thus father shall I much dissemble.
BAR. Tush! as good dissemble that thou never mean'st,
As first mean truth and then dissemble it,—
A counterfeit profession is better
Than unseen hypocrisy.
ABIG. Well father, say I be entertain'd,
What then shall follow?
BAR. This shall follow then;
There have I hid close underneath the plank
That runs along the upper chamber floor,
The gold and jewels which I kept for thee.
But here they come; be cunning, Abigail.
ABIG. Then father go with me.
BAR. No, Abigail, in this
It is not necessary I be seen.
For I will seem offended with thee for't.
Be close, my girl, for this must fetch my gold.

Enter three FRIARS *and two* NUNS.

1 FRI. Sisters, we now are almost at the new-made nunnery.
1 NUN. The better; for we love not to be seen:
'Tis thirty winters long since some of us
Did stray so far amongst the multitude.
1 FRI. But, madam, this house
And waters of this new-made nunnery
Will much delight you.
NUN. It may be so; but who comes here?
ABIG. Grave abbess, and you, happy virgins guide,
Pity the state of a distressed maid.

ABB. What art thou daughter?

ABIG. The hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew,
The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas;
Sometime the owner of a goodly house,
Which they have now turn'd to a nunnery.

ABB. Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit with us?

ABIG. Fearing the afflictions which my father feels,
Proceed from sin, or want of faith in us,
I'd pass away my life in penitence,
And be a novice in your nunnery,
To make atonement for my labouring soul.

1 FRI. No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth of the spirit.

2 FRI. Aye, and of a moving spirit too, brother but come,

BAR. How, mortified!

1 FRI. And is admitted to the sisterhood.

BAR. Child of perdition, and thy father's shame!
What wilt thou do among these hateful fiends?
I charge thee on my blessing that thou leave
These devils, and their damned heresy.

ABIG. Father, give me— [*She goes to him.*

BAR. [*Whispers to her.*] Nay, back, Abigail,
And think upon the jewels and the gold,
The board is marked thus that covers it.
Away accursed from thy father's sight.

1 FRI. Barabas, although thou art in misbelief,
And wilt not see thine own afflictions,
Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind.

BAR. Blind friar, I reck not thy persuasions,
(*The board is marked thus + that covers it,*)
[*Aside to his daughter.*
For I had rather die, than see her thus.
Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,
Seduced daughter? (*Go, forget not.*) [*Aside to her.*
Becomes it Jews to be so credulous?
(*To-morrow early I'll be at the door.*) [*Aside to her.*
No, come not at me, if thou wilt be damn'd,
Forget me see me not, and so be gone.
(*Farewell, remember to-morrow morning.*) [*Aside.*

Enter MATHIAS.

MATH. Who's this? fair Abigail, the rich Jew's daughter
Become a nun, her father's sudden fall
Has humbled her and brought her down to this:

Tut, she were fitter for a tale of love,
Than to be tired out with orisons:
And better would she far become a bed,
Embraced in a friendly lover's arms,
Than rise at midnight to a solemn mass.

Enter LODOWICK.

LOD. Why, how now, Don Mathias in a dump?

MATH. Believe me, noble Lodowick, I have seen
The strangest sight, in my opinion,
That ever I beheld.

LOD. What was't, I pry'thee?

MATH. A fair young maid, scarce fourteen years of age,
The sweetest flower in Cytherea's field,
Cropt from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,
And strangely metamorphos'd nun.

LOD. But say, what was she?

MATH. Why, the rich Jew's daughter.

LOD. What, Barabas, whose goods were lately seiz'd?
Is she so fair?

MATH. And matchless beautiful;
As had you seen her 'twould have mov'd your heart,
Though countermin'd with walls of brass, to love,
Or at the least to pity.

LOD. And if she be so fair as you report,
'Twere time well spent to go and visit her:
How say you, shall we?

MATH. I must and will, sir, there's no remedy.

LOD. And so will I too, or it shall go hard.
Farewell Mathias.
MATH. Farewell, Lodowick. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter BARABAS, *with a light.*

BAR. Thus like the sad presaging raven that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;
Vex'd and tormented runs poor Barabas
With fatal curses towards these Christians.
The uncertain pleasures of swift-footed time
Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;
And of my former riches rests no more
But bare remembrance; like a soldier's scar,
That hath no further comfort for his maim.
Oh thou, that with a fiery pillar led'st
The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the hand
Of Abigail this night; or let the day
Turn to eternal darkness after this:
No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,
Nor quiet enter my distemper'd thoughts,
Till I have answer of my Abigail.

Enter ABIGAIL, *above.*

ABIG. Now have I happily espy'd a time
To search the plank my father did appoint;
And here behold, unseen, where I have found
The gold, the pearls, and jewels, which he hid.

BAR. Now I remember those old women's words,
Who in my wealth would tell me winter's tales,
And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by night
About the place where treasure had been hid:
And now methinks that I am one of those:
For whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
And when I die, here shall my spirit walk.

ABIG. Now that my father's fortune were so good
As but to be about this happy place;
'Tis not so happy: yet when we parted last,
He said he would attend me in the morn.
Then, gentle sleep, where'er his body rests,

BAR. Hast thou't?
ABIG. Here, hast thou't?
There's more, and more, and more.
BAR. Oh, my girl,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity;
Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy;
Welcome the first beginner of my bliss:
Oh, Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too,
Then my desires were fully satisfied,
But I will practice thy enlargement thence:
Oh girl, oh gold, oh beauty, oh my bliss!
[*Hugs his bags.*
ABIG. Father, it draweth towards midnight now,
And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake;
To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.
BAR. Farewell my joy, and by my fingers take
A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.
Now Phœbus ope the eye-lids of the day,
And for the raven wake the morning lark,
That I may hover with her in the air;
Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young.
Hermoso placer el del dinero. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter GOVERNOR, MARTIN DEL BOSCO, *and* KNIGHTS.

GOV. Now captain tell us whither thou art bound?
Whence is thy ship that anchors in our road?
And why thou cam'st ashore without our leave?

Bosc. Governor of Malta, hither am I bound;
My ship, the Flying Dragon, is of Spain,
And so am I, Del Bosco is my name;
Vice-admiral unto the catholic king.

1 Kni. 'Tis true, my lord, therefore intreat him well.

Bosc. Our fraught is Grecians, Turks, and Africk Moors.
For late upon the coast of Corsica,
Because we vail'd not to the Spanish fleet,
Their creeping gallies had us in the chase:
But suddenly the wind began to rise,
And then we left, and took, and fought at ease:
Some have we fir'd, and many have we sunk;
But one amongst the rest became our prize:
The captain's slain, the rest remain our slaves,
Of whom we would make sale in Malta here.

Gov. Martin del Bosco, I have heard of thee;

The Christian Isle of Rhodes, from whence you came,
Was lately lost, and you were stated here
To be at deadly enmity with Turks.

Gov. Captain we know it, but our force is small.

Bosc. What is the sum that Calymath requires?

Gov. A hundred thousand crowns.

Bos. My lord and king hath title to this Isle,
And he means quickly to expel you hence;
Therefore be rul'd by me, and keep the gold:
I'll write unto his majesty for aid,
And not depart until I see you free.

Gov. On this condition shall thy Turks be sold.
Go officers and set them straight in shew.
Bosco, thou shalt be Malta's general;
We and our warlike knights will follow thee
Against these barabarous mis-believing Turks.

Bosc. So shall you imitate those you succeed:
For when their hideous force environ'd Rhodes,
Small though the number was that kept the town,
They fought it out, and not a man surviv'd
To bring the hapless news to Christendom.

Gov. So will we fight it out; come, let's away:
Proud daring Calymath, instead of gold,
We'll send thee bullets wrapt in smoke and fire:
Claim tribute where thou wilt, we are resolv'd,
Honor is bought with blood and not with gold.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter OFFICERS *with slaves.*

1 OFF. This is the Market-place, here let 'em stand:

Fear not their sale, for they'll be quickly bought.

2 OFF. Every one's price is written on his back,
And so much must they yield or not be sold.

1 OFF. Here comes the Jew, had not his goods been seiz'd,
He'd give us present money for them all.

Enter BARABAS.

BAR. In spite of these swine-eating Christians,
(Unchosen nation, never circumcis'd;
Such as poor villains were ne'er thought upon
Till Titus and Vespasian conquer'd us.)
Am I become as wealthy as I was:
They hop'd my daughter would have been a nun;
But she's at home, and I have bought a house
As great and fair as is the governor's;
And there in spite of Malta will I dwell:
Having Ferneze's hand, whose heart I'll have;

Here comes Don Lodowick the governor's son,
One that I love for his good father's sake.

Enter LODOWICK.

LOD. I hear the wealthy Jew walked this way;
I'll seek him out, and so insinuate,
That I may have a sight of Abigail;
For Don Mathias tells me she is fair.

BAR. Now will I shew myself to have more of the serpent
Than the dove; that is, more knave than fool.

LOD. Yond' walks the Jew, now for fair Abigail.

BAR. Aye, aye, no doubt but she's at your command.

LOD. Barabas, thou know'st I am the governor's son.

BAR. I would you were his father too, sir, that's all the harm
I wish you: the slave looks like a hog's cheek, new singed. [*Aside.*

LOD. Whither walk'st thou, Barabas?

BAR. No further: 'tis a custom held with us,
That when we speak with Gentiles like to you,
We turn into the air to purge ourselves:
For unto us the promise doth belong.

LOD. Well, Barabas, canst help me to a diamond?

BAR. Oh, sir, your father had my diamonds.
Yet I have one left that will serve your turn:
I mean my daughter:—— but e'er he shall have her
I'll sacrifice her on a pile of wood.
I have the poison of the city for him, and the

White leprosy. [*Aside.*

LOD. What sparkle does it give without a foil?

BAR. The diamond that I talk of, ne'er was foil'd:
But when he touches it, it will be foil'd:
Lord Lodowick, it sparkles bright and fair.

LOD. Is it square or pointed, pray let me know.

BAR. Pointed it is, good sir,—but not for you.
[*Aside.*

LOD. I like it much the better.

BAR. So do I too.

LOD. How shows it by night?

BAR. Outshines Cynthia's rays:
You'll like it better far a nights than days. [*Aside.*

LOD. And what's the price?

BAR. Your life and if you have it. Oh my Lord
We will not jar about the price; come to my house
And I will give't your honour—with a vengeance.
[*Aside.*

LOD. No, Barabas, I will deserve it first.

BAR. Good sir, your father has deserv'd it at my hands,
Who of mere charity and Christian truth,
To bring me to religious purity,
And as it were in catechising sort,
To make me mindful of my mortal sins,
Against my will, and whether I would or no,
Seiz'd all I had, and thrust me out a doors,
And made my house a place for nuns most chaste.

LOD. No doubt your soul shall reap the fruit of it.

BAR. Aye, but my lord, the harvest is far off:

And yet I know the prayers of those nuns
And holy friars, having money for their pains,
Are wondrous; and indeed do no man good: [*Aside.*
And seeing they are not idle, but still doing,
'Tis likely they in time may reap some fruit,
I mean in fulness of perfection.

LOD. Good Barabas glance not at our holy nuns.

BAR. No, but I do it through a burning zeal.
Hoping ere long to set the house a-fire;
For though they do a while increase and multiply,
I'll have a saying to that nunnery. [*Aside.*
As for the diamond, sir, I told you of,
Come home and there's no price shall make us part,
Even for your honourable father's sake.
It shall go hard but I will see your death, [*Aside.*
But now I must be gone to buy a slave.

LOD. And, Barabas, I'll bear thee company.

BAR. Come then, here's the market place; what's the price
Of this slave, two hundred crowns? Do the Turks weigh so much?

OFF. Sir, that's his price.

BAR. What, can he steal that you demand so much?
Belike he has some new trick for a purse;
And if he has, he is worth three hundred plates.
So that, being bought, the town-seal might be got
To keep him for his life time from the gallows.
The sessions day is critical to thieves,
And few or none 'scape but by being purg'd.

LOD. Ratest thou this Moor but at two hundred plates?

1 OFF. No more, my lord.

BAR. Why should this Turk be dearer than that Moor?

OFF. Because he is young and has more qualities.

BAR. What, hast the philosopher's stone? and thou hast,
Break my head with it, I'll forgive thee.

SLAVE. No sir, I can cut and shave.

BAR. Let me see, sirrah, are you not an old shaver?

SLAVE. Alas, sir, I am a very youth.

BAR. A youth? I'll buy you, and marry you to Lady Vanity,
If you do well.

SLAVE. I will serve you, sir.

BAR. Some wicked trick or other. It may be under colour
Of shaving, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods.
Tell me, hast thou thy health well?

SLAVE. Aye, passing well.

BAR. So much the worse; I must have one that's sickly;
And be but for sparing victuals: 'tis not a stone of beef a day
Will maintain you in these chops; let me see one
That's somewhat leaner.

1 OFF. Here's a leaner, how like you him?

BAR. Where wast thou born?

ITHA. In Thrace; brought up in Arabia.

BAR. So much the better, thou art for my turn,
An hundred crowns, I'll have him; there's the coin.

1 OFF. Then mark him, sir, and take him hence.

BAR. Aye, mark him, you were best, for this is he
That by my help shall do much villany.
My lord farewell: Come, sirrah, you are mine.
As for the diamond it shall be yours;
I pray, sir, be no stranger at my house,
All that I have shall be at your command.

Enter MATHIAS, *and his* MOTHER.

MATH. What makes the Jew and Lodowick so private?
I fear me 'tis about fair Abigail.

BAR. Yonder comes Don Mathias, let us stay;
He loves my daughter, and she holds him dear:
But I have sworn to frustrate both their hopes,
And be reveng'd upon the governor.

MOTH. This Moor is comeliest, is he not? speak son.

MATH. No, this is the better, mother, view this well.

BAR. Seem not to know me here before your mother
Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand:
When you have brought her home, come to my house;
Think of me as thy father; son, farewell.

MATH. But wherefore talk'd Don Lodowick with you?

BAR. Tush! man, we talk'd of diamonds, not of Abigail.

MOTH. Tell me, Mathias, is not that the Jew?

BAR. A[illegible]nent on the Maccabees
I have it, [illegible] your command.

MATH. [illegible] and my talk with him was
About the [illegible] book or two.

MOTH. [illegible] with him, he is cast off from [illegible]
Thou hast [illegible]llow, come let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

MATH. Sirrah, Jew, remember the book.

BAR. Marry will I, sir.

OFF. Come, I have made a reasonable market, let's away:

BAR. Now let me know thy name, and therewithal
Thy birth, condition, and profession.

ITHA. Faith, sir, my birth is but mean, my name's Ithamore,
My profession what you please.

BAR. Hast thou no trade? then listen to my words,
And I will teach thee that shall stick by thee:
First be thou void of these affections,
Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear,
Be mov'd at nothing, see thou pity none,
But to thyself smile when the Christians moan.

ITHA. O brave master, I worship your nose for this.*

BAR. As for myself, I walk abroad a nights
And kill sick people groaning under walls:
Sometimes I go about and poison wells;
And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
I am content to lose some of my crowns;
That I may, walking in my gallery,
See 'em go pinion'd along by my door.
Being young I studied physick, and began
To practise first upon the Italian;
There I enrich'd the priests with burials,
And always kept the sexton's arms in use
With digging graves and ringing dead men's knells:
And after that was I an engineer,
And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,
Under pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
Then after that was I an usurer,
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto brokery,
I fill'd the jails with bankrupts in a year,
And with young orphans planted hospitals,
And every moon made some or other mad,
And now and then one hung himself for grief,
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
How I with interest tormented him.
But mark how I am blest for plaguing them,

* The Jew, it appears from Rowley's Search for Money, 1609, was represented on the stage with a large nose.

I have as much coin as will buy the town.
But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy time?

ITHA. 'Faith, master, in setting Christian villages on fire,
Chaining of eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.
One time I was an ostler in an inn,
And in the night time secretly would I steal
To travellers' chambers, and there cut their throats:
Once at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneel'd,
I strewed powder on the marble stones,
And therewithal their knees would rankle so
That I have laugh'd agood to see the cripples
Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.

BAR. Why this is something: make account of me
As of thy fellow; we are villains both:
Both circumcised, we hate Christians both:
Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold.
But stand aside, here comes Don Lodowick.

Enter LODOWICK.

LOD. Oh Barabas well met; where is the diamond
You told me of?

BAR. I have it for you, sir; please you walk in with me:
What, ho, Abigail; open the door I say.

Enter ABIGAIL.

ABIG. In good time, father, here are letters come
From Ormus, and the post stays here within.

BAR. Give me the letters, daughter, do you hear?
Entertain Lodowick the governor's son
With all the courtesy you can afford;

Provided, that you keep your maiden-head.
Use him as if he were a Philistine.
Dissemble, swear, protest, vow to love him,
He is not of the seed of Abraham. [*Aside.*
I am a little busy, sir, pray pardon me.
Abigail, bid him welcome for my sake.

ABIG. For your sake and his own he's welcome hither.

BAR. Daughter, a word more; kiss him, speak him fair, [*Aside.*
And like a cunning Jew so cast about,
That ye be both made sure e'er you come out.

ABIG. Oh, father! Don Mathias is my love.

BAR. I know it: yet I say make love to him;
Do, it is requisite it should be so.
Nay, on my life, it is my factor's hand,
But go you in, I'll think upon the account.
[*Exeunt Abigail and Lodowick.*
The account is made, for Lodowick dies.
My factor sends me word a merchant's fled
That owes me for a hundred tun of wine:
I weigh it thus much; I have wealth enough.
For now by this has he kiss'd Abigail;
And she vows love to him, and he to her.
As sure as heaven rain'd manna for the Jews,
So sure shall he and Don Mathias die:
His father was my chiefest enemy.
Whither goes Don Mathias? stay awhile.

Enter MATHIAS.

MATH. Whither, but to my fair love Abigail?

BAR. Thou know'st, and heaven can witness this is true,
That I intend my daughter shall be thine.
MATH. Aye, Barabas, or else thou wrong'st me much.
BAR. Oh, heaven forbid I should have such a thought.
Pardon me though I weep; the governor's son
Will, whether I will or no, have Abigail:
He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.
MATH. Does she receive them?
BAR. She? No, Mathias, no, but sends them back,
And when he comes, she locks herself up fast;
Yet through the key-hole will he talk to her,
While she runs to the window looking out,
When you should come and hale him from the door.
MATH. O treacherous Lodowick!
BAR. Even now as I came home, he slipt me in,
And I am sure he is with Abigail.
MATH. I'll rouze him thence.
BAR. Not for all Malta, therefore sheath your sword;
If you love me, no quarrels in my house;
But steal you in, and seem to see him not;
I'll give him such a warning e'er he goes
As he shall have small hopes of Abigail.
Away, for here they come.

Enter LODOWICK, ABIGAIL.

MATH. What hand in hand, I cannot suffer this.

BAR. Mathias, as thou lov'st me, not a word.
MATH. Well, let it pass, another time shall serve.
[*Exit.*
LOD. Barabas, is not that the widow's son?
BAR. Aye, and take heed, for he hath sworn your death.
LOD. My death? what is the base born peasant mad?
BAR. No, no, but hapily he stands in fear
Of that which you, I think, ne'er dream upon,
My daughter here, a paltry silly girl.
LOD. Why, loves she Don Mathias?
BAR. Doth she not with her smiling answer you?
ABIG. He has my heart, I smile against my will.
LOD. Barabas, thou know'st I have lov'd thy daughter long.
BAR. And so has she done you, even from a child.
LOD. And now I can no longer hold my mind.
BAR. Nor I the affection that I bear to you.
LOD. This is thy diamond, tell me, shall I have it?
BAR. Win it, and wear it, it is yet unsoil'd.
Oh! but I know your lordship would disdain
To marry with the daughter of a Jew:
And yet I'll give her many a golden cross
With christian posies round about the ring.
LOD. 'Tis not thy wealth, but her that I esteem,
Yet crave I thy consent.
BAR. And mine you have, yet let me talk to her;
This offspring of Cain, this Jebusite,
That never tasted of the Passover,

Nor e'er shall see the land of Canaan,
Nor our Messias that is yet to come, [*Aside.*
This gentle maggot, Lodowick, I mean,
Must be deluded: let him have thy hand,
But keep thy heart till Don Mathias comes.

ABIG. What, shall I be betroth'd to Lodowick?

BAR. It's no sin to deceive a Christian;
For they themselves hold it a principle,
Faith is not to be held with hereticks;
But all are hereticks that are not Jews;
This follows well, and therefore, daughter, fear not.
I have intreated her, and she will grant.
[*To Lodowick.*

LOD. Then, gentle Abigail, plight thy faith to me.

ABIG. I cannot chuse, seeing my father bids:
Nothing but death shall part my love and me.

LOD. Now have I that for which my soul hath long'd.

BAR. So have not I, but yet I hope I shall.
[*Aside.*

ABIG. Oh wretched Abigail, what hast thou done?

LOD. Why on the sudden is your colour chang'd?

ABIG. I know not, but farewell, I must be gone.

BAR. Stay her, but let her not speak one word more.

LOD. Mute o' the sudden; here's a sudden change.

BAR. Oh, muse not at it, 'tis the Hebrew's guise,
That maidens new betroth'd should weep awhile:

Trouble her not, sweet Lodowick depart:
She is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heir.
LOD. Oh, is't the custom, then I am resolv'd:
But rather let the brightsome heavens be dim,
And nature's beauty choke with stifling clouds,
Than my fair Abigail should frown on me.
There comes the villain, now I'll be reveng'd.

Enter MATHIAS.

BAR. Be quiet Lodowick, it is enough
That I have made thee sure to Abigail.
LOD. Well, let him go. [*Exit.*
BAR. Well, but for me, as you went in at doors
You had been stabb'd, but not a word on't now;
Here must no speeches pass, nor swords be drawn.
MATH. Suffer me, Barabas, but to follow him.
BAR. No; so shall I, if any hurt be done,
Be made an accessory of your deeds;
Revenge it on him when you meet him next.
MATH. For this I'll have his heart.
BAR. Do so; lo here I give thee Abigail.
MATH. What greater gift can poor Mathias have?
Shall Lodowick rob me of so fair a love?
My life is not so dear as Abigail?
BAR. My heart misgives me, that to cross your love,
He's with your mother, therefore after him.
MATH. What, is he gone unto my mother?
BAR. Nay, if you will, stay till she comes herself.
MATH. I cannot stay; for if my mother come,

She'll die with grief. [*Exit.*

ABIG. I cannot take my leave of him for tears:
Father, why have you thus incens'd them both?

BAR. What's that to thee?

ABIG. I'll make 'em friends again.

BAR. You [illegible] iends!
Are there not [illegible] in Malta.
But thou must [illegible] Christian?

ABIG. I will have [illegible] Iathias, he is my love.

BAR. Yes, [illegible] ve him: go, put her in.

ITHA. Aye, [illegible] in.

BAR. Now tell me, Ithamore, how lik'st thou this?

ITHA. Faith, master, I think by this
You purchase both their lives; is it not so?

BAR. True; and it shall be cunningly perform'd.

ITHA. Oh, master, that I might have a hand in this.

BAR. Aye, so thou shalt, 'tis thou must do the deed:
Take this, and bear it to Mathias straight,
And tell him that it comes from Lodowick.

ITHA. 'Tis poison'd, is it not?

BAR. No, no, and yet it might be done that way:
It is a challenge feign'd from Lodowick.

ITHA. Fear not, I'll so set his heart a fire, that he
Shall verily think it comes from him.

BAR. I cannot choose but like thy readiness:
Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly.

ITHA. As I behave myself in this, employ me hereafter.

BAR. Away then. [*Exit.*

So, now will I go into Lodowick,
And, like a cunning spirit, feign some lie,
Till I have set them both at enmity. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter a COURTEZAN.

COURT. Since this town was besieg'd, my gain grows cold:
The time has been, that but for one bare night
A hundred ducats have been freely given:
But now against my will I must be chaste;
And yet I know my beauty doth not fail.
From Venice, merchants, and from Padua
Were wont to come rare-witted gentlemen,
Scholars I mean, learned and liberal;
And now, save Pilia-borza, comes there none,
And he is very seldom from my house;
And here he comes.

Enter PILIA-BORZA.

PILIA. Hold thee, wench, there's something for thee to spend.

COURT. 'Tis silver, I disdain it.

PILIA. Aye, but the Jew has gold,
And I will have it, or it shall go hard.

COURT. Tell me, how cam'st thou by this?

PILIA. 'Faith, walking the back lanes, through the gardens, I chanc'd to cast mine eye up to the Jew's counting-house where I saw some bags of money, and in the night I clamber'd up with my hooks, and as I was taking my choice, I heard a rumbling in the house; so I took only this, and run my way: but here's the Jew's man.

Enter ITHAMORE.

COURT. Hide the bag.

PILIA. Look not towards him, let's away:
Zoon's, what a looking thou keep'st,
Thou'lt betray us anon.

[*Exeunt Courtezan and Pilia-borza.*

ITHA. O the sweetest face that ever I beheld! I know she is
A courtezan by her attire: now would I give a hundred
Of the Jew's crowns that I had such a concubine.
Well, I have deliver'd the challenge in such sort,
As meet they will, and fighting die; brave sport.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter MATHIAS.

MATH. This is the place, now Abigail shall see
Whether Mathias holds her dear or no.

Enter LODOWICK, *reading.*

LOD. 'I did it, and revenge it if thou dar'st.'
What, dares the villain to write in such base terms?
[*They fight.*

Enter BARABAS, *above.*

BAR. Oh, bravely fought, and yet they thrust not home.
Now Lodowick, now Mathias, so;
So now they have shew'd themselves to be tall fellows.

WITHIN. Part 'em, part 'em.

BAR. Aye, part 'em now they are dead: Farewell, farewell. [*Exit.*

Enter GOVERNOR *and* MATHIAS'S MOTHER.

GOV. What sight is this? my Lodowick slain!
These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre.

MOTHER. Who is this? my son Mathias slain!

GOV. Oh! Lodowick! hadst thou perish'd by the Turk,
Wretched Ferneze might have veng'd thy death.

MOTHER. Thy son slew mine, and I'll revenge his death.

GOV. Look, Katherine, look, thy son gave mine these wounds.

MOTHER. O leave to grieve me, I am griev'd enough.

GOV. Oh, that my sighs could turn to lively breath;
And these my tears to blood, that he might live.

MOTHER. Who made them enemies?
GOV. I know not, and that grieves me most of all.
MOTHER. My son lov'd thine.
GOV. And so did Lodowick him.
MOTHER. Lend me that weapon that did kill my son,
And it shall murder me.
GOV. Nay, madam, stay, that weapon was my son's.
And on that rather should Ferneze die.
MOTHER. Hold, let's inquire the causers of their deaths,
That we may 'venge their blood upon their heads.
GOV. Then take them up, and let them be interr'd
Within one sacred monument of stone;
Upon which altar I will offer up
My daily sacrifice of sighs and tears,
And with my prayers pierce impartial heavens,
Till they, the causers of our smarts,
Which forc'd their hands divide united hearts:
Come, Katherine, our losses equal are,
Then of true grief let us take equal share. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter ITHAMORE.

ITHA. Why, was there ever seen such villainy, so neatly
Plotted, and so well perform'd? both held in hand, and

Flatly both beguil'd.

Enter ABIGAIL.

ABIG. Why, how now, Ithamore, why laugh'st thou so?

ITHA. Oh, mistress, ha! ha! ha!

ABIG. Why, what ail'st thou?

ITHA. Oh, my master.

ABIG. Ha!

ITHA. Oh, mistress! I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtle
Bottle-nos'd knave to my master, that ever gentleman had

ABIG. Say, knave, why rail'st upon my father thus?

ITHA. Oh, my master has the bravest policy.

ABIG. Wherein?

ITHA. Why, know you not?

ABIG. Why, no.

ITHA. Know you not of Mathias, and Don Lodowick's disaster?

ABIG. No, what was it?

ITHA. Why, the devil invented a challenge, my master writ it, and I carried it, first to Lodowick, and *imprimis* to Mathias.
And then they met, and, as the story says,
In doleful wise they ended both their days.

ABIG. And was my father furtherer of their deaths?

ITHA. Am I Ithamore?

ABIG. Yes.

ITHA. So sure did your father write, and I carry the challenge.

ABIG. Well, Ithamore, let me request thee this,
Go to the new-made nunnery, and inquire
For any of the friars of St. Jaques,
And say, I pray them come and speak with me.

ITHA. I pray, mistress, will you answer me but one question?

ABIG. Well, sirrah, what is't?

ITHA. A very feeling one; have not the nuns fine sport
With the friars now and then?

ABIG. Go to, sirrah, sauce, is this your question? get ye gone.

ITHA. I will, forsooth, mistress. [*Exit.*

ABIG. Hard-hearted father, unkind Barabas,
Was this the pursuit of thy policy?
To make me show them favour severally,
That by my favour they should both be slain?
Admit thou lov'dst not Lodowick for his sin,
Yet Don Mathias ne'er offended thee:
But thou wert set upon extreme revenge,
Because the Prior dispossess'd thee once,
And could'st not 'venge it, but upon his son,
Nor on his son, but by Mathias' means;
Nor on Mathias, but by murdering me.
But I perceive there is no love on earth,
Pity in Jews, or piety in Turks.
But here comes cursed Ithamore, with the friar.

Enter ITHAMORE *and* FRIAR.

FRI. *Virgo, salve.*

ITHA. When duck you?

ABIG. Welcome, grave friar; Ithamore begone.

[*Exit Ithamore.*

Know, holy sir, I am bold to solicit thee.

FRI. Wherein?

ABIG. To get me be admitted for a nun.

FRI. Why, Abigail, it is not yet long since
That I did labour thy admission,
And then thou didst not like that holy life.

ABIG. Then were my thoughts so frail and unconfirm'd,
And I was chain'd to follies of the world:
But now experience, purchased with grief,
Has made me see the difference of things.
My sinful soul, alas, hath pac'd too long
The fatal labyrinth of misbelief,
Far from the Son that gives eternal life.

FRI. Who taught thee this?

ABIG. The abbess of the house,
Whose zealous admonition I embrace:
Oh, therefore, Jacomo, let me be one,
Although unworthy of that sisterhood.

FRI. Abigail, I will, but see thou change no more,
For that will be most heavy to thy soul.

ABIG. That was my father's fault.

FRI. Thy father's! how?

ABIG. Nay, you shall pardon me: oh, Barabas,
Though thou deservest hardly at my hands,

Yet never shall these lips bewray thy life.

FRI. Come, shall we go?

ABIG. My duty waits on you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter BARABAS, *reading a letter.*

BAR. What, Abigail become a nun again?
False and unkind; what, hast thou lost thy father?
And all unknown, and unconstrain'd of me,
Art thou again got to the nunnery?
Now here she writes, and wills me to repent.
Repentance! *Spurca!* what pretendeth this?
I fear she knows ('tis so) of my device
In Don Mathias' and Lodovico's deaths:
If so, 'tis time that it be seen into:
For she that varies from me in belief,
Gives great presumption that she loves me not;
Or loving, doth dislike of something done.
But who comes here? Oh, Ithamore, come near:
Come near, my love; come near, thy master's life,
My trusty servant, nay, my second life;
For I have now no hope but even in thee:
And on that hope my happiness is built:
When saw'st thou Abigail?

ITHA. To day.

BAR. With whom?

ITHA. A friar.

BAR. A friar! false villain, he hath done the deed.

ITHA. How, sir?

BAR. Why, made mine Abigail a nun.

ITHA. That's no lie, for she sent me for him.
BAR. Oh, unhappy day!
False, credulous, inconstant Abigail!
But let 'em go: And, Ithamore, from hence
Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her disgrace;
Ne'er shall she live to inherit aught of mine,
Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,
But perish underneath my bitter curse,
Like Cain by Adam, for his brother's death.
ITHA. Oh, master!
BAR. Ithamore, intreat not for her, I am mov'd,
And she is hateful to my soul and me:
And least thou yield to this that I intreat,
I cannot think but that thou hat'st my life.
ITHA. Who, I, master? Why, I'll run to some rock and throw myself headlong into the sea; why, I'll do any thing for your sweet sake.
BAR. Oh trusty Ithamore! no servant, but my friend;
I here adopt thee for mine only heir,
All that I have is thine when I am dead,
And whilst I live use half: spend as myself;
Here take my keys, I'll give 'em thee anon:
Go buy thee garments: but thou shalt not want:
Only know this, that thus thou art to do:
But first go fetch me in the pot of rice
That for our supper stands upon the fire.
ITHA. I hold my head my master's hungry: I go, sir. [*Exit.*
BAR. Thus every villain ambles after wealth

Although he ne'er be richer than in hope:
But hush 't.

Enter ITHAMORE, *with the pot.*

ITHA. Here 'tis, master.

BAR. Well said, Ithamore; what, hast thou brought
The ladle with thee too?

ITHA. Yes, sir, the proverb says, he that eats with the devil had need of a long spoon; I have brought you a ladle.

BAR. Very well, Ithamore, then now be secret;
And for thy sake, whom I so dearly love,
Now shalt thou see the death of Abigail,
That thou may'st freely live to be my heir.

ITHA. Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice porridge, that will preserve life, make her round and plump, and batten more than you are aware.

BAR. Aye, but Ithamore seest thou this?
It is a precious powder that I bought
Of an Italian, in Ancona, once,
Whose operation is to bind, infect,
And poison deeply: yet not appear
In forty hours after it is ta'en.

ITHA. How, master?

BAR. Thus, Ithamore:
This even they use in Malta here, 'tis call'd
Saint Jaques' Even, and then I say they use
To send their alms unto the nunneries:
Among the rest bear this, and set it there;

There's a dark entry where they take it in,
Where they must neither see the messenger,
Nor make enquiry who hath sent it them.

ITHA. How so?

BAR. Belike there is some ceremony in't.
There, Ithamore, must thou go place this pot:
Stay, let me spice it first.

ITHA. Pray do, and let me help you master. Pray let me taste first.

BAR. Pry'thee do: what say'st thou now?

ITHA. Troth, master, I'm loth such a pot of pottage should be spoil'd.

BAR. Peace, Ithamore, 'tis better so than spar'd.
Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye.
My purse, my coffer, and myself is thine.

ITHA. Well, master, I go.

BAR. Stay, first let me stir it, Ithamore,
As fatal be it to her as the draught
Of which great Alexander drunk, and died:
And with her let it work like Borgia's wine,
Whereof his sire, the pope, was poison'd.
In few, the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane;
The juice of Hebon, and Cocytus' breath,
And all the poisons of the Stygian pool
Break from the fiery kingdom; and in this
Vomit your venom, and invenom her
That like a fiend hath left her father thus.

ITHA. What a blessing has he giv'n't! was ever pot of rice porridge so sauc'd! What shall I do with it?

BAR. Oh, my sweet Ithamore, go set it down,
And come again so soon as thou hast done,
For I have other business for thee.

ITHA. Here's a drench to poison a whole stable of Flanders mares: I'll carry't to the nuns with a powder.

BAR. And the horse pestilence to boot; away.

ITHA. I am gone.
Pay me my wages for my work is done. [*Exit.*

BAR. I'll pay thee with a vengeance, Ithamore. [*Exit.*

Enter GOVERNOR, DEL BOSCO, KNIGHTS, BASHAW.

GOV. Welcome, great Bashaw; how fares Calymath,
What wind drives you thus into Malta Road?

BASH. The wind that bloweth all the world besides,
Desire of gold.

GOV. Desire of gold, great sir?
That's to be gotten in the Western Ind:
In Malta are no golden minerals.

BASH. To you of Malta thus saith Calymath:
The time you took for respite, is at hand,
For the performance of your promise past;
And for the tribute-money I am sent.

GOV. Bashaw, in brief, shalt have no tribute here,
Nor shall the Heathens live upon our spoil:
First will we raze the city walls ourselves,
Lay waste the island, hew the temples down,
And shipping off our goods to Sicily,
Open an entrance for the wasteful sea,

Whose billows beating the resistless banks,
Shall overflow it with their refluence.

BASH. Well, governor, since thou hast broke the league
By flat denial of the promis'd tribute,
Talk not of razing down your city walls,
You shall not need trouble yourselves so far,
For Selim Calymath shall come himself,
And with brass bullets batter down your towers,
And turn proud Malta to a wilderness
For these intolerable wrongs of yours;
And so farewell.

GOV. Farewell:
And now you men of Malta look about,
And let's provide to welcome Calymath:
Close your port-cullis, charge your basilisks,
And as you profitably take up arms,
So now courageously encounter them;
For by this answer, broken is the league,
And nought is to be look'd for now but wars,
And nought to us more welcome is than wars.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter two FRIARS.

1 FRI. Oh, brother, brother, all the nuns are sick,
And physick will not help them; they must die.

2 FRI. The abbess sent for me to be confess'd:
Oh, what a sad confession will there be!

1 FRI. And so did fair Maria send for me:

I'll to her lodging; hereabouts she lies. [*Exit.*

Enter ABIGAIL.

2 FRI. What, all dead, save only Abigail?

ABIG. And I shall die too, for I feel death coming.
Where is the Friar that convers'd with me?

2 FRI. Oh, he is gone to see the other nuns.

ABIG. I sent for him, but seeing you are come,
Be you my ghostly father; and first know,
That in this house I liv'd religiously,
Chaste, and devout, much sorrowing for my sins,
But e'er I came——

2 FRI. What then?

ABIG. I did offend high heaven so grievously,
As I am almost desperate for my sins:
And one offence torments me more than all.
You knew Mathias and Don Lodowick?

2 FRI. Yes, what of them?

ABIG. My father did contract me to 'em both:
First to Don Lodowick, him I never lov'd;
Mathias was the man that I held dear,
And for his sake did I become a nun.

2 FRI. So, say how was their end?

ABIG. Both jealous of my love, envied each other
And by my father's practice, which is there
Set down at large, the gallants were both slain.

2 FRI. Oh monstrous villainy!

ABIG. To work my peace, this I confess to thee;
Reveal it not, for then my father dies.

2 FRI. Know that confession must not be reveal'd,
The canon law forbids it, and the priest

That makes it known, being degraded first,
Shall be condemn'd, and then sent to the fire.

ABIG. So I have heard; pray therefore keep it close,
Death seizeth on my heart, ah gentle Friar!
Convert my father that he may be sav'd,
And witness that I die a Christian. [*Dies.*

2 FRI. Aye, and a virgin too, that grieves me most:
But I must to the Jew and exclaim on him,
And make him stand in fear of me.

Enter one FRIAR.

1 FRI. Oh, brother, all the nuns are dead, let's bury them.

2 FRI. First help to bury this, then go with me
And help me to exclaim against the Jew.

1 FRI. Why? what has he done?

2 FRI. A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.

1 FRI. What has he crucified a child?

2 FRI. No, but a worse thing: 'twas told me in shrift,
Thou know'st 'tis death, and if it be reveal'd.
Come let's away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter BARABAS *and* ITHAMORE. *Bells within.*

BAR. There is no musick like* a Christian's knell:
How sweet the bells ring now the nuns are dead
That sound at other times like tinkers' pans?
I was afraid the poison had not wrought;
Or though it wrought, it would have done no good,
For every year they swell, and yet they live;
Now all are dead, not one remains alive.

ITHA. That's brave, master, but think you it will not be known?

BAR. How can it, if we two be secret?

ITHA. For my part fear you not.

BAR. I'd cut thy throat if I did,

BAR. I smelt 'em ere they came.

ITHA. God-a-mercy nose; come let's begone.

2 FRI. Stay, wicked Jew, repent, I say, and stay.

1 FRI. Thou hast offended, therefore must be damn'd.

BAR. I fear they know we sent the poison'd broth.

ITHA. And so do I, master, therefore speak 'em fair.

2 FRI. Thou hast——

1 FRI. Aye, that thou hast——

BAR. True, I have money, what though I have?

2 FRI. Thou art a——

1 FRI. Aye, that thou art a——

BAR. What needs all this? I know I am a Jew.

2 FRI. Thy daughter——

1 FRI. Aye, thy daughter,——

BAR. Oh speak not of her, then I die with grief.

2 FRI. Remember that——

1 FRI. Aye, remember that——

BAR. I must needs say that I have been a great usurer.

2 FRI. Thou hast committed——

BAR. Fornication, but that was in another country: And besides, the wench is dead.

2 FRI. Aye, but Barabas remember Mathias and Don Lodowick.

BAR. Why, what of them?

2 FRI. I will not say that by a forged challenge they met.

BAR. She has confest, and we are both undone;
My bosom inmates! (but I must dissemble.) [*Aside.*

O holy Friars, the burthen of my sins
Lies heavy on my soul; then pray you, tell me,
Is't not too late now to turn Christian?
I have been zealous in the Jewish faith,
Hard hearted to the poor, a covetous wretch,
That would for lucre's sake have sold my soul.
A hundred for a hundred I have ta'en;
And now for store of wealth may I compare
With all the Jews in Malta; but what is wealth?
I am a Jew, and therefore am I lost.
Would penance serve for this my sin,
I could afford to whip myself to death.

ITHA. And so could I; but penance will not serve.

BAR. To fast, to pray, and wear a shirt of hair,
And on my knees creep to Jerusalem,
Cellars of wine; and sollars full of wheat,
Warehouses stuft with spices and with drugs,
Whole chests of gold, in bullion, and in coin,
Besides I know not how much weight in pearl,
Orient and round, have I within my house;
At Alexandria, merchandize unsold:
But yesterday two ships went from this town,
Their voyage will be worth ten thousand crowns.
In Florence, Venice, Antwerp, London, Seville,
Frankfort, Lubeck, Moscow, and where not,
Have I debts owing; and in most of these,
Great sums of money lying in the banco;
All this I'll give to some religious house
So I may be baptiz'd, and live therein.

1 FRI. Oh good Barabas come to our house.

2 FRI. Oh no, good Barabas, come to our house;
And Barabas, you know—

BAR. I know that I have highly sinn'd,
You shall convert me, you shall have all my wealth.

1 FRI. Oh Barabas, their laws are strict.

BAR. I know they are, and I will be with you.

2 FRI. They wear no shirts, and they go bare-foot too.

BAR. Then 'tis not for me; and I am resolv'd
You shall confess me, and have all my goods.

1 FRI. Good Barabas come to me.

BAR. You see I answer him, and yet he stays;
Rid him away, and go you home with me.

2. FRI. I'll be with you to night.

BAR. Come to my house at one o'clock this night.

1 FRI. You hear your answer, and you may be gone.

2 FRI. Why, go get you away.

1 FRI. I will not go for thee.

2 FRI. Not, then I'll make thee go.

1 FRI. How, dost call me rogue? [*They fight.*

ITHA. Part 'em, master, part 'em.

BAR. This is mere frailty, brethren, be content.
Friar Barnardine, go you with Ithamore.

ITHA. You know my mind, let me alone with him;
Why does he go to thy house, let him begone.

BAR. I'll give him something and so stop his mouth. [*Exit Ithamore, with the friar.*

I never heard of any man but he
Malign'd the order of the Jacobins:
But do you think that I believe his words?
Why, brother, you converted Abigail;
And I am bound in charity to requite it,
And so I will. Oh Jacomo, fail not but come.

FRI. But, Barabas, who shall be your godfathers,
For presently you shall be shriv'd.

BAR. Marry the Turk shall be one of my godfathers,
But not a word to any of your convent.

FRI. I warrant thee, Barabas. [*Exit.*

BAR. So, now the fear is past, and I am safe:
For he that shriv'd her is within my house,
What if I murder'd him e'er Jacomo comes?
Now I have such a plot for both their lives,
As never Jew nor Christian knew the like:

SCENE II.

Enter BARABAS *and* ITHAMORE.

BAR. Ithamore, tell me, is the friar asleep?

ITHA. Yes; and I know not what the reason is.
Do what I can he will not strip himself,
Nor go to bed, but sleeps in his own clothes;
I fear me he mistrusts what we intend.

BAR. No, 'tis an order which the friars use:
Yet if he knew our meanings, could he 'scape?

ITHA. No, none can hear him, cry he ne'er so loud.

BAR. Why true, therefore did I place him there:
The other chambers open towards the street.

ITHA. You loiter, master, wherefore stay me thus?
Oh how I long to see him shake his heels.

BAR. Come on, sirrah,
Off with your girdle, make a handsome noose;
Friar awake.

FRI. What do you mean to strangle me?

ITHA. Yes, 'cause you use to confess.

BAR. Blame not us but the proverb, confess and be hang'd pull hard.

FRI. What, will you have my life?

BAR. Pull hard, I say, you would have had my goods.

ITHA. Aye, and our lives too, therefore pull amain.
'Tis neatly done, sir, here's no print at all.

BAR. Then it is as it should be, take him up.

ITHA. Nay, master be rul'd by me a little; so, let him lean upon his staff; excellent, he stands as if he were begging of bacon.

BAR. Who would not think but that this friar liv'd? What time o' night is't now, sweet Ithamore?

ITHA. Towards one.

BAR. Then will not Jacomo be long from hence.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter JACOMO.

JACO. This is the hour wherein I shall proceed;
O happy hour, wherein I shall convert
An infidel, and bring his gold into our treasury.
But soft, is not this Barnardine? it is;
And understanding I should come this way,
Stands here a purpose, meaning me some wrong,

ITHA. Aye, master, he's slain; look how his brains drop out on's nose.

JACO. Good sirs I have done't, but nobody knows it but you two—I may escape.

BAR. So might my man and I hang with you for company.

ITHA. No, let us bear him to the magistrates.

JACO. Good Barabas, let me go.

BAR. No, pardon me, the law must have its course.

I must be forc'd to give in evidence,
That being importun'd by this Barnardine
To be a Christian, I shut him out,
And there he sat: now I to keep my word,
And give my goods and substance to your house,
Was up thus early; with intent to go
Unto your friary, because you stay'd.

ITHA. Fie upon 'em, master, will you turn Christian, when
Holy friars turn devils and murder one another.

BAR. No, for this example I'll remain a Jew:
Heaven bless me; what! a friar a murderer?
When shall you see a Jew commit it the like?

ITHA. Why a Turk could have done no more.

BAR. To morrow is the sessions; you shall to it.
Come Ithamore, let's help to take him hence.

JACO. Villains, I am a sacred person, touch me not.

BAR. The law shall touch you, we'll but lead you, we:

COURT. Pilia-borsa, didst thou meet with ...

PILIA. I did.

COURT. And didst thou deliver my letter

PILIA. I did.

COURT. And what think'st thou, will he

PILIA. I think so, and yet I cannot te the reading of the letter, he look'd like another world.

COURT. Why so?

PILIA. That such a base slave as he s saluted by such a tall man as I am, fro beautiful dame as you.

COURT. And what said he?

PILIA. Not a wise word, only gave me a who should say, is it even so; and so I being driven to a non-plus at the critical asp terrible countenance.

COURT. And where didst meet him?

PILIA. Upon mine own free-hold, wit foot of the gallows, conning his neck-verse looking of a friar's execution, whom I sal an old hempen proverb, *Hodie tibi, cras mihi*, left him to the mercy of the hangman: bu in being done, see where he comes

Enter ITHAMORE.

ITHA. I never knew a man take his death so patiently as this Friar; he was ready to leap off ere the halter was about his neck; and when the hangman had put on his hempen tippet, he made such haste to his prayers, as if he had had another cure to serve; well, go whither he will, I'll be none of his followers in haste:. And, now I think on't, going to the execution, a fellow met me with mustachios like a raven's wing, and a dagger with a hilt like a warming-pan, and he gave me a letter from one Madam Bellamira, saluting me in such sort as if he had meant to make clean my boots with his lips; the effect was, that I should come to her house; I wonder what the reason is; it may be she sees more in me than I can find in myself: for she writes further, that she loves me ever since she saw me, and who would not requite such love? here's her house, and here she comes, and now would I were gone, I am not worthy to look upon her.

PILIA. This is the gentleman you writ to.

ITHA. Gentleman, he flouts me, what gentry can be in a poor Turk of ten pence? I'll be gone.

COURT. Is't not a sweet fac'd youth, Pilia?

ITHA. Again, sweet youth; did not you, sir, bring the sweet youth a letter?

PILIA. I did sir, and from this gentlewoman, who as myself, and the rest of the family, stand or fall at your service.

COURT. Though woman's modesty should hale me

back, I can withhold no longer; welcome sweet love.

ITHA. Now am I clean, or rather foully out of the way.

COURT. Whither so soon?

ITHA. I'll go steal some money from my master to make me handsome: Pray pardon me, I must go see a ship discharg'd.

COURT. Canst thou be so unkind to leave me thus?

PILIA. And ye did but know how she loves you, sir.

ITHA. Nay, I care not how much she loves me:
Sweet Bellamira, would I had my master's wealth
for thy sake:

PILIA. And you can have it, sir, and if you
please.

ITHA. If 'twere above ground I could, and would have it; but he hides and buries it up as partridges

I'll write unto him; we'll have money straight.

PILIA. Send for a hundred crowns at least.

[*He writes.*

ITHA. Ten hundred thousand crowns,—master Barabas.

PILIA. Write not so submissively, but threat'ning him.

ITHA. Sirrah, Barabas, send me a hundred crowns.

PILIA. Put in two hundred at least.

ITHA. I charge thee send me three hundred by this bearer, and this shall be your warrant; if you do not, no more, but so.

PILIA. Tell him you will confess.

ITHA. Otherwise I'll confess all—vanish and return in a twinkle.

PILIA. Let me alone, I'll use him in his kind.

ITHA. Hang him, Jew.

COURT. Now, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.
Where are my maids? provide a running banquet;
Send to the merchant, bid him bring me silks,
Shall Ithamore, my love, go in such rags?

ITHA. And bid the jeweller come hither too.

COURT. I have no husband, sweet, I'll marry thee.

ITHA. Content, but we will leave this paltry land,
And sail from hence to Greece, to lovely Greece,
I'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece;
Where painted carpets o'er the meads are hurl'd,
And Bacchus' vineyards overspread the world:
Where woods and forests go in goodly green,

more ?

Enter PILIA-BORSA.

ITHA. How now! hast thou the gold?

PILIA. Yes.

ITHA. But came it freely? did the cow
her milk freely?

PILIA. At reading of the letter, he
stamp'd, and turn'd aside, I took him by
and look'd upon him thus; told him he w
send it: then he hugg'd and embrac'd m

ITHA. Rather for fear than love.

PILIA. Then, like a Jew, he laugh'd
and told me he lov'd me for your sak
what a faithful servant you had been.

ITHA. The more villain he to keep me
Here's goodly 'parel, is there not?

PILIA. To conclude, he gave me ten c

ITHA. But ten? I'll not leave him w
groat. Give me a ream of paper, w
kingdom of gold for't.

PILIA. Write for five hundred crowns.

ITHA. Sirrah, Jew, as you love your l
five hundred crowns, and give the bear

PILIA. I warrant your worship shall have't.

ITHA. And if he ask why I demand so much, tell him, I scorn to write a line under a hundred crowns.

PILIA. You'd make a rich poet, sir. I am gone. [*Exit.*

ITHA. Take thou the money, spend it for my sake.

COURT. 'Tis not thy money, but thyself I weigh:
Thus Bellamira esteem of gold;
But thus of thee.— [*Kisses him.*

ITHA. That kiss again; she runs division of my lips. What an eye she casts on me? It twinkles like a star.

COURT. Come, my dear love, let's in and sleep together.

ITHA. Oh, that ten thousand nights were put in one, that we might sleep seven years together afore we wake.

COURT. Come, amorous wag, first banquet, and then sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter BARABAS, *reading a letter.*

BAR. "Barabas, send me three hundred crowns."
Plain Barabas: oh, that wicked courtezan!
He was not wont to call me Barabas.
"Or else I will confess:" Aye, there it goes:
But if I get him, *coupe le gorge*, for that
He sent a shaggy totter'd* staring slave,
That when he speaks, draws out his grisly beard,

* totter'd—tattered.

As is the husband to a hundred
And I by him must send three h
Well, my hope is, he will not sta
And when he comes: Oh, that I

Enter PILIA-BO

PILIA. Jew, I must have mor

BAR. Why, want'st thou any

PILIA. No; but three hundı
turn.

BAR. Not serve his turn, sir?

PILIA. No, sir; and, therefo
hundred more.

BAR. I'll rather——

PILIA. Oh, good words, sir, ε
best; see, there's his letter.

BAR. Might he not as well
bid him come and fetch it, what
shall have straight.

PILIA. Aye, and the rest too

BAR. I must make this villa

* Cotzerie—roguery, from Cotzo, w
our Old Plays for a rogue, or cheat; ε
posed, from the Italian.

† Crosbiting—cheating, swindling.

dine with me, sir, and you shall be most heartily poison'd. [*Aside.*

PILIA. No, God-a-mercy, shall I have these crowns?

BAR. I cannot do it, I have lost my keys.

PILIA. Oh, if that be all, I can pick ope your locks.

BAR. Or climb up to my counting-house window: You know my meaning.

PILIA. I know enough, and therefore talk not to me of your counting-house. The gold, or know, Jew, it is in my power to hang thee.

BAR. I am betray'd.
'Tis not five hundred crowns that I esteem,
I am not mov'd at that: this angers me,
That he who knows I love him as myself,
Should write in this imperious vein. Why, sir,
You know I have no child, and unto whom
Should I leave all, but unto Ithamore?

PILIA. Here's many words, but no crowns: the crowns.

BAR. Commend me to him, sir, most humbly,
And unto your good mistress, as unknown.

PILIA. Speak, shall I have 'em, sir?

BAR. Sir, here they are.
Oh, that I should part with so much gold!
Here, take 'em, fellow, with as good a will——
As I would see thee hang'd; oh, love stops my breath:
Never lov'd man servant as I do Ithamore.

PILIA. I know it, sir.

BAR. Pray, when, sir, shall I see you at my house?

PILIA. Soon enough to your cost, sir,

Fare you well. [*Exit.*

BAR. Nay, to thine own cost, villain, if thou com'st.

Was ever Jew tormented as I am?
To have a shag-rag knave to come,—
Three hundred crowns, and then five hundred crowns?
Well: I must seek a means to rid 'em all,
And presently; for in his villainy
He will tell all he knows, and I shall die for it.
I have it.
I will in some disguise go see the slave,
And how the villain revels with my gold. [*Exit.*

Enter COURTEZAN, ITHAMORE, *and* PILIA-BORSA.

COURT. I'll pledge thee, love, and therefore drink it off.

ITHA. Say'st thou me so? have at it; and do you hear?

COURT. Now to the Jew.

ITHA. Ha! to the Jew, and send me money you were best.

PILIA. What would'st thou do if he should send thee none?

ITHA. Do nothing; but I know what I know,
He's a murderer.

COURT. I had not thought he had been so brave a man.

ITHA. You knew Mathias and the Governor's son; he and
I kill'd 'em both, and yet never touch'd 'em.

PILIA. Oh, bravely done.

ITHA. I carried the broth that poison'd the nuns; and he
And I snicle hand too fast,* strangled a friar.

COURT. You two alone.

ITHA. We two, and 'twas never known, nor never shall
Be for me.

PILIA. This shall with me unto the governor.
[*Aside.*

COURT. And fit it should: but first let's have more gold.

* *And he and I snicle hand too fast.* This phrase is obscure. To snicle is still used in the North of England for a mode of catching hares, by means of a noose, placed in hedges, &c. *Snicle hand*, may probably be a misprint for snicling, in which case the sense would be "he and I snicling too fast;" that is, pulling the noose too fast, or tight, strangled a friar.

Come, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.

ITHA. Love me little, love me long; let musick rumble,
Whilst I in thy incony lap do tumble.

Enter BARABAS, *with a lute, disguis'd.*

COURT. A French musician; come, let's have your skill?

BAR. Must tuna my lute for sound, twang, twang, first.

ITHA. Wilt drink Frenchman? here's to thee with a——
Pox on this drunken hiccup.

BAR. Gramercy, monsieur.

COURT. Pr'ythee, Pilia-borsa, bid the fiddler give me
The posy in his hat there.

PILIA. Sirrah, you must give my mistress your posy

PILIA. There's two crowns for thee, play.

BAR. How liberally the villain gives me mine own gold. [*Aside.*

PILIA. Methinks he fingers very well.

BAR. So did you when you stole my gold. [*Aside.*

PILIA. How swift he runs.

BAR. You run swifter when you threw my gold out of my window. [*Aside.*

COURT. Musician, hast been in Malta long?

BAR. Two, three, four month, madam.

ITHA. Dost not know a Jew, one Barabas?

BAR. Very mush; monsieur, you no be his man?

PILIA. His man?

ITHA. I scorn the peasant: tell him so.

BAR. He knows it already.

ITHA. 'Tis a strange thing of that Jew, he lives upon
Pickled grasshoppers, and sauc'd mushrooms.

BAR. What a slave's this? the governor feeds not as I do. [*Aside.*

ITHA. He never put on clean shirt since he was circumcis'd.

BAR. Oh, rascal! I change myself twice a day. [*Aside.*

ITHA. The hat he wears, Judas left under the elder when he hang'd himself.

BAR. 'Twas sent me for a present from the great Cham. [*Aside.*

PILIA. A nasty slave he is; whither now, fiddler?

BAR. *Pardonnez moi, monsieur*, me be no well.

[*Exit.*

PILIA. Farewell, fiddler: one letter more to the Jew.

COURT. Pr'ythee, sweet love, one more, and write it sharp.

ITHA. No, I'll send by word of mouth now; bid him deliver thee a thousand crowns, by the same token, that the nuns lov'd rice, that Friar Barnardine slept in his own clothes; any of 'em will do it.

PILIA. Let me alone to urge it, now I know the meaning.

ITHA. The meaning has a meaning; come let's in:
To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin. [*Exeunt.*

Enter COURTEZAN *and* PILIA-BORSA.

COURT. Oh, bring us to the governor.

GOV. Away with her, she is a courtezan.

COURT. Whate'er I am, yet, governor, hear me speak;
I bring thee news by whom thy son was slain:
Mathias did it not, it was the Jew.

PILIA. Who, besides the slaughter of these gentlemen,
Poison'd his own daughter and the nuns,
Strangled a friar, and I know not what
Mischief beside.

GOV. Had we but proof of this——

COURT. Strong proof, my lord; his man's now at my lodging,
That was his agent, he'll confess it all.

GOV. Go fetch him straight; I always fear'd that Jew.

Enter BARABAS *and* ITHAMORE.

BAR. I'll go alone; dogs, do not hale me thus.

ITHA. Nor me neither, I cannot out-run you, constable: oh, my belly.

BAR. One dram of powder more had made all sure;
What a damn'd slave was I!

GOV. Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be fetch'd.

KNIGHTS. Nay, stay, my lord, 't may be he will confess?

BAR. Confess! what mean you, lords, who should confess?

GOV. Thou and thy Turk; 'twas you that slew my son.

ITHA. Guilty, my lord, I confess: your son and Mathias
Were both contracted unto Abigail;
He forg'd a counterfeit challenge.

BAR. Who carried that challenge?

ITHA. I carried it, I confess; but who writ it? Marry, even he that strangled Barnardine, poison'd the nuns, and his own daughter.

GOV. Away with him, his sight is death to me.

BAR. For what, you men of Malta? hear me speak:
She is a courtezan, and he a thief,
And he my bondman. Let me have law,

Enter OFFICER.

OFF. My lord, the courtezan and her man are dead:
So is the Turk and Barabas the Jew.

GOV. Dead?

OFF. Dead, my lord, and here they bring his body.

BOSCO. This sudden death of his is very strange.

GOV. Wonder not at it, sir, the heavens are just.
Their deaths were like their lives, then think not of 'em;
Since they are dead, let them be buried.
For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the walls,
To be a prey for vultures and wild beasts.
So, now away and fortify the town. [*Exeunt.*

BAR. What, all alone? well fare, sleepy drink.
I'll be reveng'd on this accursed town;
For by my means, Calymath shall enter in.
I'll help to slay their children and their wives,
To fire the churches, pull their houses down,
Take my goods too, and seize upon my lands:
I hope to see the governor a slave,
And, rowing in a galley, whipt to death.

Enter CALYMATH, BASHAWS, *and* TURKS.

CALY. Whom have we there, a spy?

BAR. Yes, my good lord, one that can spy a place
Where you may enter, and surprize the town:
My name is Barabas; I am the Jew.

CALY. Art thou that Jew whose goods we heard were sold

For tribute-money?

BAR. The very same, my lord:
And since that time they have hir'd a slave, a man,
To accuse me of a thousand villainies:
I was imprison'd, but escap'd their hands.

CALY. Didst break prison?

BAR. No, no:
I drank of poppy and cold mandrake juice;
And being asleep, belike they thought me dead,
And threw me o'er the walls: so, or how else,
The Jew is here, and rests at your command.

CALY. 'Twas bravely done: but tell me, Barabas
Canst thou, as thou reportest, make Malta ours?

BAR. Fear not, my lord, for here against truce,
The rock is hollow, and of purpose digg'd,

SCENE II.

Alarms. Enter TURKS, BARABAS, GOVERNOR, *and* KNIGHTS *prisoners.*

CALY. Now vail your pride you captive Christians,
And kneel for mercy to your conquering foe:
Now where's the hope you had of haughty Spain?
Ferneze, speak, had it not been much better
To kept thy promise than be thus surpris'd?

GOV. What should I say, we are captives and must yield.

CALY. Aye, villains, you must yield, and under Turkish yokes
Shall groaning bear the burthen of our ire;
And Barabas, as erst we promis'd thee,
For thy desert we make thee governor;
Use them at thy discretion.

BAR. Thanks, my lord.

GOV. Oh fatal day, to fall into the hands
Of such a traitor and unhallowed Jew!
What greater misery could heaven inflict?

CALY. 'Tis our command: and Barabas, we give
To guard thy person, these our janizaries:
Intreat them well, as we have used thee.
And now, brave bashaws, come, we'll walk about
The ruin'd town, and see the wreck we made:
Farewell, brave Jew, farewell great Barabas! [*Exeunt.*

BAR. May all good fortune follow Calymath.
And now, as entrance to our safety,
To prison with the governor and these

Captains, his consorts and confederates.

Gov. Oh villain, heaven will be reveng'd on thee.

[*Exeunt.*

BAR. Away, no more, let him not trouble me.
Thus hast thou gotten, by thy policy,
No simple place, no small authority,
I now am governor of Malta; true,
But Malta hates me, and in hating me
My life's in danger, and what boots it thee,
Poor Barabas, to be the governor,
When as thy life shall be at their command?
No, Barabas, this must be look'd into;
And since by wrong thou got'st authority,
Maintain it bravely by firm policy.
At least unprofitably lose it not:
For he that liveth in authority,
And neither gets him friends, nor fills his bags,
Lives like the ass that Æsop speaketh of,
That labours with a load of bread and wine,
And leaves it off to snap on thistle tops:
But Barabas will be more circumspect.
Begin betimes, occasion's bald behind,
Slip not thine opportunity, for fear too late
Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compass it.
Within here.

Enter GOVERNOR, *with a guard.*

Gov. My lord?

BAR. Aye, lord, thus slaves will learn.
Now governor stand by there, wait within,
This is the reason that I sent for thee;

Thou seest thy life, and Malta's happiness,
Are at my arbitrement; and Barabas
At his discretion may dispose of both:
Now tell me, governor, and plainly too,
What thinkst thou shall become of it and thee?

Gov. This; Barabas, since things are in thy power,
I see no reason but of Malta's wreck,
Nor hope of thee but extreme cruelty,
Nor fear I death, nor will I flatter thee.

Bar. Governor, good words, be not so furious;
'Tis not thy life which can avail me ought,
Yet you do live, and live for me you shall:
And as for Malta's ruin, think you not:
'Twere slender policy for Barabas
To dispossess himself of such a place?
For sith, as once you said, within this isle
In Malta here, that I have got my goods,
And in this city still have had success,
And now at length am grown your governor,
Yourselves shall see it shall not be forgot:
For as a friend not known, but in distress,
I'll rear up Malta now remediless.

Gov. Will Barabas recover Malta's loss?
Will Barabas be good to Christians?

Bar. What wilt thou give me, governor, to procure
A dissolution of the slavish bands
Wherein the Turk hath yok'd your land and you?
What will you give me if I render you
The life of Calymath, surprise his men,
And in an out-house of the city shut

His soldiers, till I have consum'd 'em all with fire?
What will you give him that procureth this?

Gov. Do but bring this to pass which thou pretendest,
Deal truly with us as thou intimatest,
And I will send amongst the citizens;
And by my letters privately procure
Great sums of money for thy recompence:
Nay more, do this, and live thou governor still.

Bar. Nay, do thou this, Ferneze, and be free;
Governor, I enlarge thee, live with me,
Go walk about the city, see thy friends:
Tush, send not letters to 'em, go thyself,
And let me see what money thou canst make;
Here is my hand that I'll set Malta free:
And thus we cast it: To a solemn feast
I will invite young Selim Calymath,

And thus far roundly goes the business:
Thus loving neither, will I live with both,
Making a profit of my policy;
And he from whom my most advantage comes,
Shall be my friend.
This is the life we Jews are us'd to lead;
And reason too, for Christians do the like:
Well, now about effecting this device:
First to surprise great Selim's soldiers,
And then to make provision for the feast,
That at one instant all things may be done,
My policy detests prevention:
To what event my secret purpose drives,
I know; and they shall witness with their lives. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter CALYMATH *and* BASHAWS.

CALY. Thus have we view'd the city, seen the sack,
And caus'd the ruins to be new repair'd,
Which with our bombards' shot and basilisk,
We rent in sunder at our entry:
And now I see the situation,
And how secure this conquer'd island stands
Inviron'd with the Mediterranean sea,
Strong countermin'd with other petty isles;
And toward Calabria back'd by Sicily,
Where Syracusian Dionysius reign'd;
Two lofty turrets that command the town;
I wonder how it could be conquer'd thus?

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESS. From Barabas, Malta's governor, I bring
A message unto mighty Calymath;
Hearing his sovereign was bound for sea,
To sail to Turkey, to great Ottoman,
He humbly would entreat your majesty
To come and see his homely citadel,
And banquet with him ere thou leav'st the isle.

CALY. To banquet with him in his citadel?
I fear me, messenger, to feast my train
Within a town of war so lately pillag'd,
Will be too costly and too troublesome:
Yet would I gladly visit Barabas,
For well has Barabas deserv'd of us.

MESS. Selim, for that, thus saith the governor,
That he hath in store a pearl so big,
So precious, and withal so orient,

MEES. I shall, my lord, [*Exit.*

CALY. And now, bold bashaws, let us to our tents,
And meditate how we may grace us best
To solemnize our governor's great feast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter GOVERNOR, KNIGHTS, DEL-BOSCO.

GOV. In this, my countrymen, be rul'd by me,
Have special care that no man sally forth
Till you shall hear a culverin discharg'd
By him that bears the linstock, kindled thus;
Then issue out and come to rescue me,
For haply I shall be in distress,
Or you released of this servitude.

KNIGHT. Rather than thus to live as Turkish thralls.
What will we not adventure?

GOV. On then, begone.

KNIGHT. Farewell, grave governor!

Enter BARABAS, *with a hammer, above, very busy.*

BAR. How stand the cords? How hang these hinges, fast?
Are all the cranes and pulleys sure?

SERV. All fast.

BAR. Leave nothing loose, all levelled to my mind.
Why now I see that you have art indeed.
There, carpenters, divide that gold amongst you:
Go swill in bowls of sack and muscadine!
Down to the cellar, taste of all my wines.

CARP. We shall, my lord, and thank you:

[*Exeunt.*

BAR. And if you like them, drink your fill and die:
For so I live, perish may all the world.
Now Selim Calymath return me word
That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.
Now sirrah, what, will he come?

Enter MESSENGER.

MES. He will; and has commanded all his men
To come ashore, and march through Malta streets,
That thou mayest feast them in thy citadel.

BAR. Then now are all things as my wish would have 'em,
There wanteth nothing but the governor's pelf,
And see, he brings it: Now, governor, the sum.

Enter GOVERNOR.

GOV. With free consent, a hundred thousand

Whence none can possibly escape alive:
Now as for Calymath and his consorts,
Here have I made dainty gallery,
The floor whereof, this cable being cut,
Doth fall asunder; so that it doth sink
Into a deep pit past recovery.
Here, hold that knife, and when thou seest he comes,
And with his bashaws shall be blithely set,
A warning-piece shall be shot off from the tower,
To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord,
And fire the house; say, will not this be brave?

GOV. Oh excellent! here, hold thee, Barabas,
I trust thy word, take what I promis'd thee.

BAR. No, governor, I'll satisfy thee first,
Thou shalt not live in doubt of any thing.
Stand close, for here they come: why, is not this
A kingly kind of trade to purchase towns
By treachery, and sell 'em by deceit?
Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun,
If greater falsehood ever has been done,

Enter CALYMATH *and* BASHAWS.

CALY. Come, my companion bashaws, see I pray
How busy Barabas is there above
To entertain us in his gallery;
Let us salute him. Save thee, Barabas!

BAR. Welcome great Calymath!

GOV. How the slave jeers at him?

BAR. Will't please thee, mighty Selim Calymath,
To ascend our homely stairs?

CALY. Aye, Barabas, come bashaws, attend.

Gov. Stay, Calymath!
For I will shew thee greater courtesy
Than Barabas would have afforded thee.
KNIGHT. Sound a charge there!
[*A charge, the cable cut, a caldron discovered.*
CALY. How now, what means this!
BAR. Help, help me, Christians, help.
Gov. See Calymath, this was devis'd for thee.
CALY. Treason! treason! bashaws, fly!
Gov. No, Selim, do not fly;
See his end first, and fly then if thou canst.
BAR. Oh help me, Selim, help me, Christians!
Governor, why stand you all so pitiless?
Gov. Should I in pity of thy plaints or thee,
Accursed Barabas, base Jew, relent?
No, thus I'll see thy treachery repaid,
But wish thou hadst behav'd thee otherwise.
BAR. You will not help me then?
Gov. No, villain, no.
BAR. And villains, know you cannot help me now.
Then Barabas breathe forth thy latest fate,
And in the fury of thy torments, strive
To end thy life with resolution:
Know, governor, 'twas I that slew thy son;
I fram'd the challenge that did make them meet:
Know, Calymath, I aim'd thy overthrow,
And had I but escap'd this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damn'd Christians, dogs, and Turkish infidels;
But now begins the extremity of heat

To pinch me with intolerable pangs:
Die life, fly soul, tongue curse thy fill, and die! [*Dies.*

CALY. Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?

Gov. This train he laid to have intrapp'd thy life;
Now Selim note the unhallowed deeds of Jews:
Thus he determin'd to have handled thee,
But I have rather chose to save thy life.

CALY. Was this the banquet he prepar'd for us?
Let's hence, lest further mischief be pretended.

Gov. Nay, Selim, stay, for since we have thee here,
We will not let thee part so suddenly:
Besides, if we should let thee go, all's one,
For with thy gallies couldst thou not get hence,
Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.

CALY. Tush, governor, take thou no care for that,
My men are all aboard,
And do attend my coming there by this.

Gov. Why heard'st thou not the trumpet sound a charge?

CALY. Yes, what of that?

Gov. Why then the house was fir'd,
Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.

CALY. Oh monstrous treason!

Gov. A Jew's courtesy:
For he that did by treason work our fall,
By treason hath delivered thee to us:
Know therefore, till thy father hath made good
The ruins done to Malta and to us,
Thou canst not part: for Malta shall be freed,
Or Selim ne'er return to Ottoman.

CALY. Nay rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey,
In person there to mediate your peace;
To keep me here will nought advantage you.

Gov. Content thee, Calymath, here thou must stay,
And live in Malta prisoner; for come all the world
To rescue thee, so will we guard us now,
As sooner shall they drink the ocean dry,
Than conquer Malta, or endanger us.
So march away, and let due praise be given
Neither to fate nor fortune, but to heaven. [*Exeunt.*

THE

MASSACRE AT PARIS.

The Massacre at Paris: with the death of the Duke of Guise. As it was plaide by the right honourable the Lord High Admirall his servants, written by Christopher Marlow. At London. Printed for E. A. for Edward White dwelling neere the North doore of St. Paule's Church at the signe of the Gun. W. D.

[This play possesses but a very small portion of dramatic interest; the subject is treated without skill, although capable, by a judicious selection of incidents, and a careful grouping of characters, of being made a very effective drama. At present it is nothing more than a revolting register of bigotry and bloodshed, unsoftened by affecting appeals to our sympathies, and unrelieved by instances of generous devotion or domestic grief, which might have been naturally and properly introduced.]

Dryden and Lee produced a play on the same subject, *The Duke of Guise*; and Lee afterwards wrote another under the title of *The Massacre of Paris*, a great deal of which is borrowed from the former: Marlowe's Play is not in the original edition divided into acts, but a division being convenient, we have divided it in the present reprint into three acts the unusual brevity of the piece not permitting an apportionment into the legitimate number.

Mr. Malone conjectures that the Tragedie of Guyes stated in Henslowe's MSS. to have been acted in February, 1592, was this play.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CHARLES IX. *King of France.*
DUKE *of* ANJOU.
KING *of* NAVARRE.
PRINCE *of* CONDE.
DUKE JOYEUX.
DUKE *of* GUISE.
DUKE DUMAINE.
CARDINAL *of* LORRAINE.
The LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.
EPERNOUNE.
MUGERON.
PLESHE.
BARTUS.
GONZAGO.
RETES.
MOUNTSORRELL.
RAMUS.
TALEUS.
LOREINE.
SEROUNE.
SOLDIERS, *&c.*

CATHERINE, *the Queen Mother of France.*
Old QUEEN *of* NAVARRE.
MARGARET LE VALOIS, *Sister to Charles IX.*
DUCHESS *of* GUISE.
SEROUNE'S WIFE.

THE

MASSACRE AT PARIS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter CHARLES, *the French King; the* QUEEN MOTHER; KING *of* NAVARRE; MARGARET; *the* PRINCE *of* CONDE; *the* LORD HIGH ADMIRAL; *the* OLD QUEEN *of* NAVARRE, *and others.*

CHAR. Prince of Navarre, my honourable brother,
Prince Condé, and my good lord Admiral,
I wish this union and religious league,
Knit in these hands, thus join'd in nuptial rites,
May not dissolve, till death dissolve our lives;
And that the native sparks of princely love,
That kindled first this motion in our hearts,
May still be fuel'd in our progeny.

NAV. The many favours which your grace has shewn,
From time to time, but specially in this,
Shall bind me ever to your highness' will,
In what Queen Mother or your grace commands.

QU. MO. Thanks, son Navarre; you see we love you well,
That link you in marriage with our daughter here;

And as you know our difference in religion,
Might be a means to cross you in your love—

CHAR. Well, madam, let that rest.—
And now, my lords, the marriage rites performed,
We think it good to go and consummate
The rest, with hearing of an holy mass.
Sister, I think yourself will bear us company.

MAR. I will, my good lord.

CHAR. The rest that will not go, my lords, may stay.—
Come, mother, let us go to honour this solemnity.

Q. MO. Which I'll dissolve with blood and cruelty. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt all but Navarre, Condé, and the Lord High Admiral.*

NAV. Prince Condé and my good Lord Admiral,
Now Guise may storm, but do us little hurt,

NAV. But he that sits and rules above the clouds
Doth hear and see the prayers of the just;
And will revenge the blood of innocents,
That Guise hath slain by treason of his heart,
And brought by murder to their timeless ends.

ADM. My lord, but did you mark the cardinal,
The Guise's brother, and the Duke Dumaine,
How they did storm at these your nuptial rites,
Because the House of Bourbon now comes in,
And joins your lineage to the crown of France.

NAV. And that's the cause that Guise so frowns at us,
And beats his brains to catch us in his trap,
Which he hath pitch'd within his deadly toil.
Come, my lords, let's go to the church and pray
That God may still defend the right of France,
And make his gospel flourish in this land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter GUISE.

GUISE. If ever Hymen low'r'd at marriage rites,
And had his altars deck'd with dusky lights;
If ever sun stain'd heav'n with bloody clouds,
And made it look with terror on the world;
If ever day were turn'd to ugly night,
And night made semblance of the hue of hell;
This day, this hour, this fatal night,
Shall fully show the fury of them all.—

Enter the APOTHECARY.

APOTH. My lord.

GUISE. Now shall I prove, and guerdon to the full,
The love thou bear'st unto the house of Guise.
Where are those perfum'd gloves, which late I sent
To be poisoned? Hast thou done them? Speak.
Will ev'ry savour breed a pang of death?

APOTH. See where they be, my lord; and he that smells
But to them, dies.

GUISE. Then thou remainest resolute?

APOTH. I am, my lord, in what your grace commands,
Till death.

GUISE. Thanks, my good friend, I will requite thy love.
Go then, present them to the Queen Navarre,
For she is that huge blemish in our eye,
That makes these upstart heresies in France.
Begone, my friend, present them to her straight.—
Soldier! [*Exit Apoth.*

Enter a SOLDIER.

SOL. My lord.

GUISE. Now come thou forth, and play thy tragic part.
Stand in some window, op'ning near the street,
And when thou see'st the admiral ride by,
Discharge thy musket, and perform his death;
And then I'll guerdon thee with store of crowns.

SOL. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

GUISE. Now, Guise, begin those deep-engender'd thoughts
To burst abroad those never-dying flames,

Which cannot be extinguish'd but by blood.
Oft have I levell'd, and at last have learn'd
That peril is the chiefest way to happiness;
And resolution, honour's fairest aim.
What glory is there in a common good,
That hangs for ev'ry peasant to achieve?
That like I best, that flies beyond my reach.
Set me to scale the high Pyramides,
And thereon set the diadem of France;
I'll either rend it with my nails to nought,
Or mount the top with my aspiring wings,
Although my downfall be the deepest hell.
For this, I wake, when others think I sleep;
For this, I wait, that scorn attendance else;
For this, my quenchless thirst, whereon I build,
Hath often pleaded kindred to the king;
For this, this head, this heart, this hand and sword,
Contrive, imagine, and fully execute,
Matters of import aimed at by many,
Yet understood by none.
For this, hath heav'n engender'd me of earth;
For this, the earth sustains my body's weight;
And with this weight I'll counterpoise a crown,
Or with seditions weary all the world.
For this, from Spain the stately Catholic
Sends Indian gold to coin me French *ecus*;
For this, have I a largess from the pope;
A pension, and a dispensation too;
And by that privilege to work upon,
My policy hath framed religion.

Religion! O *Diabole!*
Fie! I am asham'd, however that I seem,
To think a word of such a simple sound,
Of so great matter should be made the ground.
The gentle king, whose pleasure uncontroul'd
Weakeneth his body, and will waste his realm,
If I repair not what he ruinates,
Him, as a child, I daily win with words,
So that for proof he barely bears the name:—
I execute, and he sustains the blame.
The Mother Queen works wonders for my sake,
And in my love entombs the hope of France;
Rifling the bowels of her treasury,
To supply my wants and necessity.
Paris hath full five hundred colleges,
As monasteries, priories, abbeys, and halls,
Wherein are thirty thousand able men,
Besides a thousand sturdy student Catholics:
And more,—of my knowledge, in one cloister keep
Five hundred fat Franciscan friars and priests.
All this, and more, if more may be compris'd,
To bring the will of our desires to end.
Then, Guise, since thou hast all the cards
Within thy hands, to shuffle or to cut,
Take this as surest thing,
That, right or wrong, thou deal thyself a king.—
Aye, but Navarre,—'tis but a nook of France,
Sufficient yet for such a petty king,
That with a rabblement of his heretics,
Blinds Europe's eyes, and troubleth our estate.

Him will we— [*Pointing to his sword.*
But first let's follow those in France,
That hinder our possession to the crown.
As Cæsar to his soldiers, so say I;
Those that hate me will I learn to loathe.
Give me a look, that when I bend the brows,
Pale death may walk in furrows of my face:
A hand, that with a grasp may gripe the world;
An ear to hear what my detractors say;
A royal seat, a sceptre, and a crown,
That those which do behold them, may become
As men that stand and gaze against the sun.
The plot is laid, and things shall come to pass,
Where resolution strives for victory. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter the KING *of* NAVARRE, MARGARET, *the Old* QUEEN *of* NAVARRE, *the* PRINCE *of* CONDE, *the* LORD HIGH ADMIRAL, *and the* APOTHECARY, *with the gloves, which he gives to the Old Queen.*

APOTH. Madam, I beseech your grace to accept this simple gift.

OLD QUEEN. Thanks, my good friend; hold, take thou this reward.

APOTH. I humbly thank your majesty. [*Exit.*

OLD QUEEN. Methinks the gloves have a very strong perfume,
The scent whereof doth make my head to ache.

NAV. Doth not your grace know the man that gave them you?

OLD QUEEN. Not well, but do remember such a man.

ADM. Your grace was ill-advis'd to take them, then,
Considering of these dangerous times.

OLD QUEEN. Help, son Navarre! I am poison'd!

MAR. The heavens forbid your highness such mishap!

NAV. The late suspicion of the duke of Guise,
Might well have mov'd your highness to beware
How you did meddle with such dang'rous gifts.

MAR. Too late it is, my lord, if that be true,
To blame her highness; but I hope it be
Only some nat'ral passion makes her sick.

OLD QUEEN. Oh! no, sweet Margaret; the

And see it honoured with just solemnity.

[*As they are going, the Soldier discharges his musket at the Admiral.*

CON. What, are you hurt, my Lord High Admiral?

ADM. Aye, my good lord, shot through the arm.

NAV. We are betrayed! come, my lords,
And let us go tell the king of this.

ADM. These are the cursed Guisians, that do seek our death.
Oh! fatal was this marriage to us all!

[*They bear away the Queen, and Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter KING CHARLES, QUEEN MOTHER, GUISE, ANJOU, *and* DUMAINE.

Q. MO. My noble son, and princely Duke of Guise,
Now have we got the fatal, straggling deer,
Within the compass of a deadly toil;
And as we late decreed, we may perform.

CHAR. Madam, it will be noted through the world,
An action bloody and tyrannical;
Chiefly, since under safety of our word,
They justly challenge their protection.
Besides, my heart rélents that noble men,
Only corrupted in religion,
Ladies of honour, knights, and gentlemen,
Should, for their conscience, taste such ruthless ends.

ANJ. Though gentle minds should pity other's pains,
Yet will the wisest note their proper griefs;
And rather seek to scourge their enemies,
Than be themselves base subjects to the whip.

GUISE. Methinks, my lord Anjou hath well advis'd
Your highness to consider of the thing;
And rather chuse to seek your country's good,
Than pity or relieve these upstart heretics.

Q. MO. I hope these reasons may serve my princely son
To have some care for fear of enemies.

CHAR. Well, madam, I refer it to your majesty,
And to my nephew here, the Duke of Guise:
What you determine, I will ratify.

Q. MO. Thanks to my princely son. Then tell me, Guise,
What order will you set down for the massacre?

GUISE. Thus, madam:—
They that shall be actors in this massacre,
Shall wear white crosses on their burgonets,
And tie white linen scarfs about their arms.
He that wants these, and is suspect of heresy,
Shall die, or be he king or emperor.
Then I'll have a peal of ordnance shot from the tower,
At which they all shall issue out, and 'set the streets;
And then, the watch-word being given, a bell shall ring,

Which when they hear, they shall begin to kill,
And never cease until that bell shall cease;
Then breathe awhile.

Enter a MESSENGER.

CHAR. How now, fellow, what news?

MES. An it please your grace, the lord High Admiral,
Riding the streets, was traitorously shot;
And most humbly entreats your majesty
To visit him, sick in his bed.

CHAR. Messenger, tell him I will see him straight.
[*Exit Messenger.*
What shall we do now with the Admiral?

Q. MO. Your majesty had best go visit him,
And make a show as if all were well.

CHAR. Content; I will go visit the Admiral.

GUISE. And I will go take order for his death.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V,

The ADMIRAL *discovered in bed. To him enter* KING CHARLES, *and others.*

CHAR. How fares it with my lord High Admiral?
Hath he been hurt with villains in the street?—
I vow and swear, as I am king of France,
To find, and to repay the man with death,
With death delay'd, and torments never us'd,
That durst presume, for hope of any gain,
To hurt the noble man his sov'reign loves.

ADM. Ah! my good lord, these are the Guisians,
That seek to massacre our guiltless lives.

CHAR. Assure yourself, my good lord Admiral,
I deeply sorrow for your treach'rous wrong;
And that I am not more secure myself,
Than I am careful you should be preserv'd.
Cousin, take twenty of our strongest guard,
And, under your direction, see they keep
All treach'rous violence from our noble friend;
Repaying all attempts with present death,
Upon the cursed breakers of our peace.
And so be patient, good lord Admiral,
And every hour I'll visit you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter GUISE, ANJOU, DUMAINE, GONZAGO, RETES, MOUNTSORREL, *and* SOLDIERS, *to the massacre.*

GUISE. Anjou, Dumaine, Gonzago, Retes,
Swear by the argent crosses on your burgonets,

And then beset his house, that not a man may live.

ANJ. That charge is mine. Switzers, keep you the streets;
And at each corner shall the king's guard stand.

GON. Come, sirs, follow me.

[*Exit Gonzago, with others.*

ANJ. Cousin, the captain of the Admiral's guard,
Plac'd by my brother, will betray his lord.
Now, Guise, shall Catholics flourish once again;
The head being off, the members cannot stand.

RETES. But look, my lord, there's some in the Admiral's house.

[*They enter into the house of the Admiral, who is in bed.*

SCENE VII.

Enter GUISE, ANJOU, DUMAINE, GONZAGO, RETES, MOUNTSORREL, *and others, to the* ADMIRAL.

ANJ. In lucky time; come, let us keep this lane,
And slay his servants that shall issue out.

GON. Where is the Admiral?

ADM. Oh! let me pray before I die.

GON. Then pray unto our Lady; kiss this cross.

[*Stabs him.*

ADM. Oh! God, forgive my sins!

GUISE. What, is he dead, Gonzago?

GON. Aye, my lord.

GUISE. Then throw him down.

ANJ. Now, cousin, view him well.
It may be 'tis some other, and he escap'd.

GUISE. Cousin, 'tis he, I know him by his look;

See where my soldier shot him through the arm;
He miss'd him near, but we have struck him now.
Ah! base Chatellain, and degenerate, chief standard-
bearer to the Lutherans,
Thus, in despite of thy religion,
The duke of Guise stamps on thy lifeless bulk.
Away with him: cut off his head and hands,
And send them for a present to the pope;
And when this just revenge is finished,
Unto Montfaucon will we drag his corse;
And he, that living hated so the cross,
Shall, being dead, be hang'd thereon in chains.
Anjou, Gonzago, Retes, if that you three
Will be as resolute as I and Dumaine,
There shall not a Hugonot breathe in France.

ANJ. I swear by this cross, we'll not be partial,
But slay as many as we can come near.

SCENE VIII.

GUISE *enters again, with all the rest, with their swords drawn, chasing the Protestants.*

GUISE. *Tue! tue! tue!* let none escape, murder the Hugonots.

ANJ. Kill them! kill them! [*Exeunt.*

Enter LOREINE, *running;* GUISE *and the rest pursuing him.*

GUISE. Loreine! Loreine! follow Loreine!—Sirrah,
Are you a preacher of these heresies?

LOR. I am a preacher of the word of God;
And thou a traitor to thy soul and him.

GUISE. "Dearly beloved brother"—thus 'tis written. . . [*Stabs him.*

ANJ. Stay, my lord, let me begin the psalm.

GUISE. Come, drag him away, and throw him in a ditch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MOUNTSORREL, *and knocks at* SEROUNE'S *door.*

SER. WIFE. [*Within.*] Who is that which knocks there?

MOUNT. Mountsorrell, from the duke of Guise,

SER. WIFE. Husband, come down; here's one would speak with you.
From the duke of Guise.

Enter SEROUNE.

SER. To speak with me, from such a man as he?

MOUNT. Aye, aye, for this Seroune; and thou shalt ha't. [*Shewing his dagger.*

SER. Oh! let me pray, before I take my death!

MOUNT. Dispatch then quickly.

SER. Oh, Christ, my Saviour!

MOUNT. Christ, villain!
Why, dar'st thou presume to call on Christ,
Without the intercession of some saint?
Sanctus Jacobus, he was my saint; pray to him.

SER. Oh! let me pray unto my God!

MOUNT. Then take this with you.
[*Stabs him and exit.*

Enter RAMUS, *in his study.*

RAMUS. What fearful cries come from the river Seine
That fright poor Ramus sitting at his book!
I fear the Guisians have pass'd the bridge,

TAL. I am, as Ramus is, a Christian.

RETES. Oh, let him go, he is a Catholic.

[*Exit Taleus.*

GON. Come, Ramus, more gold, or thou shalt have the stab.

RAMUS. Alas, I am a scholar! how should I have gold?

All that I have is but my stipend from the king.
Which is no sooner receiv'd, but it is spent.

Enter GUISE, ANJOU, *and the rest.*

ANJ. Whom have you there?

RETES. 'Tis Ramus, the king's professor of logic.

GUISE. Stab him!

RAMUS. Oh! good my lord, wherein hath Ramus been so offencious?

GUISE. Marry, sir, in having a smack in all,
And yet did'st never sound any thing to the depth.
Was it not thou that scoff'dst the Organon,
And said it was a heap of vanities?
He that will be a flat dichotomist,
And seen in nothing but epitomes,
Is in your judgment thought a learned man.
And he, forsooth, must go and preach in Germany;
Excepting against doctors' actions,
And *ipse dixi* with this quiddity
Argumentum testimonii est in arte partialis.
To contradict which, I say Ramus shall die;
How answer you that?—your *nego argumentum*
Cannot serve.—Sirrah, kill him!

RAMUS. Oh, my good lord, let me but speak a word.

ANJ. Well, say on.

RAMUS. Not for my life, do I desire this pause,
But in my latter hour to purge myself,
In that I know the things that I have wrote,
Which as I hear one Shekins takes it ill,
Because my places, being but three, contain all his.
I knew the Organon to be confus'd,
And I reduced it into better form.
And this for Aristotle will I say,
That he that despiseth him can ne'er
Be good in logic or philosophy.
And that's because the blockish Sorbonnists
Attribute as much unto their works,
As to the service of th' eternal God.

GUISE. Why suffer you that peasant to declaim?
Stab him, I say, and send him to his friends in hell.

ANJ. Ne'er was there collier's son so full of pride.

That are tutors to him and the prince of Condé.

ANJ. For that, let me alone; cousin, stay here,
And when you see me in, then follow hard.

He knocketh at the door, and enter the KING *of* NAVARRE, *the* PRINCE *of* CONDE, *with their* SCHOOLMASTERS.

How now, my lords, how fare you?

NAV. My lord, they say that all the Protestants are massacred.

ANJ. Aye, so they are, but yet, what remedy?
I have done all I could to stay the broil.

NAV. But yet, my lord, the report doth run,
That you were one that made the massacre.

ANJ. Who, I? you are deceiv'd; I rose but now.

GUISE. Murder the Hugonots! Take those pedants hence!

NAV. Thou traitor, Guise! lay off thy bloody hands.

COND. Come, let us go tell the king.

[*Exeunt Nav. and Condé.*

GUISE. Come, sirs, I'll whip you to death with my poignard's point. [*Stabs them.*

ANJ. Away with them both. [*Exit.*

GUISE. And now, sirs, for this night let our fury stay.
Yet will we not the massacre shall end:
Gonzago post you to Orleans,
Retes to Dieppe, Mountsorrell unto Rouen,
And spare not one that you suspect of heresy.

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I.

Enter ANJOU, *with two* LORDS *of*

ANJ. My lords of Poland, I must r
The offer of your Prince Elector's far
Beyond the reach of my deserts;
For Poland is, as I have been inform
A martial people worthy such a king
As hath sufficient council in himself
To lighten doubts, and frustrate subt
And such a king, whom practice lon
To please himself with manage of th
The greatest wars within our Christi
I mean our wars against the Musco
And on the other side against the T
Rich princes both, and mighty emp
Yet, by my brother Charles, our kin
And by his grace's council, it is tho
That if I undertake to wear the cro
Of Poland, it may prejudice their h
Of my inheritance to the crown of
For if th' Almighty take my brothe

By due descent the regal seat is mine.
With Poland, therefore, must I cov'nant thus,—
That if, by death of Charles, the diadem
Of France be cast on me, then, with your leaves,
I may retire me to my native home.
If your commission serve to warrant this,
I thankfully shall undertake the charge
Of you and yours; and carefully maintain
The wealth and safety of your kingdom's right.

1 LORD. All this, and more your highness shall command,
For Poland's crown and kingly diadem.

ANJ. Then, come, my lords, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter two MEN, *with the* ADMIRAL'S *body.*

1 MAN. Now, sirrah, what shall we do with the Admiral?

2 MAN. Why, let us burn him for a heretic.

1 MAN. Oh, no, his body will infect the fire, and the fire the air, and so we shall be poisoned with him.

2 MAN. What shall we do then?

1 MAN. Let's throw him into the river.

2 MAN. Oh! 'twill corrupt the water, and the water the fish, and the fish ourselves, when we eat them.

1 MAN. Then throw him into the ditch.

2 MAN. No, no; to decide all doubts, be ruled by me. Let's hang him upon this tree.

1 MAN. Agreed. [*They hang him up, and exeunt.*

Enter GUISE, *the* QUEEN MOTHER, *and the* CARDINAL, *with* ATTENDANTS.

GUISE. Now, madam, how like you our lusty Admiral?

Q. MO. Believe me, Guise, he becomes the place so well,
That I could long ere this have wished him there.
But come, let's walk aside; th' air's not very sweet.

GUISE. No, by my faith, madam.
Sirs, take him away, and throw him in some ditch.

[*The Attendants bear off the Admiral's body.*

And now, madam, as I understand,
There are an hundred Hugonots and more,
Which in the woods do hold their synagogue,
And daily meet about this time of day;
Thither will I, to put them to the sword.

Q. MO. Do so, sweet Guise; let us delay no time;
For if these stragglers gather head again,
And disperse themselves throughout the realm of France,
It will be hard for us to work their deaths.

GUISE. Madam, I go, as whirlwinds rage before a storm. [*Exit.*

Q. MO. My lord of Lorraine, have you mark'd of late,
How Charles, our son, begins for to lament
For the late night's-work, which my lord of Guise
Did make in Paris 'mongst the Hugonots?

CARD. Madam, I have heard him solemnly vow,
With the rebellious King of Navarre,
For to revenge their deaths upon us all.

Q. Mo. Aye, but, my lord, let me alone for that,
For Catherine must have her will in France.
As I do live, so surely shall he die,
And Henry then shall wear the diadem;
And if he grudge or cross his mother's will,
I'll disinherit him and all the rest;
For I'll rule France, but they shall wear the crown:
And if they storm, I then may pull them down.
Come, my lord, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter five or six PROTESTANTS, *with books, and kneel together. Enter also* GUISE, *and others.*

GUISE. Down with the Hugonots! murder them!
1 PRO. O Monsieur de Guise, hear me but speak!
GUISE. No, villain, no! that tongue of thine,
That hath blasphem'd the holy Church of Rome,
Shall drive no plaints into the Guise's ears,
To make the justice of my heart relent.
Tue! tue! tue! let none escape. [*They kill them.*
So, drag them away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING CHARLES, *supported by* NAVARRE *and* EPERNOUNE; *the* QUEEN MOTHER, *the* CARDINAL, *and* PLESHE.

CHAR. Oh! let me stay, and rest me here awhile;
A griping pain hath seiz'd upon my heart;
A sudden pain, the messenger of death.
Q. Mo. Oh, say not so, thou kill'st thy mother's heart.

CHAR. I must say so, pain forceth me to complain.

NAV. Comfort yourself, my lord, I have no doubt
But God will sure restore you to your health.

CHAR. Oh, no, my loving brother of Navarre,
I have deserv'd a scourge, I must confess;
Yet is there patience of another sort,
Than to misdo the welfare of their king:
God grant my nearest friends may prove no worse.
Oh! hold me up, my sight begins to fail,
My sinews shrink, my brain turns upside down,
My heart doth break, I faint and die. [*Dies.*

Q. MO. What? art thou dead, sweet son, speak to thy mother;
Oh! no, his soul is fled from out his breast,
And he nor hears nor sees us what we do.
My lords, what resteth now for to be done,
But that we presently dispatch ambassadors

NAV. And now, Navarre, whilst that these broils do last,
My opportunity may serve me fit
To steal from France, and hie me to my home;
For here's no safety in the realm for me.
And now that Henry is call'd from Poland,
It is my due, by just succession.
And therefore, as speedily as I can perform,
I'll muster up an army secretly,
For fear that Guise, join'd with the king of Spain,
Might seek to cross me in my enterprise.
But God, that always doth defend the right,
Will shew his mercy, and preserve us still.

PLESHE. The virtues of our poor religion,
Cannot but march, with many graces more,
Whose army shall discomfort all your foes,
And at the length, in Pampeluna crown
(In spite of Spain, and all the popish pow'r,
That holds it from your highness wrongfully,)
Your majesty her rightful lord and sov'reign.

NAV. Truth, Pleshe, and God so prosper me in all,
As I intend to labour for the truth,
And true profession of his holy word.
Come, Pleshe, let us away, while time doth serve.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Trumpets sounded within, and a cry of "Vive le Roi," two or three times.

Enter HENRY, *crowned;* QUEEN MOTHER, CARDINAL, GUISE, EPERNOUNE, MUGERON, *the* CUTPURSE, *and others.*

ALL. *Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi.*

[*A flourish of Trumpets.*

Q. Mo. Welcome from Poland, Henry, once again!

Welcome to France, thy father's royal seat!
Here hast thou a country void of fears;
A warlike people to maintain thy right;
A watchful senate for ordaining laws;
A loving mother to preserve thy state;
And all things that a king may wish besides:

No person, place, or time, or circumstance,
Shall slack my love's affection from his bent;
As now you are, so shall you still persist;
Removeless from the favours of your king.

MUGE. We know that noble minds change not their thoughts,
For wearing of a crown, in that your grace
Hath worn the Poland diadem before
You were invested with the crown of France.

KING. I tell thee, Mugeron, we will be friends,
And fellows too, whatever storms arise.

MUGE. Then may it please your majesty to give me leave.
To punish those that do profane this holy feast.

KING. How mean'st thou that?

[*Mugeron cuts off the Cutpurse's ear, for cutting the gold buttons off his cloak.*

CUTP. Oh, Lord, mine ear!

MUGE. Come, sir, give me my buttons, and here's your ear.

GUISE. Sirrah, take him away.

KING. Hands off, good fellow, I will be his bail
For this offence. Go, sirrah, work no more
Till this our coronation day be past.
And now, our rites of coronation done,
What now remains but for awhile to feast,
And spend some days in barriers, tournay, tilt,
And like disports, such as do fit the court?
Let's go my lords, our dinner stays for us.

[*Exeunt all but the Queen Mother and Cardinal.*

Q. Mo. My lord cardinal of Lorraine, tell me,
How likes your grace my son's pleasantness?
His mind, you see, runs on his minions,
And all his heaven is to delight himself;
And whilst he sleeps securely thus in ease,
Thy brother Guise and we may now provide
To plant ourselves with such authority,
That not a man may live without our leaves.
Then shall the Catholic faith of Rome
Flourish in France, and none deny the same.

CARD. Madam, as I in secresy was told,
My brother Guise hath gather'd a power of men
Which are he saith to kill the Puritans,
But 'tis the House of Bourbon that he means;
Now, madam, must you insinuate with the king,
And tell him that 'tis for his country's good,
And common profit of religion.

MAID. I will madam. [*Exit.*

DUCH. That I may write unto my dearest lord;
Sweet Mugeron, 'tis he that hath my heart
And Guise usurps it 'cause I am his wife.
Fain would I find some means to speak with him,
But cannot, and therefore am enforc'd to write,
That he may come and meet me in some place,
Where we may one enjoy the other's sight.

Re-enter the MAID, *with ink and paper.*

So, set it down, and leave me to myself.

[*Exit Maid. She writes.*

Oh! would to God, this quill that here doth write,
Had late been pluck'd from out fair Cupid's wing,
That it might print these lines within his heart.

Enter GUISE.

GUISE. What all alone, my love, and writing too?
I pr'ythee say to whom thou writ'st.

DUCH. To such a one, as when she reads my lines,
Will laugh, I fear me, at their good array.

GUISE. I pray thee, let me see.

DUCH. Oh, no, my lord, a woman only must
Partake the secrets of my heart.

GUISE. But, madam, I must see—
Are these your secrets that no man must know?

[*Snatches the paper, and reads it.*

DUCH. Oh! pardon me, my lord.

GUISE. Thou trothless and unjust, what lines are these?
Am I grown old, or is thy lust grown young?

Or hath my love been so obscur'd in thee,
That others need to comment on my text?
Is all my love forgot, which held thee dear,
Aye, dearer than the apple of mine eye?
Is Guise's glory but a cloudy mist,
In sight and judgment of thy lustful eye?
Mort Dieu! were not the fruit within thy womb,
On whose increase I set some longing hope,
This wrathful hand should strike thee to the heart!
Hence, strumpet! hide thy head for shame;
And fly my presence, if thou look'st to live—
[*Exit Duchess.*

O wicked sex, perjured and unjust!
Now do I see that from the very first,
Her eyes and looks sow'd seeds of perjury.
But villain, he, to whom these lines should go,
Shall buy her love e'en with his dearest blood. [*Exit*

Spain is the council-chamber of the Pope,
Spain is the place where he makes peace and war,
And Guise for Spain hath now incens'd the king,
To send his power to meet us in the field.

BAR. Then in this bloody brunt they may behold
The sole endeavour of your princely care,
To plant the true succession of the faith,
In spite of Spain and all his heresies.

NAV. The pow'r of vengeance now implants itself
Upon the haughty mountains of my breast;
Plays with her gory colours of revenge,
Whom I respect as leaves of boasting green,
That change their colour when the winter comes,
When I shall vaunt as victor in revenge.

Enter a MESSENGER.

How now, sirrah, what news?

MES. My lord, as by our scouts we understand,
A mighty army comes from France with speed;
Which is already muster'd in the land,
And means to meet your highness in the field.

NAV. In God's name let them come.
This is the Guise that hath incens'd the king
To levy arms, and make these civil broils.
But canst thou tell me who's their general?

MES. Not yet, my lord, for thereon do they stay;
But, as report doth go, the duke Joyeux
Hath made great suit unto the king therefore.

NAV. It will not countervail his pains, I hope.
I would the Guise in his stead might have come;
But he doth lurk within his drowsy couch,

And makes his footstool on security:
So he be safe, he cares not what becomes
Of king or country; no, not for them both.
But come, my lords, let us away with speed,
And place ourselves in order for the fight. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the KING *of* FRANCE, GUISE, EPERNOUNE *and* DUKE JOYEUX.

KING. My sweet Joyeux, I make thee general
Of all my army, now in readiness
To march against the rebellious king, Navarre;
At thy request I am content thou go'st,
Although my love to thee can hardly suffer't,
Regarding still the danger of thy life.

JOYEUX. Thanks to your majesty; and so I take my leave.
Farewell, my lord of Guise, and Epernoune.

GUISE. Health and hearty farewell to my lord Joyeux. [*Exit Joyeux.*

KING. How kindly, cousin Guise, you and your wife
Do both salute our lovely minions.
Remember you the letter, gentle sir,
Which your wife writ
To my dear minion, and her chosen friend?
[*Makes horns at Guise.*

GUISE. How now, my lord? faith, this is more than need.
Am I to be thus jested at and scorn'd?
'Tis more than kingly or imperious.
And, sure, if all the proudest kings beside

In Christendom should bear me such derision,
They should know I scorn'd them and their mocks.
I love your minions! doat on them yourself;
I know none else but holds them in disgrace.
And here, by all the saints in heav'n, I swear
That villain for whom I bear this deep disgrace,
E'en for your words that have incens'd me so,
Shall buy that strumpet's favour with his blood.
Whether he have dishonour'd me or no,
Par la mort de Dieu il mourra! [*Exit.*

KING. Believe me, Epernoune, this jest bites sore.

EPER. My lord, 'twere good to make them friends,
For his oaths are seldom spent in vain.

Enter MUGERON.

KING. How now, Mugeron, met'st thou not the Guise at the door?

MUGE. Not I, my lord; what if I had?

KING. Marry, if thou had'st, thou might'st have had the stab,
For he had solemnly sworn thy death.

MUGE. I may be stabb'd, and live till he be dead.
But wherefore bears he me such deadly hate?

KING. Because his wife bears thee such kindly love.

MUGE. If that be all, the next time that I meet her, I'll make her shake off love with her heels. But which way is he gone? I'll go take a walk on purpose from the court to meet with him. [*Exit.*

KING. I like not this; come, Epernoune, let's go seek the duke, and make them friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Alarums, and a cry within—"The Duke Joyeuse is slain."

Enter NAVARRE *and his train.*

NAV. The duke is slain, and all his power dispers'd,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
Thus God we see doth ever guide the right,
To make his glory great upon the earth.

BAR. The terror of this happy victory,
I hope will make the king surcease his hate;
And either never manage army more,
Or else employ them in some better cause.

NAV. How many noble men have lost their lives,
In prosecution of these cruel arms,
Is ruth and almost death to call to mind.
But God we know will always put them down,

standing where you should not. And whereas he is your landlord, you would take upon you to be his; and till the ground that he himself should occupy, which is his own free land. If it be not too free—there's the question. And though I come not to take possession, (as I would I might) yet I mean to keep you out; which I will, if this gear hold.—

Enter MUGERON.

What! are ye come so soon? have at ye, sir.

[*Shoots at Mugeron and kills him.*

Enter GUISE *and* ATTENDANTS.

GUISE. Hold thee, tall soldier, take thou this, and fly.— [*Exit Soldier.*

Lie there, the king's delight, and Guise's scorn;
Revenge it, Henry, as thou list'st or dar'st,
I did it only in despite of thee.

[*The attendants bear off Mugeron's body.*

Enter the KING *and* EPERNOUNE.

KING. My lord of Guise, we understand that you
Have gathered a power of men;
What your intent is yet we cannot learn,
But we presume it is not for our good.

GUISE. Why, I'm no traitor to the crown of France;
What I have done 'tis for the Gospel's sake.

EPER. Nay, for the Pope's sake, and thine own benefit.
What peer in France but thou, aspiring Guise,
Durst be in arms without the king's consent?
I challenge thee for treason in the cause.

GUISE. Oh! base Epernoune, were not his highness here,
Thou should'st perceive the duke of Guise is mov'd.
KING. Be patient, Guise, and threat not Epernoune
Lest thou perceive the king of France be mov'd.
GUISE. Why, I am a prince of the Valois's line,
Therefore an enemy to the Bourbonites.
I am a juror in the holy league,
And therefore hated of the Protestants.
What should I do but stand upon my guard?
And being able, I'll keep an host in pay.
EPER. Thou able to maintain an host in pay,
That livest by foreign exhibition!
The Pope and king of Spain are thy good friends,
Else all France knows how poor a duke thou art.
KING. Aye, those are they that feed him with their gold,

KING. Guise, wear our crown, and be thou king of France,
And, as dictator, make or war, or peace,
Whilst I cry *placet*, like a senator.
I cannot brook thy haughty insolence.
Dismiss thy camp, or else by our edict,
Be thou proclaim'd a traitor throughout France.

GUISE. The choice is hard, I must dissemble. [*Aside.*
My lord, in token of my true humility;
And simple meaning to your majesty,
I kiss your grace's hand, and take my leave,
Intending to dislodge my camp with speed.

KING. Then farewell, Guise, the king and thou are friends. [*Exit Guise.*

EPER. But trust him not, my lord, for had your highness
Seen with what a pomp he enter'd Paris,
And how the citizens with gifts and shows
Did entertain him, and promised to be at his command—
Nay, they fear'd not to speak in the streets,
That Guise durst stand in arms against the king,
For not effecting of his holiness' will.

KING. Did they of Paris entertain him so?
Then means he present treason to our state.
Well, let me alone.—Who's within there?

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Make a discharge of all my council straight,
And I'll subscribe my name, and seal it straight.

My head shall be my council; they are false;
And, Epernoune, I will be ruled by thee.

EPER. My lord, I think, for safety of your person,
It would be good the Guise were made away,
And so to quit your grace of all suspect.

KING. First let us set our hand and seal to this,
And then I'll tell thee what I mean to do. [*Writes.*
So, convey this to the council presently.
[*Exit Attendant.*
And, Epernoune, though I seem mild and calm,
Think not but I am tragical within.
I'll secretly convey me unto Blois;
For now that Paris takes the Guise's part,
Here is not staying for the king of France,
Unless he means to be betray'd and die;
But, as I live, so sure the Guise shall die. [*Exeunt.*

NAV. Bartus, it shall be so; post then to France,
And there salute his highness in our name;
Assure him all the aid we can provide,
Against the Guisians and their complices.
Bartus, begone; commend me to his grace,
And tell him, ere't be long, I'll visit him.

BAR. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter PLESHE.

NAV. Pleshe.

PLESHE. My lord.

NAV. Pleshe, go muster up our men with speed,
And let them march away to France amain,
For we must aid the king against the Guise.
Begone, I say, 'tis time that we were there.

PLESHE. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

NAV. That wicked Guise, I fear me much, will be
The ruin of that famous realm of France;
For his aspiring thoughts aim at the crown,
He takes his vantage on religion,
To plant the Pope and popelings in the realm,
And bind it wholly to the see of Rome:
But if that God do prosper mine attempts,
And send us safely to arrive in France,
We'll beat him back, and drive him to his death,
That basely seeks the ruin of his realm. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter the CAPTAIN *of the* GUARD, *and three* MURDERERS.

CAP. Come on, sirs; what, are you resolutely bent,

Hating the life and honour of the Guise?
What, will you not fear, when you see him come?

1 MURD. Fear him, said you? tush! were he here, we would kill him presently.

2 MURD. Oh, that his heart were leaping in my hand!

1 MURD. But when will he come, that we may murther him?

CAP. Well then, I see you are resolute.

1 MURD. Let us alone, I warrant you.

CAP. Then, sirs, take your standings within this chamber; for anon the Guise will come.

All three MURDERERS. You'll give us our money!

CAP. Aye, aye, fear not; stand close; be resolute.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*

Now falls the star whose influence governs France,
Whose light was deadly to the protestants.

GUISE *knocks without.*

GUISE. Holloa, varlet, hey! Epernoune, where's the king?

EPER. Mounted his royal cabinet.

GUISE. I pr'ythee tell him that the Guise is here.

EPER. An't please your grace, the duke of Guise doth crave
Access unto your highness.

KING. Let him come in.—
Come Guise, and see thy trait'rous guile outreach'd,
And perish in the pit thou mad'st for me. [*Aside.*

Enter GUISE.

GUISE. Good morrow to your majesty.

KING. Good morrow to my loving cousin of Guise:
How fares it this morning with your excellence?

GUISE. I heard your majesty was scarcely pleas'd,
That in the court I bear so great a train.

KING. They were to blame, that said I was displeas'd;
And you, good cousin, to imagine it.
'Twere hard with me, if I should doubt my kin,
Or be suspicious of my dearest friends.
Cousin, assure you I am resolute,
Whatever any whisper in mine ears,
Not to suspect disloyalty in thee;
And so, sweet coz, farewell.

[*Exeunt King and Epernoune.*

GUISE. So!

Now sues the king for favour to the Guise,
And all his minions stoop when I command:
Why, this 'tis to have an army in the field.
Now, by the holy sacrament, I swear,
As ancient Romans o'er their captive lords,
So will I triumph o'er this wanton king;
And he shall follow my proud chariot's wheels.
Now do I but begin to look about,
And all my former time was spent in vain.
Hold, sword, for in thee is the Guise's hope.

Enter one of the MURDERERS.

Villain, why dost thou look so ghastly? speak!

MURD. O pardon me, my lord of Guise.

GUISE. Pardon thee! why, what hast thou done

MURD. O my lord, I am one of them that is set to murder you.

GUISE. To murder me, villain?

GUISE. Oh! I've my death-wound! give me leave to speak!

2 MURD. Then pray to God, and ask forgiveness of the king.

GUISE. Trouble me not, I ne'er offended him,
Nor will I ask forgiveness of the king.
Oh! that I have not power to stay my life,
Nor immortality to be reveng'd!
To die by peasants, what a grief is this!
Ah! Sextus, be reveng'd upon the king!
Philip and Parma, I am slain for you!
Pope, excommunicate Philip, depose
The wicked branch of curst Valois's line.
Vive la messe! perish Hugonots!
Thus Cæsar did go forth, and thus he dies. [*Dies.*

Enter the CAPTAIN *of the* GUARD.

CAP. What, have you done?
Then stay awhile, and I'll go call the king;
But see where he comes.—

Enter KING *and* EPERNOUNE.

My lord, see where the Guise is slain.

KING. Ah! this sweet sight is physic to my soul;
Go, fetch his son for to behold his death.—
Surcharg'd with guilt of thousand massacres,
Monsieur of Lorraine, sink away to hell,
In just remembrance of those bloody broils,
To which thou didst allure me being alive.
And here, in presence of you all, I swear
I ne'er was king of France until this hour.
This is the traitor that hath spent my gold,

In making foreign wars, and cruel broils.
Did he not draw a sort of English priests,
From Douay to the seminary at Rheims,
To hatch forth treason 'gainst their nat'ral queen?
Did he not cause the king of Spain's huge fleet
To threaten England, and to menace me?
Did he not injure Monsieur that's deceas'd?
Hath he not made me, in the Pope's defence,
To spend the treasure that should strength my land,
In civil broils between Navarre and me?
Tush! to be short, he meant to make me monk;
Or else to murder me, and so be king.
Let Christian princes, that shall hear of this,
(As all the world shall know our Guise is dead,)
Rest satisfied with this, that here I swear,
Ne'er was there king of France so yok'd as I!

EPER. My lord, here is his son.

And that young cardinal that's grown so proud?
Go to the governor of Orleans,
And will him, in my name, to kill the duke.

[*To the Captain of the Guard.*

Get you away, and strangle the cardinal.

[*To the Murderers.*

[*Exeunt Captain of the Guard, and Murderers.*

These two will make one entire duke of Guise;
Especially with our old mother's help.

EPER. My lord, see where she comes,
As if she droop'd to hear the news.

Enter the QUEEN MOTHER *and* ATTENDANTS.

KING. And let her droop; my heart is light enough.
Mother, how like you this device of mine?
I slew the Guise, because I would be king.

Q. MO. King! why so thou wert before;
Pray God thou be a king now this is done!

KING. Nay, he was king, and countermanded me;
But now I will be king, and rule myself,
And make the Guisians stoop that are alive.

Q. MO. I cannot speak for grief.—When thou wast born,
I would that I had murder'd thee, my son!
My son!—Thou art a changeling, not my son!
I curse thee, and exclaim thee miscreant,
Traitor to God, and to the realm of France.

KING. Cry out, exclaim, howl till thy throat be hoarse!
The Guise is slain, and I rejoice therefore.
And now will I to arms. Come, Epernoune,

And let her grieve her heart out if she will.

[*Exeunt King and Epernoune.*

Q. Mo. Away! leave me alone to meditate!

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Sweet Guise, would he had died, so thou wert here!
To whom shall I bewray my secrets now,
Or who will help to build religion?
The protestants will glory and insult;
Wicked Navarre will get the crown of France;
The Popedom cannot stand; all goes to wrack;
And all for thee my Guise; what may I do
But sorrow seize upon my toiling soul?
For since the Guise is dead, I will not live. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter two MURDERERS, *dragging in the* CARDINAL.

CARD. Murder me not, I am a Cardinal.

1 MURD. Yours, my lord Cardinal, you should have said. [*They strangle him.*
So pluck amain; he is hard-hearted; therefore pull with violence! Come, take him away.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter DUMAINE, *reading a letter; with others.*

DU. My noble brother murder'd by the king!
Oh! what may I do to revenge thy death?
The king's alone it cannot satisfy.
Sweet duke of Guise, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art dead, here is no stay for us.
I am thy brother, and I'll revenge thy death,
And root Valois's line from forth of France;
And beat proud Bourbon to his native home,
That basely seeks to join with such a king,
Whose murd'rous thoughts will be his overthrow.
He will'd the Governor of Orleans, in his name,
That I with speed should have been put to death;
But that's prevented for to end his life,
And all those traitors to the church of Rome,
That durst attempt to murder noble Guise.

Enter a FRIAR.

FRI. My lord, I come to bring you news that your brother the cardinal of Lorraine, by the king's consent, is lately strangled unto death.

DU. My brother Cardinal slain, and I alive!
O words of pow'r to kill a thousand men!
Come, let's away, and levy men;
'Tis war that must assuage the tyrant's pride.

FRI. My lord, hear me but speak.—

I am a friar of the Order of the Jacobines,
That for my conscience' sake will kill the king.

DUM. But what doth move thee, above the rest, to do the deed.

FRI. O, my lord, I have been a great sinner in my days; and the deed is meritorious.

DUM. But how wilt thou get opportunity?

FRI. Tush, my lord, let me alone for that.

DUM. Friar, come with me;
We will go talk more of this within. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter the KING *of* FRANCE *and* NAVARRE, EPERNOUNE, BARTUS, PLESHE, *and* SOLDIERS.

Drums and Trumpets.

KING. Brother of Navarre, I sorrow much,
That ever I was prov'd your enemy;
And that the sweet and princely mind you bear,
Was ever troubled with injurious wars.
I vow, as I am lawful king of France,
To recompense your reconciled love
With all the honours and affections
That ever I vouchsaf'd my dearest friends.

NAV. It is enough if that Navarre may be
Esteemed faithful to the king of France,
Whose service he may still command to death.

KING. Thanks to my kingly brother of Navarre!
Then there he'll lie before Lutetia's walls,
Girting this strumpet city with our siege,
Till surfeiting with our afflicting arms,

She cast her hateful stomach to the earth.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MES. An it please your majesty, here is a friar of the Order of the Jacobins, sent from the President of Paris, that craves access unto your grace.

KING. Let him come in.

Enter the FRIAR, *with a letter.*

EPER. I like not this friar's look;
'Twere not amiss, my lord, if he were search'd.

KING. Sweet Epernoune, our friars are holy men,
And will not offer violence to their king,
For all the wealth and treasure of the world.
Friar, thou dost acknowledge me thy king!

FRI. Aye, my good lord, and will die therein.

KING. Then come thou near, and tell what news thou bring'st.

FRI. My lord,
The president of Paris greets your grace,
And sends his duty by these speedy lines.
Humbly craving your gracious reply.

KING. I'll read them, friar, and then I'll answer thee.

FRI. Sancte Jacobus, now have mercy on me!

[*He stabs the king with a knife, as he reads the letter; and then the king gets the knife, and kills him.*

EPER. O, my lord let him live awhile!

KING. No, let the villain die, and feel in hell
Just torments for his treachery.

NAV. What, is your highness hurt?

KING. Yes, Navarre, but not to death, I hope.

NAV. God shield your grace from such a sudden death!

Go, call a surgeon hither straight.

KING. What irreligious Pagans' parts be these,
Of such as hold them of the holy church!
Take hence that damned villain from my sight.

EPER. Ah! had your highness let him live,
We might have punish'd him for his deserts.

KING. Sweet Epernoune, all rebels under heav'n
Shall take example by his punishment,
How they bear arms against their sovereign.
Go, call the English agent hither straight;
I'll send my sister England news of this,
And give her warning of her treach'rous foes.

Enter a SURGEON.

NAV. Pleaseth your grace to let the surgeon search your wound?

KING. The wound, I warrant you, is deep, my lord:
Search, surgeon, and resolve me what thou see'st.

[*The surgeon searches.*

Enter the ENGLISH AGENT.

Agent for England, send thy mistress word
What this detested Jacobin hath done.
Tell her, for all this, that I hope to live;
Which if I do, the papal monarch goes to wrack;
And antichristian kingdom falls.

These bloody hands shall tear his triple crown,
And fire accursed Rome about his ears;
I'll fire his crazed buildings, and incense
The papal towers to kiss the holy earth.
Navarre, give me thy hand; I here do swear
To ruinate this wicked Church of Rome,
That hatcheth up such bloody practices:
And here protest eternal love to thee,
And to the Queen of England especially,
Whom God hath blest for hating popery.

NAV. These words revive my thoughts, and comfort me,
To see your highness in this virtuous mind.

KING. Tell me, surgeon, shall I live?

SURG. Alas, my lord, the wound is dangerous,
For you are stricken with a poison'd knife.

KING. A poison'd knife!—What, shall the French king die,
Wounded and poison'd both at once?

EPER. Oh! that that damned villain were alive again,
That we might torture him with some new-found death!

BAR. He died a death too good;
The devil of hell torture his wicked soul!

KING. Oh! curse him not, since he is dead.
O, the fatal poison works within my breast.
Tell me, surgeon, and flatter not—may I live!

SURG. Alas! my lord, your highness cannot live.

NAV. Surgeon, why say'st thou so? The king may live.

KING. O, no, Navarre, thou must be king of France.

NAV. Long may you live, and still be king of France.

EPER. Or else, die Epernoune.

KING. Sweet Epernoune, thy king must die. My lords,
Fight in the quarrel of this valiant prince,
For he's your lawful king, and my next heir;
Valois's line ends in my tragedy.
Now let the House of Bourbon wear the crown,
And may't ne'er end in blood, as mine hath done.
Weep not, sweet Navarre, but revenge my death.
Ah! Epernoune, is this thy love to me?
Henry, thy king, wipes off these childish tears,
And bids thee whet thy sword on Sextus' bones,
That it may keenly slice the Catholics.
He loves me not the best that sheds most tears,
But he that makes most lavish of his blood.
Fire Paris, where these treach'rous rebels lurk.
I die, Navarre! come bear me to my sepulchre;
Salute the Queen of England in my name,
And tell her Henry dies her faithful friend. [*Dies.*

NAV. Come, lords, take up the body of the king,
That we may see it honourably interr'd:
And then I vow so to revenge his death,

That Rome, and all those popish prelates there,
Shall curse the time that e'er Navarre was king,
And rul'd in France by Henry's fatal death.

[*They march out, with the body of the king lying on four men's shoulders, with a dead march, drawing weapons on the ground.*

DIDO,

QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.

DIDO QUEEN OF CARTHAGE. This is a very scarce play, only three copies being known to be extant, one in the Bodleian library, one in the Marquis of Stafford's collection, and the third in the possession of Mr. Heber. Mr. Malone only knew of two in the possession of Dr. Wright and Mr. Reed. To one of these, now in the Bodleian, he has appended a note from which the following extract is copied—

"Mr. Warton speaks in his Hist. of Eng. Poetry, (III. p. 435.) of an Elegy being prefixed to it [Dido] on the death of Marlowe; but no such is found in either of those copies. In answer to my enquiries on this subject, he informed me, by letter, that a copy of this play was in Osborn's Catalogue in the year 1754; that he then saw it in his shop (together with several of Mr. Oldys's books that Osborne had purchased) and that the elegy in question "On Marlowe's untimely death," was inserted immediately after the title page: that it mentioned a play of Marlowe's, entitled the "Duke of Guise," and four others, but whether particularly by name, he could not recollect. Unluckily he did not purchase this rare piece, and it is now God knows where.

"Bishop Tanner likewise mentions this elegy, in so particular a manner, that he must have seen it. 'Marlovius (Christopherus) quondam in Academiâ Cantabrigiensi, Musarum Alumnus; postea actor scienicus; deinde poeta dramaticus tragicus, paucis inferior. Scripsit plurimas Tragedias, Sc. Tamerlane, Tragedie of Dido, Queen of Carthage,—Pr. 'Come gentle Ganymed.' Hanc perfecit et edidit Tho. Nash, Lond. 1594. 4to. Petowius in præfatione ad secun-

dam partem Herois et Leandri multa in Ma
Commendationem adfert; hoc etiam facit, Tho. N
in Carmine Elegiaco Tragediæ Didonis præfi
obitum Christoph. Marlovii, ubi quatuor ejus tra
arum mentionem facit, necnon et alterius de
Guisio.'—*Bib. Britan.* 1748.

"I suspect Mr. Wharton had no other aut
than this, for saying, that this play was left im
by Marlowe, and completed and published by
For it does not appear from the title-page that
not written in conjunction by him and Marlo
the life-time of the former [Marlowe].' P
Nashe's Elegy might ascertain this point.'

It is much to be regretted that no copy o
elegy (if it ever existed) is to be found, as it
not only ascertain the point mentioned by Mr. M
but would also prove which of the plays ascri
Marlowe are really genuine.

The Tragedie of Dido Queene of Carthage: Played by the Children of her Majesties Chappell. Written by Christopher Marlowe, and Thomas Nash. Gent.

ACTORS.

JUPITER.	ASCANIUS.
GANYMEDE.	DIDO.
VENUS.	ANNA.
CUPID.	ACHATES.
JUNO.	ILIONEUS.
MERCURIE, or HERMES.	IARBAS.
ÆNEAS.	CLOANTHUS.
	SERGESTUS.

At London, Printed, by the Widdowe Orwin, for Thomas Woodcocke, and are to be solde at his Shop, in Paule's Churchyard, at the Signe of the Blacke Beare. 1594.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JUPITER.
GANYMEDE.
CUPID.
MERCURY.
ÆNEAS.
ASCANIUS.
ACHATES.
ILIONEUS.
CLOANTHUS.
SERGESTUS.
IARBAS.

JUNO.
VENUS.
DIDO.
ANNA.
NURSE.
LORDS, &c.

DIDO,

QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Here the curtains draw:—there is discovered JUPITER *dandling* GANYMEDE *upon his knee, and* MERCURY *lying asleep.*

JUP. Come, gentle Ganymede, and play with me;
I love thee well, say Juno what she will.

GAN. I am much better for your worthless love,
That will not shield me from her shrewish blows:
To-day, when as I fill'd into your cups,
And held the cloth of pleasance while you drank,
She reach'd me such a rap for that I spill'd,
As made the blood run down about mine ears.

JUP. What! dares she strike the darling of my thoughts?
By Saturn's soul, and this earth threat'ning air,
That, shaken thrice, makes nature's buildings quake,
I vow, if she but once frown on thee more,
To hang her, meteor-like, 'twixt heaven and earth,
And bind her hand and foot with golden cords,
As once I did for harming Hercules!

GAN. Might I but see that pretty sport a-foot,
O how would I with Helen's brother laugh,
And bring the Gods to wonder at the game.
Sweet Jupiter! if e'er I pleas'd thine eye,
Or seemed fair wall'd-in with eagle's wings,
Grace my immortal beauty with this boon,
And I will spend my time in thy bright arms.

JUP. What is't, sweet wag, I should deny thy youth?
Whose face reflects such pleasure to mine eyes,
As I, exhal'd with thy fire-darting beams,
Have oft driven back the horses of the night,
When as they would have hal'd thee from my sight.
Sit on my knee, and call for thy content,
Controul proud fate, and cut the thread of time:
Why, are not all the gods at thy command,
And heaven and earth the bounds of thy delight?
Vulcan shall dance to make thee laughing sport,
And my nine daughters sing when thou art sad;
From Juno's bird I'll pluck her spotted pride,
To make thee fans wherewith to cool thy face;
And Venus' swans shall shed their silver down,
To sweeten out the slumbers of thy bed:
Hermes no more shall shew the world his wings,
If that thy fancy in his feathers dwell,
But as this one I'll tear them all from him,
Do thou but say, "their colour pleaseth me."
Hold here, my little love, these linked gems,
My Juno wore upon her marriage day,
Put thou about thy neck, my own sweet heart

And trick thy arms and shoulders with my theft.

GAN. I would have a jewel for mine ear,
And a fine broach to put into my hat,
And then I'll hug with you a hundred times.

JUP. And shalt have, Ganymede, if thou wilt be my love.

Enter VENUS.

VEN. Aye, this is it; you can sit toying there,
And playing with that female wanton boy,
While my Æneas wanders on the seas,
And rests a prey to every billow's pride.
Juno, false Juno, in her chariot's pomp,
Drawn through the heavens by steeds of Boreas' brood,
Made Hebe to direct her airy wheels
Into the windy country of the clouds;
Where, finding Æolus intrench'd with storms,
And guarded with a thousand grisly ghosts,
She humbly did beseech him for our bane,
And charg'd him drown my son with all his train.
Then 'gan the winds break ope their brazen doors,
And all Æolia to be up in arms;
Poor Troy must now be sack'd upon the sea,
And Neptune's waves be envious men of war;
Epeus' horse to Ætna's hill transform'd,
Prepared stands to wreck their wooden walls;
And Æolus, like Agamemnon, sounds
The surges, like fierce soldiers, to the spoil:
See how the night, Ulysses-like, comes forth,
And intercepts the day as Dolon erst!

Ah, me! the stars surpris'd, like Rhesus' steeds,
Are drawn by darkness forth Astræa's tents.
What shall I do to save thee, my sweet boy?
When as the waves do threat our chrystal world,
And Proteus, raising hills of floods on high,
Intends, ere long, to sport him in the sky.
False Jupiter! reward'st thou virtue so?
What! is not piety exempt from woe?
Then die, Æneas, in thy innocence,
Since that religion hath no recompence.

JUP. Content thee, Cytherea, in thy care,
Since thy Æneas' wand'ring fate is firm,
Whose weary limbs shall shortly make repose
In those fair walls I promis'd him of yore:
But first in blood must his good fortune bud,
Before he be the lord of Turnus' town,
Or force her smile, that hitherto hath frown'd:
Three winters shall he with the Rutiles war

Whose azur'd gates, enchased with his name,
Shall make the morning haste her grey uprise,
To feed her eyes with his engraven fame.
Thus, in stout Hector's race, three hundred years
The Roman sceptre royal shall remain,
Till that a princess, priest-conceiv'd by Mars,
Shall yield to dignity a double birth,
Who will eternise Troy in their attempts.

VEN. How may I credit these thy flattering terms,
When yet both sea and sand beset their ships,
And Phœbus, as in Stygian pools, refrains
To taint his tresses in the Tyrrhene main?

JUP. I will take order for that presently:—
Hermes, awake! and haste to Neptune's realm;
Whereas the wind-god, warring now with fate,
Besiege the offspring of our kingly loins,
Charge him from me to turn his stormy powers,
And fetter them in Vulcan's sturdy brass,
That durst thus proudly wrong our kinsman's peace.
Venus, farewell! thy son shall be our care;
Come, Ganymede, we must about this gear.

[*Exeunt Jupiter and Ganymede.*

VEN. Disquiet seas, lay down your swelling looks,
And court Æneas with your calmy cheer,
Whose beauteous burden well might make you proud,
Had not the heavens, conceiv'd with hell-born clouds,
Veil'd his resplendent glory from your view;
For my sake, pity him, Oceanus,

That erst-while issued from thy wat'ry loins,
And had my being from thy bubbling froth:
Triton, I know, hath fill'd his trump with Troy,
And, therefore, will take pity on his toil,
And call both Thetis and Cymodoce,
To succour him in this extremity.

Enter ÆNEAS, ASCANIUS, ACHATES, *and one or two more.*

What! do I see my son now come on shore?
Venus, how art thou compass'd with content,
The while thine eyes attract their sought-for joys:
Great Jupiter! still honour'd may'st thou be,
For this so friendly aid in time of need!
Here in this bush disguised will I stand,
Whiles my Æneas spends himself in plaints,
And heaven and earth with his unrest acquaints.

ÆN. You sons of care, companions of my course,
Priam's misfortune follows us by sea

Do thou but smile, and cloudy heaven will clear,
Whose night and day descendeth from thy brows:
Though we be now in extreme misery,
And rest the map of weather-beaten woe,
Yet shall the aged sun shed forth his air,
To make us live unto our former heat,
And every beast the forest doth send forth,
Bequeath her young ones to our scanted food.

ASCA. Father, I faint; good father, give me meat.

ÆN. Alas! sweet boy, thou must be still awhile,
Till we have fire to dress the meat we kill'd;
Gentle Achates, reach the tinder-box,
That we may make a fire to warm us with,
And roast our new found victuals on this shore.

VEN. See what strange arts necessity finds out;
How neat, my sweet Æneas, art thou driven.

ÆN. Hold; take this candle, and go light a fire;
You shall have leaves and windfall boughs enow
Near to these woods, to roast your meat withal:
Ascanius, go and dry thy drenched limbs,
While I with my Achates roam abroad,
To know what coast the wind hath driven us on,
Or whether men or beasts inhabit it.

ACHA. The air is pleasant, and the soil most fit
For cities, and society's supports;
Yet much I marvel that I cannot find
No steps of men imprinted in the earth.

VEN. Now is the time for me to play my part:
[*Aside.*

Ho, young men! saw you, as you came,
Any of all my sisters wand'ring here,
Having a quiver girded to her side,
And clothed in a spotted leopard's skin?

ÆN. I neither saw nor heard of any such;
But what may I, fair virgin, call your name?
Whose looks set forth no mortal form to view,
Nor speech bewrays ought human in thy birth;
Thou art a goddess that delud'st our eyes,
And shroud'st thy beauty in this borrow'd shape;
But whether thou the sun's bright sister be,
Or one of chaste Diana's fellow nymphs,
Live happy in the height of all content,
And lighten our extremes with this one boon,
As to instruct us under what good heaven
We breathe as now, and what this world is call'd
On which, by tempests' fury, we are cast?

Whereat Sidonian Dido rules as queen.
But what are you that ask of me these things?
Whence may you come, or whither will you go?
ÆN. Of Troy am I, Æneas is my name;
Who, driv'n by war from forth my native world,
Put sails to sea to seek out Italy;
And my divine descent, from sceptr'd Jove:
With twice twelve Phrygian ships I plough'd the deep,
And made that way my mother Venus led;
But of them all scarce seven do anchor safe,
And they so wrack'd and welter'd by the waves,
As every tide tilts 'twixt their oaken sides;
And all of them, unburthen'd of their load,
Are ballasted with billows' wat'ry weight.
But hapless I, God wot! poor and unknown,
Do trace these Lybian deserts all despis'd,
Exil'd forth Europe and wide Asia both,
And have not any coverture but heaven.
VEN. Fortune hath favour'd thee, whate'er thou be,
In sending thee unto this courteous coast:
In God's name, on! and haste thee to the court,
Where Dido will receive ye with her smiles;
And for thy ships, which thou supposest lost,
Not one of them hath perish'd in the storm,
But are arriv'd safe, not far from hence;
And so I leave thee to thy fortune's lot,
Wishing good luck unto thy wand'ring steps. [*Exit.*
ÆN. Achates, 'tis my mother that is fled;
I know her by the movings of her feet:

Stay, gentle Venus, fly not from thy son;
Too cruel! why wilt thou forsake me thus?
Or in these shades deceiv'st mine eyes so oft?
Why talk we not together hand in hand,
And tell our griefs in more familiar terms?
But thou art gone, and leav'st me here alone,
To dull the air with my discoursive moan. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter IARBAS, *followed by* ILIONEUS, CLOANTHUS *and* SERGESTUS.

ILIO. Follow, ye Trojans! follow this brave lord
And 'plain to him the sum of your distress.

IAR. Why, what are you, or wherefore do you so?

ILIO. Wretches of Troy, envied of the winds,
That crave such favour at your honour's feet,
As poor distressed misery may plead:

CLOAN. There is a place, Hesperia term'd by us,
An ancient empire, famoused for arms,
And fertile in fair Ceres' furrow'd wealth,
Which now we call Italia, of his name
That in such peace long time did rule the same.
Thither made we;
When, suddenly, gloomy Orion rose,
And led our ships into the shallow sands;
Whereat the southern wind, with brackish breath,
Dispers'd them all amongst the wreckful rocks;
From thence a few of us escap'd to land;
The rest, we fear, are folded in the floods.

IAR. Brave men at arms, abandon fruitless fears,
Since Carthage knows to entertain distress.

SERG. Aye, but the barb'rous sort do threat our ships,
And will not let us lodge upon the sands;
In multitudes they swarm unto the shore,
And from the first earth interdict our feet.

IAR. Myself will see they shall not trouble ye:
Your men and you shall banquet in our court,
And ev'ry Trojan be as welcome here,
As Jupiter to silly Baucis' house.
Come in with me, I'll bring you to my queen,
Who shall confirm my words with further deeds.

SERG. Thanks, gentle lord, for such unlook'd-for grace;
Might we but once more see Æneas' face,
Then would we hope to 'quite such friendly turns,
As shall surpass the wonder of our speech. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter ÆNEAS, ACHATES, *and* ASCANIUS.

ÆN. Where am I now? these should be Carth
walls.

ACHA. Why stands my sweet Æneas thus amaz

ÆN. O, my Achates! Theban Niobe,
Who, for her sons' death, wept out life and breat
And, dry with grief, was turn'd into a stone,
Had not such passions in her head as I.
Methinks that town there should be Troy, you
hill,
There Xanthus' stream, because here's Priamus,
And when I know it is not, then I die.

ACHA. And in this humour is Achates too;
I cannot choose but fall upon my knees,

Yet thinks my mind that this is Priamus;
And when my grieved heart sighs and says no,
Then would it leap out to give Priam life:
O were I not at all, so thou might'st be!
Achates, see, King Priam wags his hand;
He is alive; Troy is not overcome!

ACHA. Thy mind, Æneas, that would have it so,
Deludes thy eye-sight; Priamus is dead.

ÆN. Ah, Troy is sack'd, and Priamus is dead;
And why should poor Æneas be alive?

ASCA. Sweet father, leave to weep, this is not he:
For were it Priam, he would smile on me.

ACHA. Æneas, see, here come the citizens;
Leave to lament, lest they laugh at our fears.

Enter CLOANTHUS, SERGESTUS, *and* ILIONEUS.

ÆN. Lords of this town, or whatsoever style
Belongs unto your name, vouchsafe of ruth
To tell us who inhabits this fair town,
What kind of people, and who governs them:
For we are strangers driv'n on this shore,
And scarcely know within what clime we are.

ILIO. I hear Æneas' voice, but see him not,
For none of these can be our general.

ACHA. Like Ilioneus speaks this nobleman,
But Ilioneus goes not in such robes.

SERG. You are Achates, or I deceiv'd.

ACHA. Æneas, see Sergestus, or his ghost.

ILIO. He names Æneas; let us kiss his feet.

CLOAN. It is our captain, see Ascanius.

SERG. Live long Æneas and Ascanius!
ÆN. Achates, speak, for I am overjoy'd,
ACHA. O, Ilioneus, art thou yet alive?
ILIO. Blest be the time I see Achates' face.
CLOAN. Why turns Æneas from his trusty friends?
ÆN. Sergestus, Ilioneus, and the rest,
Your sight amaz'd me: O, what destinies
Have brought my sweet companions in such plight?
O, tell me, for I long to be resolv'd.
ILIO. Lovely Æneas, these are Carthage walls,
And here Queen Dido wears th' imperial crown;
Who, for Troy's sake, hath entertain'd us all,
And clad us in these wealthy robes we wear.
Oft hath she ask'd us under whom we serv'd,
And when we told her, she would weep for grief,
Thinking the sea had swallow'd up thy ships;
And now she sees thee, how will she rejoice.

Go, fetch the garment which Sicheus wore:
Brave prince, welcome to Carthage and to me
Both happy that Æneas is our guest:
Sit in this chair, and banquet with a queen;
Æneas is Æneas, were he clad
In weeds as bad as ever Irus wore.

ÆN. This is no seat for one that's comfortless:
May it please your grace to let Æneas wait;
For though my birth be great, my fortune's mean,
Too mean to be companion to a queen

DIDO. Thy fortune may be greater than thy birth:
Sit down, Æneas, sit in Dido's place,
And if this be thy son, as I suppose,
Here let him sit; be merry, lovely child.

ÆN. This place beseems me not; O, pardon me.

DIDO. I'll have it so; Æneas, be content.

ASCA. Madam, you shall be my mother.

DIDO. And so I will, sweet child: be merry, man,
Here's to thy better fortune and good stars.

ÆN. In all humility, I thank your grace.

DIDO. Remember who thou art, speak like thyself;
Humility belongs to common grooms.

ÆN. And who so miserable as Æneas is?

DIDO. Lies it in Dido's hands to make thee blest?
Then be assur'd thou art not miserable.

ÆN. O Priamus, O Troy, O Hecuba!

DIDO. May I entreat thee to discourse at large,
And truly too, how Troy was overcome?
For many tales go of that city's fall,
And scarcely do agree upon one point:

Some say Antenor did betray the town;
Others report 'twas Sinon's perjury;
But all in this, that Troy is overcome,
And Priam dead; yet how, we hear no news.

ÆN. A woeful tale bids Dido to unfold,
Whose memory, like pale death's stony mace,
Beats forth my senses from this troubled soul,
And makes Æneas sink at Dido's feet.

DIDO. What! faints Æneas to remember Troy,
In whose defence he fought so valiantly?
Look up, and speak.

ÆN. Then speak, Æneas, with Achilles' tongue
And Dido, and you Carthaginian peers,
Hear me! but yet with Myrmidons' harsh ears,
Daily inur'd to broils and massacres,
Lest you be mov'd too much with my sad tale.
The Grecian soldiers, tir'd with ten years' war,

And heaven was darken'd with tempestuous clouds:
Then he alleg'd the gods would have them stay,
And prophecied Troy should be overcome:
And therewithal he call'd false Sinon forth,
A man compact of craft and perjury,
Whose 'ticing tongue was made of Hermes' pipe,
To force a hundred watchful eyes to sleep:
And him, Epeus having made the horse,
With sacrificing wreaths upon his head,
Ulysses sent to our unhappy town,
Who, grov'ling in the mire of Zanthus' banks,
His hands bound at his back, and both his eyes
Turn'd up to heaven, as one resolv'd to die,
Our Phrygian shepherds hal'd within the gates,
And brought unto the court of Priamus;
To whom he us'd actions so pitiful,
Looks so remorseful, vows so forcible,
As therewithal the old man, overcome,
Kiss'd him, embrac'd him, and unloos'd his bands,
And then,—O Dido, pardon me.

DIDO. Nay, leave not here; resolve me of the rest.

ÆN. Oh! the enchanting words of that base slave,
Made him to think Epeus' pine-tree horse
A sacrifice t' appease Minerva's wrath;
The rather, for that one Laocoon,
Breaking a spear upon his hollow breast,
Was with two winged serpents stung to death.
Whereat, aghast, we were commanded straight,
With reverence, to draw it into Troy;
In which unhappy work was I employ'd:

These hands did help to hale it to the gates,
Through which it could not enter, 'twas so huge.
O, had it never enter'd, Troy had stood.
But Priamus, impatient of delay,
Enforc'd a wide breach in that rampir'd wall,
Which thousand battering rams could never pierce,
And so came in this fatal instrument:
At whose accursed feet, as overjoy'd,
We banqueted, till, overcome with wine,
Some surfeited, and others soundly slept.
Which Sinon viewing, caus'd the Greekish spies
To haste to Tenedos, and tell the camp:
Then he unlock'd the horse, and suddenly
From out his entrails, Neoptolemus,
Setting his spear upon the ground, leapt forth,
And after him a thousand Grecians more,
In whose stern faces shin'd the quenchless fire,

Then buckled I mine armour, drew my sword,
And thinking to go down, came Hector's ghost,
With ashy visage, blueish sulphur eyes,
His arms torn from his shoulders, and his breast
Furrow'd with wounds, and, that which made me weep,
Thongs at his heels, by which Achilles' horse
Drew him in triumph through the Greekish camp,
Burst from the earth, crying, "Æneas, fly,
Troy is a-fire! the Grecians have the town!"

DIDO. O, Hector! who weeps not to hear thy name?

ÆN. Yet flung I forth, and, desp'rate of my life,
Ran in the thickest throngs, and, with this sword,
Sent many of their savage ghosts to hell.
At last came Pyrrhus, fell and full of ire,
His harness dropping blood, and on his spear
The mangled head of Priam's youngest son;
And, after him, his band of Myrmidons,
With balls of wild-fire in their murd'ring paws,
Which made the funeral-flame that burnt fair Troy;
All which hemm'd me about, crying, This is he!

DIDO. Ha! how could poor Æneas 'scape their hands?

ÆN. My mother, Venus, jealous of my health,
Convey'd me from their crooked nets and bands;
So I escap'd the furious Pyrrhus' wrath:
Who then ran to the palace of the king,
And, at Jove's altar, finding Priamus,
About whose wither'd neck hung Hecuba,
Folding his hand in her's, and jointly both
Beating their breasts, and falling on the ground,

He with his faulchion's point rais'd up at once,
And with Megara's eyes star'd in their face,
Threat'ning a thousand deaths at every glance;
To whom the aged king thus trembling spoke:—
" Achilles' son, remember what I was,
Father of fifty sons, but they are slain;
Lord of my fortune, but my fortune's turn'd!
King of this city, but my Troy is fired!
And now am neither father, lord, nor king!
Yet who so wretched but desires to live?
O, let me live, great Neoptolemus!"
Not mov'd at all, but smiling at his tears,
This butcher, whilst his hands were yet held up,
Treading upon his breast, struck off his hands.

DIDO. O end, Æneas, I can hear no more.

ÆN. At which the frantic queen leap'd on his face,
And in his eyelids hanging by the nails,

Yet he, undaunted, took his father's flag,
And dipp'd it in the old king's chill-cold blood,
And then in triumph ran into the streets,
Through which he could not pass for slaughter'd men;
So, leaning on his sword, he stood stone still,
Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilion burnt.
By this, I got my father on my back,
This young boy in mine arms, and by the hand
Led fair Creusa, my beloved wife;
When thou, Achates, with thy sword mad'st way
And we were round environ'd with the Greeks,
O there I lost my wife! and had not we
Fought manfully, I had not told this tale.
Yet manhood would not serve; of force we fled;
And as we went unto our ships, thou know'st
We saw Cassandra sprawling in the streets,
Whom Ajax ravish'd in Diana's fane,
Her cheeks swoln with sighs, her hair all rent,
Whom I took up to bear unto our ships;
But suddenly the Grecians follow'd us,
And I, alas! was forc'd to let her lie.
Then got we to our ships, and, being aboard,
Polyxena cried out, Æneas! stay!
The Greeks pursue me! stay, and take me in!
Mov'd with her voice, I leap'd into the sea,
Thinking to bear her on my back aboard,
For all our ships were launch'd into the deep,
And, as I swam, she, standing on the shore,
Was by the cruel Myrmidons surpris'd,
And after by that Pyrrhus sacrific'd.

ACHA. What happen'd to the queen we ca
shew;
We hear they led her captive into Greece:
As for Æneas, he swam quickly back,
And Helena betray'd Deiphobus,
Her lover, after Alexander died,
And so was reconcil'd to Menelaus.

DIDO. O, had that 'ticing strumpet ne'er
born!
Trojan, thy ruthful tale hath made me sad.
Come, let us think upon some pleasing sport,
To rid me from these melancholy thoughts.

[*Exeunt a*

Enter VENUS *and* CUPID, VENUS *takes* ASCA
by the sleeve.

VEN. Fair child, stay thou with Dido's waiting
I'll give thee sugar-almonds, sweet conserves,
A silver girdle, and a golden purse,
And this young prince shall be thy playfellow.

ASC. Are you Queen Dido's son?

CUP. Aye, and my mother gave me this fin

ASC. Shall I have such a quiver and a bow?

VEN. Such bow, such quiver, and such
shafts,

Will Dido give to sweet Ascanius.
For Dido's sake I take thee in my arms,
And stick these spangled feathers in thy hat;
Eat comfits in mine arms, and I will sing.
Now is he fast asleep, and in this grove,
Amongst green brakes I'll lay Ascanius,
And strew him with sweet-smelling violets,
Blushing roses, purple hyacinth:
These milk-white doves shall be his sentinels,
Who, if that any seek to do him hurt,
Will quickly fly to Cytherea's fist.
Now, Cupid, turn thee to Ascanius' shape,
And go to Dido, who, instead of him,
Will set thee on her lap, and play with thee;
Then touch her white breast with this arrow head,
That she may dote upon Æneas' love,
And by that means repair his broken ships,
Victual his soldiers, give him wealthy gifts,
And he, at last, depart to Italy,
Or else in Carthage make his kingly throne.

CUP. I will, fair mother, and so play my part
As every touch shall wound Queen Dido's heart.

VEN. Sleep, my sweet nephew, in these cooling shades,
Free from the murmur of these running streams,
The cry of beasts, the rattling of the winds,
Or whisking of these leaves; all shall be still,
And nothing interrupt thy quiet sleep,
Till I return and take thee hence again. [*Exeunt.*

To be enamour'd of thy brother's [illegible]
Convey this golden arrow in thy sle
Lest she imagine thou art Venus' so
And when she strokes thee softly or
Then shall I touch her breast and c

Enter IARBAS, ANNA, *an*

IAR. How long, fair Dido, shall
'Tis not enough that thou dost gra
But that I may enjoy what I desire;
That love is childish which consists

DIDO. Iarbas, know, that thou,
And yet have I had many mightier
Hast had the greatest favours I co
I fear me, Dido hath been counte
In being too familiar with Iarbas;
Albeit the gods do know, no want
Had ever residence in Dido's bre

IAR. But Dido is the favour I

DIDO. Fear not, Iarbas, Dido

ANNA, Look, sister, how Æne
Plays with your garments and en

CUP. No, Dido will not take
I shall not be her son, she loves

DIDO. Weep not, sweet boy,
son:

Sit in my lap, and let me hear thee sing. [*Cupid sings.*
No more, my child, now talk another while,
And tell me where learn'st thou this pretty song.

CUP. My cousin Helen taught it me in Troy.

DIDO. How lovely is Ascanius when he smiles!

CUP. Will Dido let me hang about her neck?

DIDO. Aye, wag, and give thee leave to kiss her too.

CUP. What will you give me? Now, I'll have this fan.

DIDO. Take it, Ascanius, for thy father's sake.

IAR. Come, Dido, leave Ascanius, let us walk.

DIDO. Go thou away, Ascanius shall stay.

IAR. Ungentle queen! is this thy love to me?

DIDO. O stay, Iarbas, and I'll go with thee.

CUP. And if my mother go, I'll follow her.

DIDO. Why stay'st thou here? thou art no love of mine!

IAR. Iarbas, die, seeing she abandons thee.

DIDO. No; live Iarbas: what hast thou deserv'd,
That I should say thou art no love of mine?
Something thou hast deserv'd. Away, I say;
Depart from Carthage—come not in my sight.

IAR. Am I not king of rich Getulia?

DIDO. Iarbas, pardon me, and stay awhile.

CUP. Mother, look here.

DIDO. What tell'st thou me of rich Getulia?
Am not I queen of Lybia? then depart.

IAR. I go to feed the humour of my love,
Yet not from Carthage for a thousand worlds.

DIDO. Iarbas!

IAR. Doth Dido call me back?

DIDO. No; but I charge thee never look on me.

IAR. Then pull out both mine eyes, or let me die.

[*Exit Iarbas.*

ANNA. Wherefore doth Dido bid Iarbas go?

DIDO. Because his loathsome sight offends mine eye,
And in my thoughts is shrin'd another Jove.
O Anna! didst thou know how sweet love were,
Full soon would'st thou abjure this single life.

ANNA. Poor soul! I know too well the power of love.
O that Iarbas could but fancy me!

DIDO. Is not Æneas fair and beautiful?

ANNA. Yes, and Iarbas foul and favourless.

DIDO. Is he not eloquent in all his speech?

ANNA. Yes, and Iarbas rude and rustical.

DIDO. Name not Iarbas; but, sweet Anna, say,

DIDO. No, for thy sake, I'll love thy father well.
O dull-conceited Dido! that till now
Didst never think Æneas beautiful!
But now, for quittance of this oversight,
I'll make me bracelets of his golden hair;
His glist'ring eyes shall be my looking-glass,
His lips an altar, where I'll offer up
As many kisses as the sea hath sands.
Instead of music I will hear him speak,—
His looks shall be my only library,—
And thou, Æneas, Dido's treasury,
In whose fair bosom I will lock more wealth
Than twenty thousand Indians can afford.
O here he comes: Love, love, give Dido leave
To be more modest than her thoughts admit,
Lest I be made a wonder to the world.

Enter ÆNEAS, ACHATES, SERGESTUS, ILIONEUS, *and* CLOANTHUS.

Achates, how doth Carthage please your lord?
ACHA. That will Æneas shew your majesty.
DIDO. Æneas, art thou there?
ÆN. I understand your highness sent for me.
DIDO. No; but now thou art here, tell me in sooth
In what might Dido highly pleasure thee.
ÆN. So much have I receiv'd at Dido's hands,
As, without blushing, I can ask no more:
Yet, queen of Afric, are my ships unrigg'd,
My sails all rent in sunder with the wind,
My oars broken, and my tackling lost,
Yea, all my navy split with rocks and shelves;

DIDO. Æneas, I'll repair thy [illegible]
Conditionally that thou wilt stay with m
And let Achates sail to Italy:
I'll give thee tackling made of riveld gol
Wound on the barks of odoriferous trees
Oars of massy ivory, full of holes,
Through which the water shall delight t
Thy anchors shall be hew'd from crystal
Which, if thou lose, shall shine above tl
The masts, whereon thy swelling sails sl
Hollow pyramids of silver plate;
The sails of folded lawn, where shall be
The wars of Troy, but not Troy's overth
For ballast, empty Dido's treasury:
Take what ye will, but leave Æneas he
Achates, thou shalt be so meanly clad,
As sea-born nymphs shall swarm about
And wanton mermaids court thee with
Flinging in favours of more sovereign
Than Thetis hangs about Apollo's neck
So that Æneas may but stay with me.

ÆN. Wherefore would Dido have Æ

DIDO. To war against my bordering
Æneas, think not Dido is in love;
For if that any man could conquer me
[illegible] Æneas came:

See where the pictures of my suitors hang;
And are not these as fair as fair may be?

ACHA. I saw this man at Troy, ere Troy was sack'd.

ÆN. I this in Greece, when Paris stole fair Helen.

ILIO. This man and I were at Olympus' games.

SERG. I know this face; he is a Persian born:
I travell'd with him to Ætolia.

CLOAN. And I in Athens, with this gentleman,
Unless I be deceiv'd, disputed once.

DIDO. But speak, Æneas; know you none of these?

ÆN. No, madam; but it seems that these are kings.

DIDO. All these, and others which I never saw,
Have been most urgent suitors for my love;
Some came in person, others sent their legates,
Yet none obtain'd me: I am free from all;
And yet, God knows, entangled unto one.
This was an orator, and thought, by words,
To compass me: but yet he was deceiv'd:
And this a Spartan courtier, vain and wild;
But his fantastic humours pleas'd not me:
This was Alcion, a musician;
But, play'd he ne'er so sweet, I let him go:
This was the wealthy king of Thessaly;
But I had gold enough, and cast him off:
This, Meleager's son, a warlike prince;
But weapons 'gree not with my tender years:

The rest are such as all the world well knows;
Yet here I swear, by heaven and him I love,
I was as far from love as they from hate.

ÆN. O happy shall he be whom Dido loves!

DIDO. Then never say that thou art miserable:
Because, it may be, thou shalt be my love:
Yet boast not of it, for I love thee not,
And yet I hate thee not. Oh, if I speak
I shall betray myself: Æneas, speak;
We two will go a hunting in the woods;
But not so much for thee,—thou art but one,—
As for Achates, and his followers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter JUNO *to* ASCANIUS, *asleep.*

JUNO. Here lies my hate, Æneas' cursed brat,
The boy wherein false destiny delights,

Tut! I am simple without might to hurt,
And have no gall at all to grieve my foes;
But lustful Jove and his adulterous child
Shall find it written on confusion's front,
That only Juno rules in Rhamnus town.

Enter VENUS.

VEN. What should this mean? my doves are back return'd,
Who warn me of such danger prest at hand,
To harm my sweet Ascanius' lovely life.
Juno, my mortal foe, what make you here?
Avaunt, old witch! and trouble not my wits.

JUNO. Fie, Venus! that such causeless words of wrath,
Should e'er defile so fair a mouth as thine.
Are not we both sprung of celestial race,
And banquet, as two sisters, with the gods?
Why is it, then, displeasure should disjoin,
Whom kindred and acquaintance co-unites?

VEN. Out, hateful hag! thou would'st have slain my son,
Had not my doves discover'd thy intent;
But I will tear thy eyes from forth thy head,
And feast the birds with their blood-shotten balls,
If thou but lay thy fingers on my boy!

JUNO. Is this, then, all the thanks that I shall have,
For saving him from snakes and serpents' stings,
That would have kill'd him, sleeping, as he lay?
What, though I was offended with thy son,
And wrought him mickle woe on sea and land,

When, for the hate of Trojan Ganymede,
That was advanced by my Hebe's shame,
And Paris' judgment of the heavenly ball,
I muster'd all the winds unto his wreck,
And urg'd each element to his annoy:
Yet now I do repent me of his ruth,
And wish that I had never wrong'd him so.
Bootless, I saw, it was to war with fate,
That hath so many unresisted friends:
Wherefore I change my counsel with the time,
And planted love where envy erst had sprung.

VEN. Sister of Jove! if that thy love be such
As these thy protestations do paint forth,
We two, as friends, one fortune will divide;
Cupid shall lay his arrows in thy lap,
And, to a sceptre, change his golden shafts;
Fancy and modesty shall live as mates:

And feeds his eyes with favours of her court;
She, likewise, in admiring spends her time,
And cannot talk, nor think, of aught but him:
Why should not they then join in marriage,
And bring forth mighty kings to Carthage town,
Whom casualty of sea hath made such friends?
And, Venus, let there be a match confirm'd
Betwixt these two, whose loves are so alike;
And both our deities, conjoin'd in one,
Shall chain felicity unto their throne.

VEN. Well could I like this reconcilement's means;
But, much I fear, my son will ne'er consent;
Whose armed soul, already on the sea,
Darts forth her light to Lavinia's shore.

JUNO. Fair queen of love! I will divorce these doubts,
And find the way to weary such fond thoughts.
This day they both a hunting forth will ride
Into these woods, adjoining to these walls;
When, in the midst of all their gamesome sports,
I'll make the clouds dissolve the wat'ry works,
And drench Silvanus' dwellings with their showers;
Then, in one cave, the queen and he shall meet,

VEN. Sister, I see you savour of my wiles:
Be it as you will have it for this once.
Mean time, Ascanius shall be my charge;
Whom I will bear to Ida in mine arms,
And couch him in Adonis' purple down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter DIDO, ÆNEAS, ANNA, IARBAS, ACHATES *and followers.*

DIDO. Æneas, think not but I honour thee,
That thus in person go with thee to hunt:
My princely robes, thou see'st, are laid aside,
Whose glittering pomp Diana's shroud supplies.
All fellows now, dispos'd alike to sport;
The woods are wide, and we have store of game.
Fair Trojan, hold my golden bow awhile,
Until I gird my quiver to my side:
Lords, go before; we two must talk alone.

IAR. Ungentle! can she wrong Iarbas so?
I'll die before a stranger have that grace.
We two will talk alone;—what words be these?

DIDO. What makes Iarbas here of all the rest?

Have taunted me in these opprobrious terms,
I would have either drunk his dying blood,
Or else I would have given my life in gage

DIDO. Huntsmen, why pitch you not your toils apace,
And rouse the light-foot deer from forth their lair?

ANNA. Sister, see! see Ascanius in his pomp,
Bearing his hunt-spear bravely in his hand.

DIDO. Yea, little son, are you so forward now?

ASC. Aye, mother; I shall one day be a man,
And better able unto other arms;
Mean time, these wanton weapons serve my war,
Which I will break betwixt a lion's jaws.

DIDO. What! dar'st thou look a lion in the face?

ASC. Aye, and outface him too, do what he can.

ANNA. How like his father speaketh he in all.

ÆN. And might I live to see him sack rich Thebes.
And load his spear with Grecian princes' heads,
Then would I wish me with Anchises' tomb,
And dead to honour that hath brought me up.

IAR. And might I live to see thee shipp'd away,
And hoist aloft on Neptune's hideous hills,
Then would I wish me in fair Dido's arms,
And dead to scorn that hath pursued me so.

ÆN. Stout friend Achates, do'st thou know this wood?

ACHA. As I remember, here you shot the deer
That sav'd your famish'd soldiers' lives from death,
When first you set your foot upon the shore;
And here we met fair Venus, virgin like,

Bearing her bow and quiver at her back.

ÆN. O how these irksome labours now delight
And overjoy my thoughts with their escape!
Who would not undergo all kind of toil,
To be well stor'd with such a winter's tale?

DIDO. Æneas, leave these dumps, and let's away,
Some to the mountains, some unto the soil,
You to the vallies, thou unto the house.

[*Exeunt all but Iarbas.*

IAR. Aye, this it is which wounds me to the death,
To see a Phrygian, far set to the sea,
Preferr'd before a man of majesty.
O love! O hate! O cruel women's hearts,
That imitate the moon in every change!
And, like the planets, ever love to range:
What shall I do, thus wronged with disdain,
Revenge me on Æneas, or on her?

h in the rival of thy pain,
will cease to soar till he be slain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

—*Enter* ÆNEAS *and* DIDO *in the cave,*

at several times.

Æneas!

ido!

Tell me, dear love! how found you out this
e?

r chance, sweet queen! as Mars and Venus
t.

Why, that was in a net, here we are loose
am not free; oh, would I were!
Thy, what is that Dido may desire,
btain, be it in human power?
The thing that I will die before I ask,
esire to have before I die.
is not aught Æneas may achieve?
Æneas, no; although his eyes do pierce.
That, hath Iarbas anger'd her in aught?
he be avenged on his life?
Not anger'd me, except in ang'ring thee.
Who then, of all so cruel, may he be,
ld detain thine eye in his defects?
The man that I do eye where'er I am;
orous face, like Pæan's, sparkles fire,
he butts his beams on Flora's bed.
ns hath put on Cupid's shape,
st perish in his burning arms:

Æneas, O Æneas! quench these flames.

ÆN. What ails my queen? Is she fall'n sick of late?

DIDO. Not sick, my love, but sick: I must conceal
The torment that it boots me not reveal;
And yet I'll speak, and yet I'll hold my peace:
Do shame her worst, I will disclose my grief:
Æneas, thou art he! what did I say?
Something it was that now I have forgot.

ÆN. What means fair Dido by this doubtful speech?

DIDO. Nay, nothing, but Æneas loves me not.

ÆN. Æneas' thoughts dare not ascend so high
As Dido's heart, which monarchs might not scale.

DIDO. It was because I saw no king like thee,
Whose golden crown might balance my content;
But now, that I have found what to affect,
I follow one that loveth fame for me,
And rather had seen fair Sirens' eyes

That calls my soul from forth his living seat
To move unto the measures of delight?
Kind clouds! that sent forth such a courteous storm,
As made disdain to fly to fancy's lap:
Stout love! in mine arms make thy Italy,
Whose crown and kingdom rest at thy command:
Sichæus, not Æneas, be thou call'd;
The King of Carthage, not Anchises' son.
Hold; take these jewels at thy lover's hand,
These golden bracelets, and this wedding ring,
Wherewith my husband woo'd me yet a maid,
And be thou king of Lybia by my gift.

[*Exeunt to the Cave.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter ACHATES, CUPID *as* ASCANIUS, IARBAS, *and* ANNA.

ACHA. Did ever men see such a sudden storm?
Or day so clear, so suddenly o'ercast?

IAR. I think, some fell enchantress dwelleth here,
That can call them forth when as she please,
And dive into black tempests' treasury,
When as she means to mask the world with clouds.

ANNA. In all my life I never knew the like;
It hail'd, it snow'd, it lighten'd, all at once.

ACHA. I think, it was the devil's rev'lling night,

There was such a hurly-burly in the heavens:
Doubtless, Apollo's axle-tree is crack'd,
Or aged Atlas' shoulder out of joint,
The motion was so over violent.

IAR. In all this coil, where have ye left the queen?

ASCA. Nay, where's my warlike father, can you tell?

ANNA. Behold, where both of them come forth the cave?

IAR. Come forth the cave! can heaven endure the sight?

Iarbas, curse that unrevenging Jove,
Whose flinty darts slept in Tiphœus' den,
While these adult'rers surfeited with sin:
Nature, why mad'st me not some pois'nous beast,
That, with the sharpness of my edged sting,

DIDO. I see, Æneas sticketh in your mind;
But I will soon put by that stumbling block,
And quell those hopes that thus employ your cares.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter IARBAS *to sacrifice,*

IAR. Come, servants, come; bring forth the sacrifice,
That I may pacify that gloomy Jove,
Whose empty altars have enlarg'd our ills.
Eternal Jove! great master of the clouds!
Father of gladness, and all frolic thoughts!
That with thy gloomy hand corrects the heaven,
When airy creatures war amongst themselves;
Hear, hear, O hear! Iarbas' plaining prayers,
Whose hideous echoes make the welkin howl,
And all the woods Eliza to resound:
The woman that thou will'd us entertain,
Where, straying in our borders up and down,
She crav'd a hide of ground to build a town,
With whom we did divide both laws and land,
And all the fruits that plenty else sends forth,
Scorning our loves and royal marriage rites,
Yields up her beauty to a stranger's bed;
Who, having wrought her shame, is straightway fled:
Now, if thou be'st a pitying god of power,
On whom ruth and compassion ever waits,
Redress these wrongs, and warn him to his ships,

That now afflicts me with his flattering eyes.

Enter ANNA.

ANNA. How now, Iarbas; at your prayers so hard?

IAR. Aye, Anna: is there aught you would with me?

ANNA. Nay, no such weighty business of import,
But may be slack'd until another time;
Yet, if you would partake with me the cause
Of this devotion that detaineth you,
I would be thankful for such courtesy.

IAR. Anna, against this Trojan do I pray,
Who seeks to rob me of thy sister's love,
And dive into her heart by colour'd looks.

ANNA. Alas, poor king! that labours so in vain,
For her that so delighteth in thy pain:
Be rul'd by me, and seek some other love,
Whose yielding heart may yield thee more relief.

IAR. Mine eye is fix'd where fancy cannot start:
O leave me! leave me to my silent thoughts,
That register the number of my ruth,
And I will either move the thoughtless flint,
Or drop out both mine eyes in drizzling tears,
Before my sorrow's tide has any stint.

ANNA. I will not leave Iarbas, whom I love,
In this delight of dying pensiveness;
Away with Dido; Anna be thy song;
Anna, that doth admire thee more than heaven.

IAR. I may, nor will, list to such loathsome change,

That intercepts the course of my desire:
Servants, come, fetch these empty vessels here:
For I will fly from these alluring eyes,
That do pursue my peace where'er it goes. [*Exit.*

ANNA. Iarbas, stay; loving Iarbas, stay,
For I have honey to present thee with.
Hard-hearted! wilt not deign to hear me speak?
I'll follow thee with outcries ne'ertheless,
And strew thy walks with my dishevell'd hair. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter ÆNEAS.

ÆN. Carthage, my friendly host, adieu!
Since destiny doth call me from thy shore:
Hermes this night, descending in a dream,
Hath summon'd me to fruitful Italy;
Jove wills it so,—my mother wills it so:
Let my Phœnissa grant, and then I go.
Grant she or no, Æneas must away;
Whose golden fortune, clogg'd with courtly ease,
Cannot ascend to fame's immortal house,
Or banquet in bright honour's burnish'd hall,
'Till he hath furrow'd Neptune's glassy fields,
And cut a passage through his topless hills.
Achates, come forth; Sergestus, Ilioneus,
Cloanthus, haste away; Æneas calls.

Enter ACHATES, CLOANTHUS, SERGESTUS, *and* ILIONEUS.

ACHA. What wills our lord, or wherefore did he call?

ÆN. The dream, brave mates, that did beset my bed,
When sleep but newly had embrac'd the night,
Commands me leave these unrenowned beams,
Whereas nobility abhors to stay,
And none but base Æneas will abide.
Aboard! aboard! since fates do bid aboard,
And slice the sea with sable-colour'd ships,
On whom the nimble winds may all day wait.
And follow them, as footmen, through the deep;
Yet Dido casts her eyes, like anchors, out,
To stay my fleet from loosing forth the bay:
'Come back, come back,' I hear her cry a-far,
'And let me link my body to thy lips,
That, tied together by the striving tongues,
We may, as one, sail into Italy.'

ACHA. Banish that 'ticing dame from forth your mouth,
And follow your fore-seeing star in all:
This is no life for men at arms to live,
Where dalliance doth consume a soldier's strength,
And wanton motions of alluring eyes
Effeminate our minds, inur'd to war.

ILIO. Why, let us build a city of our own,
And not stand ling'ring here for am'rous looks.
Will Dido raise old Priam forth his grave,
And build the town again the Greeks did burn?
No, no; she cares not how we sink or swim,
So she may have Æneas in her arms.

CLO. To Italy, sweet friends! to Italy!

We will not stay a minute longer here.

ÆN. Trojans, aboard, and I will follow you:
I fain would go, yet beauty calls me back:
To leave her so, and not once say, farewell,
Were to transgress against all laws of love:
But, if I use such ceremonious thanks
As parting friends accustom on the shore,
Her silver arms will coil me round about,
And tears of pearl cry, 'stay, Æneas, stay;'
Each word she says will then contain a crown,
And every speech be ended with a kiss:
I may not dure this female drudgery:
To sea, Æneas, find out Italy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter DIDO *and* ANNA.

DIDO. O, Anna, run unto the water-side;
They say Æneas' men are going aboard;
It may be he will steal away with them:
Stay not to answer me; run, Anna, run.
O, foolish Trojans, that would steal from hence,
And not let Dido understand their drift:
I would have given Achates store of gold,
And Ilioneus gum and Lybian spice;
The common soldiers rich embroider'd coats,
And silver whistles to controul the winds,
Which Circe sent Sichæus when he liv'd:
Unworthy are they of a queen's reward.
See, where they come, how might I do to chide?

Enter ANNA, *with* ÆNEAS, ACHATES, ILIONEUS, SERGESTUS *and* ATTENDANTS.

ANNA. 'Twas time to run, Æneas had been gone.
The sails were hoisting up, and he aboard.

DIDO. Is this thy love to me?

ÆN. O, princely Dido, give me leave to speak;
I went to take my farewell of Achates.

DIDO. How haps Achates bid me not farewell?

ACHA. Because I fear'd your grace would keep me here.

DIDO. To rid thee of that doubt, aboard again.
I charge thee put to sea, and stay not here.

ACHA. Then let Æneas go aboard with us.

DIDO. Get you aboard, Æneas means to stay.

ÆN. The sea is rough, the wind blows to the shore.

DIDO. O, false Æneas, now the sea is rough,
But when you are aboard 'twas calm enough;
Thou and Achates meant to sail away.

ÆN. Hath not the Carthage queen mine only son
Thinks Dido I will go and leave him here?

DIDO. Æneas, pardon me, for I forgot
That young Ascanius lay with me this night;
Love made me jealous; but, to make amends,
Wear the imperial crown of Lybia,
Sway thou the Punic sceptre in my stead,
And punish me, Æneas, for this crime.

ÆN. This kiss shall be fair Dido's punishment.

DIDO. O, how a crown becomes Æneas' head!

Stay here, Æneas, and command as king.
Æn. How vain am I to wear this diadem,
And bear this golden sceptre in my hand!
[*Aside.*] A burgonet of steel, and not a crown,
A sword, and not a sceptre, fits Æneas.
Dido. O, keep them still, and let me gaze my fill:
Now looks Æneas like immortal Jove;
O, where is Ganymede, to hold his cup,
And Mercury, to fly for what he calls?
Ten thousand Cupids hover in the air,
And fan it in Æneas' lovely face:
O, that the clouds were here wherein thou fleest,
That thou and I unseen might sport ourselves;
Heaven, envious of our joys, is waxen pale;
And when we whisper, then the stars fall down,
To be partakers of our honey talk.
Æn. O, Dido, patroness of all our lives,
When I leave thee, death be my punishment;
Swell, raging seas! frown, wayward destinies!
Blow, winds! threaten, ye rocks and sandy shelves!
This is the harbour that Æneas seeks.
Let's see what tempests can annoy me now.
Dido. Not all the world can take that from mine arms;
Æneas may command as many Moors,
As in the sea are little water-drops,
And now, to make experience of my love,
Fair sister Anna, lead my lover forth,
And, seated on my jennet, let him ride

As Dido's husband through the Punic streets;
And will my guard, with Mauritanian darts,
To wait upon him as their sov'reign lord.

ANNA. What, if the citizens repine thereat?

DIDO. Those that dislike what Dido gives charge,
Command my guard to slay for their offence.
Shall vulgar peasants storm at what I do?
The ground is mine that gives them sustenance,
The air wherein they breathe, the water, fire,
All that they have, their lands, their goods, their lives
And I, the goddess of all these, command
Æneas ride as Carthaginian king.

ACHA. Æneas, for his parentage, deserves
As large a kingdom as is Lybia.

ÆN. Aye, and unless the destinies be false,
I shall be planted in as rich a land.

DIDO. Speak of no other land; this land is thine.
Dido is thine, henceforth I'll call thee lord:
Do as I bid thee, sister; lead the way,
And from a turret I'll behold my love.

ÆN. Then here in me shall flourish Priam's race,
And thou and I, Achates, for revenge,
For Troy, for Priam, for his fifty sons,
Our kinsmen's loves and thousand guiltless souls,
Will lead a host against the hateful Greeks,
And fire proud Lacedemon o'er their heads.

[*Exeunt all but Dido and Attendants.*

DIDO. Speaks not Æneas like a conqueror?
O, blessed tempests that did drive him in!

O, happy sand that made him run aground!
Henceforth you shall be our Carthage gods.
Aye, but it may be he will leave my love,
And seek a foreign land, called Italy;
O, that I had a charm to keep the winds
Within the closure of a golden ball;
Or that the Tyrrhene sea were in mine arms,
That he might suffer shipwreck on my breast,
As oft as he attempts to hoist up sail!
I must prevent him, wishing will not serve;
Go, bid my nurse take young Ascanius,
And bear him in the country to her house,
Æneas will n otgo without his son;
Yet, lest he should, for I am full of fear,
Bring me his oars, his tackling, and his sails.

[*One of the attendants goes out.*

What if I sink his ships? O, he will frown:
Better he frown, than I should die for grief.
I cannot see him frown;—it may not be;
Armies of foes resolv'd to win this town,
Or impious traitors vow'd to have my life,
Affright me not, only Æneas' frown
Is that which terrifies poor Dido's heart;
Not bloody spears appearing in the air,
Presage the downfall of my empery,
Nor blazing comets threaten Dido's death;
It is Æneas' frown that ends my days:
If he forsake me not, I never die;
For in his looks I see eternity,

And he'll make me immortal with a kiss.

Enter a LORD.

LORD. Your nurse is gone with young Ascanius;
And here's Æneas' tackling, oars, and sails.

DIDO. Are these the sails that, in despite of me,
Pack'd with the winds to bear Æneas hence?
I'll hang ye in the chamber where I lie;
Drive if you can my house to Italy:
I'll set the casement open, that the winds
May enter in, and once again conspire
Against the life of me, poor Carthage queen;
But though he go, he stays in Carthage still,
And let rich Carthage float upon the seas,
So I may have Æneas in mine arms.
Is this the wood that grew in Carthage plains,
And would be toiling in the wat'ry billows,
To rob their mistress of her Trojan guest?
O, cursed tree, had'st thou but wit or sense,
To measure how I prize Æneas' love,
Thou would'st have leap'd from out the sailors' hands,
And told me that Æneas meant to go!
And yet I blame thee not, thou art but wood.
The water, which our poets term a nymph,
Why did it suffer thee to touch her breast,
And shrunk not back, knowing my love was there?
The water is an element, no nymph.
Why should I blame Æneas for his flight?
O, Dido, blame not him, but break his oars;

These were the instruments that launch'd him forth;
These's not so much as this base tackling too,
But dares to heap up sorrow to my heart.
Was it not you that hoisted up these sails?
Why burst you not, and they fell in the seas?
For this will Dido tie ye full of knots,
And shear ye all asunder with her hands;
Now serve to chastise shipboys for their faults,
Ye shall no more offend the Carthage queen.
Now, let him hang my favours on his masts,
And see if those will serve instead of sails;
For tackling, let him take the chains of gold,
Which I bestow'd upon his followers;
Instead of oars, let him use his hands,
And swim to Italy, I'll keep these sure:
Come, bear them in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter the NURSE *with* CUPID, *as* ASCANIUS.

NURSE. My lord Ascanius, ye must go with me.

CUP. Whither must I go? I'll stay with my mother.

NURSE. No, thou shalt go with me unto my house.

I have an orchard that hath store of plums,
Brown almonds, servises, ripe figs, and dates,
Dewberries, apples, yellow oranges:
A garden where are bee-hives full of honey,
Musk-roses, and a thousand sorts of flowers;
And in the midst doth run a silver stream,

Where thou shalt see the red-gill'd fishes leap,
White swans, and many lovely water-fowls;
Now speak, Ascanius, will ye go or no?

CUP. Come, come, I'll go; how far hence is your house?

NURSE. Hereby, child, we shall get thither straight.

CUP. Nurse, I am weary, will you carry me?

NURSE. Aye, so you'll dwell with me, and call me mother.

CUP. So you'll love me, I care not if I do.

NURSE. That I might live to see this boy a man!
How prettily he laughs. Go, ye wag,
You'll be a twigger when you come to age.
Say Dido what she will, I am not old;
I'll be no more a widow, I am young,
I'll have a husband, or else a lover.

CUP. A husband and no teeth!

NURSE. O, what mean I to have such foolish thoughts?
Foolish is love, a toy. O, sacred love!
If there be any heaven in earth, 'tis love,
Especially in women of your years.
Blush, blush for shame, why should'st thou think of love?
A grave, and not a lover, fits thy age;
A grave! why? I may live a hundred years,
Fourscore is but a girl's age. Love is sweet;
My veins are wither'd, and my sinews dry;
Why do I think of love now I should die?

CUP. Come, nurse.
NURSE. Well, if he come a wooing he shall speed;
O, how unwise was I to say him nay! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter ÆNEAS, *with a paper in his hand, drawing the platform of the city: with him* ACHATES, CLOANTHUS, *and* ILIONEUS.

ÆN. Triumph, my mates! our travels are at end,
Here will Æneas build a statelier Troy,
Than that which grim Atrides overthrew.
Carthage shall vaunt her petty walls no more.
For I will grace them with a fairer frame,
And clothe her in a crystal livery,
Wherein the day may evermore delight;
From golden India, Ganges will I fetch,
Whose wealthy streams may wait upon her towers;
And triple-wise intrench her round about;
The sun from Egypt shall rich odours bring,
Wherewith his burning beams, like lab'ring bees,
That load their thighs with Hybla's honey-spoils,
Shall here unburden their exhaled sweets,
And plant our pleasant suburbs with her fumes.
ACHA. What length or breadth shall this brave town contain?

ÆN. Not past four thousand paces at the most.
ILIO. But what shall it be call'd? Troy, as before?
ÆN. That have I not determin'd with myself.
CLO. Let it be term'd *Ænea*, by your name.
SERG. Rather *Ascania*, by your little son.
ÆN. Nay, I will have it call'd *Anchiseon*,
Of my old father's name.

Enter HERMES *with* ASCANIUS.

HER. Æneas, stay! Jove's herald bids thee stay—
ÆN. Whom do I see, Jove's winged messenger?
Welcome to Carthage new-erected town.
HER. Why, cousin, stand you building cities here,
And beautifying the empire of this queen,
While Italy is clean out of thy mind?
Too, too forgetful of thine own affairs,
Why wilt thou betray thy son's good hap?
The king of gods sent me from highest heav'n,
To sound this angry message in thine ears:
Vain man, what monarchy expect'st thou here?
Or with what thought sleep'st thou on Lybia's shore?
If that all glory hath forsaken thee,
And thou despise the praise of such attempts;
Yet think upon Ascanius' prophecy,
And young Iulus, more than thousand years,
Whom I have brought from Ida, where he slept,
And bore young Cupid unto Cypress isle.
ÆN. This was my mother that beguil'd the queen,
And made me take my brother for my son;

No marvel, Dido, though thou be in love,
That daily dandlest Cupid in thy arms:
Welcome, sweet child! where hast thou been this long?

Asc. Eating sweet comfits with Queen Dido's maid,
Who ever since hath lull'd me in her arms.

Æn. Sergestus, bear him hence unto our ships,
Lest Dido, spying, keep him for a pledge.

Her. Spend'st thou thy time about this little boy,
And giv'st not ear unto the charge I bring?
I tell thee, thou must straight to Italy,
Or else abide the wrath of frowning Jove.

Æn. How should I put into the raging deep,
Who have no sails or tackling for my ships?
What, would the gods have me, Deucalion-like,
Float up and down where'er the billows drive?
Though she repair'd my fleet and gave me ships,
Yet hath she ta'en away my oars and masts,
And left me neither sail nor stern aboard.

Enter to them Iarbas.

Iar. How now, Æneas, sad! What mean these dumps?

Æn. Iarbas, I am clean beside myself;
Jove hath heap'd on me such a desp'rate charge,
Which neither art nor reason may achieve,
Nor I devise by what means to contrive.

Iar. As how, I pray? May I entreat you, tell?

Æn. With speed he bids me sail to Italy:
Whereas I want both rigging for my fleet,

And also furniture for these my men.

IAR. If that be all, then cheer thy drooping looks,
For I will furnish thee with such supplies.
Let some of those thy followers go with me,
And they shall have what thing soe'er thou need'st.

ÆN. Thanks, good Iarbas, for thy friendly aid.
Achates and the rest shall wait on thee,
Whil'st I rest tha[illegible]ful for this courtesy.

[illegible] *and Æneas's train.*

Now will I h[illegible] shore,
And raise a n[illegible] old Troy.
Witness the gou[illegible] heaven and earth,
How loth I a[illegible] Lybian bounds,
But that eter[illegible] mands. [*Exit.*

[illegible]E II.

[illegible]IDO.

DIDO. I fear I saw [illegible]eas' little son,
Led by Achates to the Trojan fleet:
If it be so, his father means to fly;
But here he is; now, Dido, try thy wit.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æneas, wherefore go thy men aboard?
Why are thy ships new rigged? Or to what end
Launch'd from the haven, lie they in the road?
Pardon me, though I ask; love makes me ask.

ÆN. O, pardon me, if I resolve thee why;
Æneas will not feign with his dear love;
I must from hence: this day, swift Mercury,
When I was laying a platform for these walls,

Sent from his father Jove, appear'd to me,
And in his name rebuk'd me bitterly,
For ling'ring here, neglecting Italy.

DIDO. But yet Æneas will not leave his love.

ÆN. I am commanded, by immortal Jove,
To leave this town, and pass to Italy,
And therefore must of force.

DIDO. These words proceed not from Æneas' heart.

ÆN. Not from my heart, for I can hardly go;
And yet I may not stay. Dido, farewell!

DIDO. Farewell! is this the 'mends for Dido's love?
Do Trojans use to quit their lovers thus?
Farewell may Dido, so Æneas stay;
I die, if my Æneas say farewell!

ÆN. Then let me go, and never say farewell.
Let me go; farewell! I must from hence.

DIDO. These words are poison to poor Dido's soul:
O, speak like my Æneas, like my love.
Why look'st thou toward the sea? The time hath been
When Dido's beauty chain'd thine eye to her.
Am I less fair, than when thou saw'st me first?
O, then, Æneas, 'tis for grief of thee.
Say thou wilt stay in Carthage with thy queen,
And Dido's beauty will return again.
Æneas, say, how can'st thou take thy leave?
Wilt thou kiss Dido? O, thy lips have sworn
To stay with Dido: can'st thou take her hand?
Thy hand and mine have plighted mutual faith,

Therefore, unkind Æneas, must thou say,
Then let me go, and never say farewell.

ÆN. O, Queen of Carthage, wert thou ugly black,
Æneas could not choose but hold thee dear:
Yet must he not gainsay the gods' behest.

DIDO. The gods! what gods be those that seek my death?
Wherein have I offended Jupiter,
That he should take Æneas from mine arms?
O, no, the gods weigh not what lovers do;
It is Æneas calls Æneas hence,
And woeful Dido, by these blubber'd cheeks,
By this right hand, and by our spousal rights,
Desires Æneas to remain with her;
Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam
Dulce meum, miserere domûs labentis: et istam
Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.

That I might see Æneas in his face:
Now if thou goest, what can'st thou leave behind,
But rather will augment than ease my woe?

ÆN. In vain, my love, thou spend'st thy fainting breath;
If words might move me, I were overcome.

DIDO. And wilt thou not be mov'd with Dido's words?
Thy mother was no goddess, perjur'd man!
Nor Dardanus the author of thy stock;
But thou art sprung from Scythian Caucasus,
And tigers of Hyrcania gave thee suck.
Ah, foolish Dido, to forbear thus long!
Wast thou not wreck'd upon this Lybian shore,
And cam'st to Dido like a fisher swain?
Repair'd not I thy ships, made thee a king,
And all thy needy followers noblemen?
O serpent! that came creeping from the shore,
And I for pity harbour'd in my bosom;
Wilt thou now slay me with thy venom'd sting,
And hiss at Dido for preserving thee?
Go, go, and spare not; seek out Italy:
I hope, that that which love forbids me do,
The rocks and sea-gulls will perform at large,
And thou shalt perish in the billows' ways,
To whom poor Dido doth bequeath revenge:
Aye, traitor! and the waves shall cast thee up,
Where thou and false Achates first set foot;
Which, if it chance, I'll give ye burial,
And weep upon your lifeless carcases,

Though thou nor he will pity me a whit.
Why star'st thou in my face? If thou wilt stay,
Leap in mine arms; mine arms are open wide;
If not, turn from me, and I'll turn from thee:
For though thou hast the power to say, farewell!
I have not power to stay thee.—[*Exit Æneas.*] Is
he gone?
Aye, but he'll come again; he cannot go;
He loves me too, too well to serve me so:
Yet he that in my sight would not relent,
Will, being absent, be obdurate still:
By this is he got to the water-side;
And see, the sailors take him by the hand;
But he shrinks back; and now, rememb'ring me,
Returns amain: welcome, welcome, my love!
But where's Æneas? Ah! he's gone, he's gone!

Enter ANNA.

Nor sent a thousand ships unto the walls,
Nor ever violated faith to him;
Request him gently, Anna, to return:
I crave but this,—he stay a tide or two,
That I may learn to bear it patiently:
If he depart thus suddenly, I die.
Run, Anna, run! stay not to answer me.

ANNA. I go, fair sister! heaven grant good success! [*Exit.*

Enter the NURSE.

NURSE. O Dido! your little son Ascanius
Is gone! He lay with me last night,
And in the morning he was stol'n from me:
I think, some fairies have beguiled me.

DIDO. O cursed hag! and false dissembling wretch!
That slay'st me with thy harsh and hellish tale,
Thou, for some petty gift, hast let him go,
And I am thus deluded of my boy:
Away with her to prison presently!
Trait'ress too keen! and cursed sorceress!

NURSE. I know not what you mean by treason, I,
I am as true as any one of yours. [*Exit.*

DIDO. Away with her! Suffer her not to speak!
My sister comes; I like not her sad looks.

Re-enter ANNA.

ANNA. Before I came, Æneas was aboard,
And spying me, hoist up the sails amain;
But I cry'd out, 'Æneas! false Æneas! stay!'
Then 'gan he wag his hand, which, yet held up,

Made me suppose, he would have heard me speak;
Then 'gan they drive into the ocean;
Which, when I view'd, I cry'd, 'Æneas, stay!
Dido, fair Dido wills Æneas' stay!'
Yet he, whose heart's of adamant or flint,
My tears nor plaints could mollify a whit.
Then carelessly I rent my hair for grief;
Which seen to all, though he beheld me not,
They 'gan to move him to redress my ruth,
And stay awhile to hear what I could say;
But he, clapp'd under hatches, sail'd away.

DIDO. O Anna! Anna! I will follow him.

ANNA. How can ye go, when he hath all your fleet?

DIDO. I'll frame me wings of wax, like Icarus,
And, o'er his ship, will soar unto the sun,
That they may melt, and I fall in his arms;
Or else, I'll make a prayer unto the waves,

But he, rememb'ring me, shrinks back again:
See where he comes; welcome! welcome, my love!
ANNA. Ah, sister, leave these idle fantasies:
Sweet sister! cease; remember who you are.
DIDO. Dido I am, unless I be deceiv'd;
And must I rave thus for a runagate?
Must I make ships for him to sail away?
Nothing can bear me to him but a ship,
And he hath all my fleet. What shall I do,
But die in fury of this oversight?
Aye, I must be the murd'rer of myself;
No, but I am not; yet I will be straight.
Anna, be glad; now have I found a mean
To rid me from these thoughts of lunacy:
Not far from hence there is a woman famous'd for arts,
Daughter unto the nymphs Hesperides,
Who will'd me sacrifice his 'ticing reliques:
Go, Anna, bid my servants bring me fire. [*Exit Anna.*

Enter IARBAS.

IAR. How long will Dido mourn a stranger's flight
That hath dishonour'd her and Carthage both?
How long shall I with grief consume my days,
And reap no guerdon for my truest love?
DIDO. Iarbas, talk not of Æneas; let him go;
Lay to thy hands, and help me make a fire,
That shall consume all that this stranger left;
For I intend a private sacrifice,
To cure my mind, that melts for unkind love.
IAR. But, afterwards, will Dido grant me love?
DIDO. Aye, aye, Iarbas, after this is done,

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Enter ANNA.

ANNA. O help, Iarbas! Dido, in these flames,
Hath burnt herself! ah, me! unhappy me!

Enter IARBAS, *running.*

IAR. Cursed Iarbas! die to expiate
The grief that tires upon thine inward soul:
Dido, I come to thee. Ah, me, Æneas!

[*Kills himself.*

ANNA. What can my tears or cries prevail me now?
Dido is dead, Iarbas slain; Iarbas, my dear love!
O sweet Iarbas! Anna's sole delight;
What fatal destiny envies me thus,
To see my sweet Iarbas slay himself?
But Anna now shall honour thee in death,
And mix her blood with thine; this shall I do,
That gods and men may pity this my death,
And rue our ends, senseless of life or breath:
Now, sweet Iarbas, stay! I come to thee.

[*Kills herself.*

THE END OF VOL. II

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OF

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

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M.DCCC.XXVI.

ERRATA.

Vol. I. page 14. line 3. for "God's" read "Gods."
275. line 13. for " :" read " ,"
28. line 3. read "a dainty gallery."
Vol. II. page 76. line 1. for "Lord's" read "Lords."
120. line 29. for "had" read "hath."
163. line 11. for "at the hard heels" read "hard at the heels."
Vol. III. page 429. line 19. " for line 19." read
"Aurora whither slid'st thou? down again,"
455. line 3. for " line 3," read
"Nepenthe, Heav'ns drink, most gladness brings,"

EDWARD THE SECOND.

The troublesome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the Second, king of England: with the tragical fall of proud Mortimer: and also the life and death of Piers Gaveston, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty favourite of King Edward the Second. As it was publickly acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Pembroke his servauntes. Written by Chri. Marlow, Gent. Imprinted at London, by Richard Bradocke, for William Jones, dwelling neere Holbourne Conduit, at the signe of the Gunne, 1598, 4to.

This tragedy was entered on the book of the Stationers' Company in July, 1593, and was printed in 1598; again in 1612, 4to. and a third time in 1622, 4to. It is not in the former editions divided into acts.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

EDWARD II.
EDWARD III.
GAVESTON.
OLD SPENCER.
YOUNG SPENCER.
EARL MORTIMER.
YOUNG MORTIMER.
LANCASTER.
LEICESTER.
EDMUND, EARL *of* KENT.
ARUNDEL.
WARWICK.
PEMBROKE.
ARCHBISHOP *of* CANTERBURY.
BISHOP *of* WINCHESTER.
BISHOP *of* COVENTRY.
BEAUMONT.
SIR JOHN HAINAULT.
LEVUNE.
BALDOCK.
MATREVIS.
GURNEY.
RICE AP HOWEL.
LIGHTBORN.
ABBOT.
MESSENGERS, *&c.*

QUEEN ISABELLA.

EDWARD THE SECOND.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter GAVESTON, *reading a letter from the king.*

GAV. '*My father is deceas'd! Come, Gaveston,*
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.'
Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight!
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston,
Than live and be the favourite of a king!
Sweet prince, I come; these, these thy amorous lines
Might have enforc'd me to have swam from France,
And like Leander, gasp'd upon the sand,
So thou wouldst smile, and take me in thine arms.
The sight of London to my exil'd eyes
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul;
Not that I love the city, or the men,
But that it harbours him I hold so dear—
The king, upon whose bosom let me lie,
And with the world be still at enmity.
What need the arctick people love star-light,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers;
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.

As for the multitude, they are but sparks,
Rak'd up in embers of their poverty;—
Tanti; I'll fawn first on the wind
That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.
But how now, what are these?

Enter three poor MEN.

MEN. Such as desire your worship's service.

GAV. What canst thou do?

1 MAN. I can ride.

GAV. But I have no horse. What art thou?

2 MAN. A traveller.

GAV. Let me see—thou wouldst do well
To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-time;
And as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.
And what art thou?

3 MAN. A soldier, that hath serv'd against the Scot.

GAV. Why there are hospitals for such as you;
I have no war, and therefore, sir, be gone.

3 MAN. Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,
That would'st reward them with an hospital.

GAV. Aye, aye, these words of his move me as much
As if a goose would play the porcupine,
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.
But yet it is no pain to speak men fair;
I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope. [*Aside.*
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not view'd my lord the king;
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

OMNES. We thank your worship.
GAV. I have some business. Leave me to myself.
OMNES. We will wait here about the court.
[*Exeunt.*

GAV. Do; these are not men for me;
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please.
Music and poetry are his delight;
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay.
Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there hard by,
One like Acteon peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,
And running in the likeness of an hart,
By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall seem to die;—
Such things as these best please his majesty.
By'r lord! here comes the king, and the nobles,*

* In the old editions of this play we read, *My lord here comes, &c.* This reading is evidently incorrect, and we have, therefore, ventured on the above emendation.

From the parliament. I'll stand aside.

Enter the KING, LANCASTER, MORTIMER, *senior*, MORTIMER, *junior*, EDMUND EARL *of* KENT, GUY EARL *of* WARWICK, *&c.*

EDW. Lancaster!

LAN. My lord.

GAV. That earl of Lancaster do I abhor. [*Aside.*

EDW. Will you not grant me this? In spite of them
I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeas'd.

E. MOR. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston.

GAV. That villain Mortimer, I'll be his death! [*Aside.*

Y. MOR. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,
Were sworn unto your father at his death,
That he should ne'er retur[illegible]nto the realm:
And know, my lord, e'er I [illegible]ill break my oath,
This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up. [*Aside.*

GAV. *Mort dieu!*

EDW. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words.
Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?
Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?
The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,
And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.
I will have Gaveston; and you shall know

What danger 'tis to stand against your king.

GAV. Well done, Ned! [*Aside.*

LAN. My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,
That naturally would love and honour you
But for that base and obscure Gaveston?
Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster—
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester,
These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm;
Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.

EDW. Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute;
But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.
I do remember, in my father's days,
Lord Piercy of the North, being highly mov'd,
Brav'd Mowbery in presence of the king;
For which, had not his highness lov'd him well,
He should have lost his head; but with his look
Th' undaunted spirit of Piercy was appeas'd,
And Mowbery and he were reconcil'd.
Yet dare you brave the king unto his face;
Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads,
Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.

WAR. Oh, our heads!

EDW. Aye, yours; aud therefore I would wish you grant.—

WAR. Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.

Y. MOR. I cannot, nor I will not; I must speak.
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.

Come, uncle, let us leave the brainsick king,
And henceforth parley with our naked swords.

E. MOR. Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.

WAR. All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.

LAN. And northward Lancaster* hath many friends.
Adieu, my lord and either change your mind,
Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
To float in blood; and at thy wanton head,
The glozing head of thy base minion thrown.

[*Exeunt Nobles.*

EDW. I cannot brook these haughty menaces:
Am I a king, and must be over-rul'd?
Brother, display my ensigns in the fields;
I'll bandy with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.

GAV. I can no longer keep me from my lord:

EDW. What, Gaveston! welcome—Kiss not my hand—
Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.
Why shouldst thou kneel?
Know'st thou not who I am?
Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston!
Not Hilas was more mourn'd of Hercules,
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile.

GAV. And since I went from hence, no soul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.

EDW. I know it—Brother, welcome home my friend.

* Gaveston, in the old editions.

Now let the treach'rous Mortimers conspire,
And that high-minded earl of Lancaster:
I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight;
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land,
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.
I here create thee lord high-chamberlain,
Chief secretary to the state and me,
Earl of Cornwall, king and lord of Man.

GAV. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

KENT. Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

EDW. Cease, brother; for I cannot brook these words.
Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts,
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart;
If for these dignities thou be envied,
I'll give thee more; for, but to honour thee,
Is Edward pleas'd with kingly regiment.
Fear'st thou thy person? thou shalt have a guard.
Want'st thou gold? go to my treasury.
Wouldst thou be lov'd and fear'd? receive my seal,
Save or condemn, and in our name command
What so thy mind affects, or fancy likes.

GAV. It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

Enter the BISHOP *of* COVENTRY.

EDW. Whither goes my lord of Coventry so fast?

BISH. To celebrate your father's exequies.

But is that wicked Gaveston return'd?

EDW. Aye, priest, and lives to be reveng'd on thee,
That wert the only cause of his exile.

GAV. 'Tis true; and but for reverence of these robes,
Thou shouldst not plod one foot beyond this place.

BISH. I did no more than I was bound to do;
And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaim'd,
As then I did incense the parliament,
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

GAV. Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

EDW. Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,
And in the channel christen him anew.

KENT. Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him,
For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.

GAV. Let him complain unto the see of hell,
I'll be reveng'd on him for my exile.

EDW. No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods:
Be thou lord bishop, and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain:
I give him thee—here, use him as thou wilt.

GAV. He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

EDW. Aye, to the Tower, the Fleet; or where thou wilt.

BISH. For this offence, be thou accurst of God!

EDW. Who's there? Convey this priest to the tower.

BISH. Do, do.

EDW. But, in the mean time, Gaveston, away,
And take possession of his house and goods.
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard

To see it done, and bring thee safe again.

GAV. What should a priest do with so fair a house?
A prison may best beseem his holiness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter both the MORTIMERS, WARWICK *and* LANCASTER.

WAR. 'Tis true, the bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston.

LAN. What! will they tyrannize upon the church?
Ah, wicked king! accursed Gaveston!
This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timeless sepulchre, or mine.

Y. MOR. Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure;
Unless his breast be sword-proof, he shall die.

E. MOR. How now, why droops the earl of Lancaster?

Y. MOR. Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent?

LAN. That villain Gaveston is made an earl.

E. MOR. An earl!

WAR. Aye, and besides lord chamberlain of the realm,
And secretary too, and lord of Man.

E. MOR. We may not, nor we will not suffer this.

Y. MOR. Why post we not from hence to levy men?

LAN. My lord of Cornwall now at every word!
And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,
For vailing of his bonnet, one good look.
Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march:

Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits;
And all the court begins to flatter him.

WAR. Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods, and scorns, and smiles at those that pass.

E. MOR. Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?

LAN. All stomach him, but none dare speak a word.

Y. MOR. Aye, that bewrays their baseness, Lancaster.
Were all the earls and barons of my mind,
We'd hale him from the bosom of the king,
And at the court-gate hang the peasant up;
Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP *of* CANTERBURY, *and a* MESSENGER.

WAR. Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace.

LAN. His countenance bewrays he is displeas'd.

ARCHBISH. First were his sacred garments rent and torn,
Then laid they violent hands upon him; next
Himself imprison'd, and his goods asseiz'd:
This certify the pope;—away, take horse.

[*Exit Messenger.*

LAN. My lord, will you take arms against the king?

ARCHBISH. What need I? God himself is up in arms,
When violence is offer'd to the church.

Y. MOR. Then will you join with us, that be his peers,
To banish or behead that Gaveston?

ARCHBISH. What else, my lords? for it concerns me near;—
The bishoprick of Coventry is his.

Enter the QUEEN.

Y. MOR. Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?
QUEEN. Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now, my lord, the king regards me not,
But doats upon the love of Gaveston.
He claps his cheek, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;
And when I come he frowns, as who should say,
Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston.
E. MOR. Is it not strange, that he is thus bewitch'd?
Y. MOR. Madam, return unto the court again:
That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
Or lose our lives; and yet ere that day come
The king shall lose his crown; for we have power,
And courage too, to be reveng'd at full.
ARCHBISH. But yet lift not your swords against the king.
LAN. No; but we'll lift Gaveston from hence.
WAR. And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.
QUEEN. Then let him stay; for rather than my lord
Shall be oppress'd with civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolick with his minion.
ARCHBISH. My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak:—
We and the rest, that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent

Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.

LAN. What we confirm the king will frustrate.

Y. MOR. Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

WAR. But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be?

ARCHBISH. At the New Temple.

Y. MOR. Content.

ARCHBISH. And, in the mean time, I'll intreat you all
To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

LAN. Come then, let's away.

Y. MOR. Madam, farewell!

QUEEN. Farewell, sweet Mortimer; and, for my sake.
Forbear to levy arms against the king.

Y. MOR. Aye, if words will serve, if not, I must.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter GAVESTON *and the* EARL *of* KENT.

GAV. Edmund, the mighty prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,
With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone toward Lambeth—there let them remain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter NOBLES, *and the* ARCHBISHOP *of* CANTERBURY.

LAN. Here is the form of Gaveston's exile;
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.

ARCHBISH. Give me the paper.
LAN. Quick, quick, my lord;
I long to write my name.
WAR. But I long more to see him banish'd hence.
Y. MOR. The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,
Unless he be declin'd from that base peasant.

Enter the KING *and* GAVESTON.

EDW. What, are you moved that Gaveston sits here?
It is our pleasure, we will have it so.
LAN. Your grace doth well to place him by your side,
For no where else the new earl is so safe.
E. MOR. What man of noble birth can brook this sight?
Quam male conveniunt!
See what a scornful look the peasant casts!
PEM. Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?
WAR. Ignoble vassal, that like Phaeton,
Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun.
Y. MOR. Their downfall is at hand, their forces down:
We will not thus be fac'd and over-peer'd.
EDW. Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer!
E. MOR. Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston!
KENT. Is this the duty that you owe your king?
WAR. We know our duties—let him know his peers.

EDW. Whither will you bear him? Stay, or ye shall die.

E. MOR. We are no traitors, therefore threaten not.

GAV. No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home!
Were I a king—

Y. MOR. Thou villain, wherefore talk'st thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

EDW. Were he a peasant, being my minion,
I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.

LAN. My lord, you may not thus disparage us.
Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston.

E. MOR. And with the earl of Kent that favours him.

EDW. Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king,
Here, Mortimer, sit thou on Edward's throne:
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown:
Was ever king thus over-rul'd as I?

LAN. Learn then to rule us better, and the realm.

Y. MOR. What we have done,
Our heart-blood shall maintain.

WAR. Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?

EDW. Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.

ARCHBISH. Why are you mov'd? be patient, my lord,
And see what we your counsellors have done.

Y. MOR. My lords, now let us all be resolute,
And either have our wills, or lose our lives.

EDW. Meet you for this? proud over-daring peers!

Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,
This isle shall fleet upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde.

ARCHBISH. You know that I am legate to the pope;
On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.

Y. MOR. Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we
Depose him, and elect another king.

EDW. Aye, there it goes—but yet I will not yield:
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.

LAN. Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.

ARCHBISH. Remember how the bishop was abus'd!
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
Or I will presently discharge these lords
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.

EDW. It boots me not to threat—I must speak fair: [*Aside.*
The legate of the pope will be obey'd.
My lord, you shall be chancellor of the realm;
Thou, Lancaster, high-admiral of our fleet;
Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;
And you, lord Warwick, president of the North;
And thou of Wales. If this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may have some nook or corner left,
To frolick with my dearest Gaveston.

ARCHBISH. Nothing shall alter us—we are resolv'd.

LAN. Come, come, subscribe.

Y. MOR. Why should you love him

Whom the world hates so?

EDW. Because he loves me more than all the world.
Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men,
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston;
You that are noble born should pity him.

WAR. You that are princely born should shake him off:
For shame, subscribe, and let the loon depart.

E. MOR. Urge him, my lord.

ARCHBISH. Are you content to banish him the realm?

EDW. I see I must, and therefore am content:
Instead of ink I'll write it with my tears.

Y. MOR. The king is love-sick for his minion.

EDW. 'Tis done—and now, accursed hand! fall off!

LAN. Give it me—I'll have it publish'd in the streets.

Y. MOR. I'll see him presently dispatch'd away.

ARCHBISH. Now is my heart at ease.

WAR. And so is mine.

PEM. This will be good news to the common sort.

E. MOR. Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

[*Exeunt Nobles.*

EDW. How fast they run to banish him I love!
They would not stir, were it to do me good.
Why should a king be subject to a priest?
Proud Rome! that hatchest such imperial grooms,
With these thy superstitious taper-lights,
Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,
I'll fire thy crazed buildings, and enforce

Thy papal towers to kiss the lowly ground!
With slaughter'd priests make Tiber's channel swell,
And banks raise higher with their sepulchres!
As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,
If I be king, not one of them shall live.

Enter GAVESTON.

GAV. My lord, I hear it whisper'd everywhere,
That I am banish'd, and must fly the land.

EDW. 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston—Oh! were it false!
The legate of the pope will have it so,
And thou must hence, or I shall be depos'd.
But I will reign to be reveng'd on them;
And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.
Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough;
And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou dost,
I'll come to thee; my love shall ne'er decline.

GAV. Is all my hope turn'd to this hell of grief?

EDW. Rend not my heart with thy too-piercing words:
Thou from this land, I from myself am banish'd.

GAV. To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston;
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
The blessedness of Gaveston remains;
For no where else seeks he felicity.

EDW. And only this torments my wretched soul,
That, whether I will or no, thou must depart.
Be governor of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here take my picture, and let me wear thine;
O, might I keep thee here as I do this,

Happy were I! but now most miserable!

GAV. 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.

EDW. Thou shalt not hence—I'll hide thee, Gaveston.

GAV. I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.

EDW. Kind words, and mutual talk, makes our grief greater:
Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us part—
Stay, Gaveston, I cannot leave thee thus.

GAV. For every look, my love drops down a tear:
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

EDW. The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And, therefore, give me leave to look my fill;
But come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way.

GAV. The peers will frown.

EDW. I pass not for their anger—Come let's go;
O that we might as well return as go.

Enter KENT *and* QUEEN ISABEL.

QUEEN. Whither goes my lord?

EDW. Fawn not on me, French strumpet! get thee gone.

QUEEN. On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

GAV. On Mortimer! with whom, ungentle queen—
I say no more—judge you the rest, my lord.

QUEEN. In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston:
Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honour thus in question?

GAV. I mean not so; your grace must pardon me.
EDW. Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
And by thy means is Gaveston exil'd;
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconcil'd to me.
QUEEN. Your highness knows it lies not in my power.
EDW. Away then! touch me not—Come, Gaveston.
QUEEN. Villain! 'tis thou that robb'st me of my lord.
GAV. Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.
EDW. Speak not unto her; let her droop and pine.
QUEEN. Wherein, my lord, have I deserv'd these words?
Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,
Witness this heart, that sighing for thee, breaks,
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel.
EDW. And witness heaven how dear thou art to me!
There weep; for till my Gaveston be repeal'd,
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.
[*Exeunt Edward and Gaveston.*
QUEEN. O miserable and distressed queen!
Would, when I left sweet France, and was embark'd,
That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had chang'd my shape, or that the marriage day,
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison,
Or with those arms that twin'd about my neck,
I had been stifled, and not liv'd to see
The king my lord thus to abandon me!
Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries;

For never doated Jove on Ganymede
So much as he on cursed Gaveston:
But that will more exasperate his wrath:
I must entreat him, I must speak him fair,
And be a means to call home Gaveston:
And yet he'll ever doat on Gaveston;
And so am I for ever miserable.

Enter the NOBLES.

LAN. Look where the sister of the king of France
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast!

WAR. The king, I fear, hath ill-treated her.

PEM. Hard is the heart that injures such a saint.

Y. MOR. I know 'tis long of Gaveston she weeps.

E. MOR. Why, he is gone.

Y. MOR. Madam, how fares your grace?

QUEEN. Ah, Mortimer! now breaks the king's hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loves me not.

Y. MOR. Cry quittance, madam, then: and love not him.

QUEEN. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths:
And yet I love in vain—he'll ne'er love me.

LAN. Fear ye not, madam; now his minion's gone,
His wanton humour will be quickly left.

QUEEN. Oh never, Lancaster! I am enjoin'd
To sue unto you all for his repeal;
This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
Or else be banish'd from his highness' presence.

LAN. For his repeal, madam! he comes not back,
Unless the sea cast up his shipwreck'd body.

WAR. And to behold so sweet a sight as that,
There's none here, but would run his horse to death.

Y. MOR. But, madam, would you have us call him home?

QUEEN. Aye, Mortimer, for till he be restor'd,
The angry king hath banish'd me the court;
And, therefore, as thou lov'st and tender'st me,
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.

Y. MOR. What! would you have me plead for Gaveston?

E. MOR. Plead for him that will, I am resolv'd.

LAN. And so am I, my lord; dissuade the queen.

QUEEN. O Lancaster! let him dissuade the king,
For 'tis against my will he should return.

WAR. Then speak not for him, let the peasant go.

QUEEN. 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.

PEM. No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease.

Y. MOR. Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish
Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead;
I mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston,
That now I hope floats on the Irish seas.

QUEEN. Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me awhile,
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight,
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.

Y. MOR. It is impossible; but speak your mind.

QUEEN. Then thus, but none shall hear it but ourselves.

LAN. My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer,
Will you be resolute, and hold with me?

E. MOR. Not I, against my nephew.

PEM. Fear not, the queen's words cannot alter him.
WAR. No, do but mark how earnestly she pleads.
LAN. And see how coldly his looks make denial.
WAR. She smiles, now for my life his mind is chang'd.
LAN. I'll rather lose his friendship I, than grant.
Y. MOR. Well, of necessity it must be so.
My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston
I hope your honours make no question,
And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,
'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail:
Nay, for the realms behoof, and for the king's.
LAN. Fie, Mortimer, dishonour not thyself!
Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him?
And is this true, to call him home again?
Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.
Y. MOR. My lord of Lancaster, mark the respect.
LAN. In no respect can contraries be true.
QUEEN. Yet, good my lord, hear what he can alledge.
WAR. All that he speaks is nothing, we are resolv'd.
Y. MOR. Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?
PEM. I would he were.
Y. MOR. Why then, my lord, give me but leave to speak.
E. MOR. But, nephew, do not play the sophister.
Y. MOR. This which I urge is of a burning zeal
To mend the king, and do our country good.
Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,

Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,
As he will front the mightiest of us all?
And whereas he shall live and be belov'd,
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.

WAR. Mark you but that, my lord of Lancaster.

Y. MOR. But were he here, detested as he is,
How easily might some base slave be suborn'd,
To greet his lordship with a poignard,
And none so much as blame the murderer,
But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
And in the chronicle enrol his name,
For purging of the realm of such a plague?

PEM. He saith true.

LAN. Aye, but how chance this was not done before?

Y. MOR. Because, my lords, it was not thought upon:
Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us
To banish him, and then to call him home,
'Twill make him vail the top-flag of his pride,
And fear to offend the meanest nobleman.

E. MOR. But how if he do not, nephew?

Y. MOR. Then may we with some colour rise in arms:
For howsoever we have borne it out,
'Tis treason to be up against the king;
So we shall have the people on our side,
Which for his father's sake lean to the king,
But cannot brook a night-grown mushroom,
Such a one as my lord of Cornwall is,
Should bear us down of the nobility.

And when the commons and the nobles join,
'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston;
We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath.
My lords, if to perform this I be slack,
Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.

LAN. On that condition, Lancaster will grant.

WAR. And so will Pembroke and I.

E. MOR. And I.

Y. MOR. In this I count me highly gratify'd,
And Mortimer will rest at your command.

QUEEN. And when this favour Isabel forgets,
Then let her live abandon'd and forlorn.
But see, in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the earl of Cornwall on his way,
Is new return'd; this news will glad him much;
Yet not so much as me; I love him more
Than he can Gaveston; would he lov'd me
But half so much, then were I treble-bless'd!

Enter KING EDWARD, *mourning.*

EDW. He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn.
Did never sorrow go so near my heart,
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston!
And could my crown's revenue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gain'd, having bought so dear a friend.

QUEEN. Hark! how he harps upon his minion.

EDW. My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,

And makes me frantick for my Gaveston.
Ah! had some bloodless fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,
When I was forc'd to leave my Gaveston!

LAN. Diablo! what passions call you these?

QUEEN. My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.

EDW. That you have parley'd with your Mortimer?

QUEEN. That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repeal'd.

EDW. Repeal'd! the news is too sweet to be true!

QUEEN. But will you love me, if you find it so?

EDW. If it be so, what will not Edward do?

QUEEN. For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.

EDW. For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st Gaveston,
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.

QUEEN. No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord; nor let me have more wealth
Than I may fetch from this rich treasure—
O how a kiss revives poor Isabel!

EDW. Once more receive my hand; and let this be
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.

QUEEN. And may it prove more happy than the first!
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,
That wait attendance for a gracious look,

And on their knees salute your majesty.

EDW. Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king;
And as gross vapours perish by the sun,
Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile.
Live thou with me as my companion.

LAN. This salutation overjoys my heart.

EDW. Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor:
These silver hairs will more adorn my court,
Than gaudy silks, or rich embroidery.
Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.

WAR. Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.

EDW. In solemn triumphs, and in publick shows,
Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king.

PEM. And with this sword Pembroke will fight for you.

EDW. But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?
Be thou commander of our royal fleet;
Or if that lofty office like thee not,
I make thee here lord marshal of the realm.

Y. MOR. My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

EDW. And as for you, lord Mortimer of Chirke,
Whose great achievements in our foreign war
Deserve no common place, nor mean reward;
Be you the general of the levied troops,
That now are ready to assail the Scots.

E. MOR. In this your grace hath highly honour'd me,

For with my nature war doth best agree.

QUEEN. Now is the king of England rich and strong,
Having the love of his renowned peers.

EDW. Aye, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.
Clerk of the crown direct our warrant forth,
For Gaveston to Ireland: Beamont, fly,
As fast as Iris, or Jove's Mercury.

BEA. It shall be done, my gracious lord.

EDW. Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.
Now let us in, and feast it royally.
Against our friend the earl of Cornwall comes,
We'll have a general tilt and tournament;
And then his marriage shall be solemniz'd.
For wot you not that I have made him sure
Unto our cousin, the earl of Glouster's heir?

LAN. Such news we hear, my lord.

EDW. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost; we will requite your love.

WAR. In this, or aught your highness shall command us.

EDW. Thanks, gentle Warwick: come let's in and revel. [*Exeunt. Manent the Mortimers.*

E. MOR. Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou stay'st here.
Leave now t' oppose thyself against the king,
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
And seeing his mind so doats on Gaveston,

Let him without controulment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their minions:
Great Alexander lov'd Hephestion;
The conquering Hercules for his Hilas wept;
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd.
And not kings only, but the wisest men:
The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius;
Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain, light-headed earl;
For riper years will wean him from such toys.

Y. MOR. Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me;
But this I scorn, that one so basely born
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And riot with the treasure of the realm.
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
And Midas like, he jets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show,
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appear'd.
I have not seen a dapper jack so brisk;
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuscan cap,
A jewel of more value than the crown.
While others walk below, the king and he,
From out a window, laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.

Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

E. MOR. But, nephew, now you see the king is chang'd.

Y. MOR. Then so am I, and live to do him service:

But whilst I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart.'
You know my mind; come, uncle, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter Young SPENCER *and* BALDOCK.

BALD. Spencer, seeing that our lord the earl of Glou'ster's dead,
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?

Y. SPEN. Not Mortimer, nor any of his side;
Because the king and he are enemies.
Baldock, learn this of me, a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us;
But he that hath the favour of a king,
May with one word advance us while we live:
The liberal earl of Cornwall is the man
On whose good fortune Spencer's hope depends.

BALD. What, mean you then to be his follower?

Y. SPEN. No, his companion; for he loves me well,

And would have once preferr'd me to the king.

BALD. But he is banish'd, there's small hope of him.

Y. SPEN. Aye, for a while; but, Baldock, mark the end.

A friend of mine told me in secresy,
That he's repeal'd, and sent for back again;
And even now a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king;
And as she read she smil'd, which makes me think
It is about her lover Gaveston.

BALD. 'Tis like enough; for since he was exil'd
She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight.
But I had thought the match had been broke off,
And that his banishment had chang'd her mind.

Y. SPEN. Our lady's first love is not wavering;
My life for thine she will have Gaveston.

BALD. Then hope I by her means to be preferr'd,
Having read unto her since she was a child.

Y. SPEN. Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar off,

And learn to court it like a gentleman.
'Tis not a black coat and a little band,
A velvet cap'd cloak, fac'd before with serge,
And smelling to a nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,
Or making low legs to a nobleman,
Or looking downward, with your eye-lids close,
And saying, truly an't may please your honour,
Can get you any favour with great men:

You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then stab, as occasion serves.

BALD. Spencer, thou know'st I hate such formal toys,
And use them but of mere hypocrisy.
Mine old lord while he liv'd was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And being like pins' heads, blame me for the bigness;
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kind of villainy.
I am none of these common pedants, I,
That cannot speak without *propterea quod*.

Y. SPEN. But one of those that saith, *quandoquidem*,
And hath a special gift to form a verb.

BALD. Leave off this jesting, here my lady comes.

Enter the LADY.

LADY. The grief for his exile was not so much,
As is the joy of his returning home.
This letter came from my sweet Gaveston:
What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself?
I know thou couldst not come and visit me:
I will not long be from thee, though I die. [*Reads.*
This argues the entire love of my lord,
When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart: [*Reads.*
But stay thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.
Now to the letter of my lord the king.—
He wills me to repair unto the court,

And meet my Gaveston: why do I stay,
Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day?
Who's there, Baldock?
See that my coach be ready, I must hence.

BALD. It shall be done, madam. [*Exit.*

LADY. And meet me at the park-pale presently.
Spencer, stay you and bear me company,
For I have joyful news to tell thee of;
My lord of Cornwall is a coming over,
And will be at the court as soon as we.

SPEN. I knew the king would have him home again.

LADY. If all things sort out, as I hope they will,
Thy service, Spencer, shall be thought upon.

SPEN. I humbly thank your ladyship.

LADY. Come, lead the way; I long till I am there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter EDWARD, *the* QUEEN, LANCASTER, MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, KENT, *and* ATTENDANTS.

EDW. The wind is good, I wonder why he stays;
I fear me he is wreck'd upon the sea.

QUEEN. Look, Lancaster, how passionate he is,
And still his mind runs on his minion!

LAN. My lord.

EDW. How now! what news? is Gaveston arriv'd?

Y. MOR. Nothing but Gaveston! what means your grace?
You have matters of more weight to think upon;

The king of France sets foot in Normandy.

EDW. A trifle! we'll expel him when we please.
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device,
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

Y. MOR. A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling.

EDW. Pray thee let me know it.

Y. MOR. But seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:
A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets unto the highest bough of all:
The motto, *Æque tandem.*

EDW. And what is your's, my lord of Lancaster?

LAN. My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.
Pliny reports, there is a flying fish
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore being pursued, it takes the air:
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it: this fish, my lord, I bear,
The motto this: *Undique mors est.*

EDW. Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!
Is this the love you bear your sovereign?
Is this the fruit your reconcilement bears?
Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds?
What call you this but private libelling,
Against the earl of Cornwall and my brother?

QUEEN. Sweet husband, be content, they all love you.

EDW. They love me not that hate my Gaveston.
I am that cedar, shake me not too much;
And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the gresses* that will pull you down,
And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry
Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.
Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,
And threatenest death whether he rise or fall;
'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him.

Y. MOR. If in his absence thus he favours him,
What will he do whenas he shall be present?

LAN. That shall we see; look where his lordship comes.

Enter GAVESTON.

EDW. My Gaveston! welcome to Tinmouth! welcome to thy friend!
Thy absence made me droop, and pine away;
[illegible] the lovers of fair Danae,
[illegible] up in a brazen tower,

The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage,
Frolicks not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your majesty.

EDW. Will none of you salute my Gaveston?

LAN. Salute him? yes; welcome, lord chamberlain.

Y. MOR. Welcome is the good earl of Cornwall.

WAR. Welcome, lord governor of the Isle of Man.

PEM. Welcome, master secretary.

KENT. Brother, do you hear them?

EDW. Still will these earls and barons use me thus?

GAV. My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.

QUEEN. Ah me! poor soul, when these begin to jar.

EDW. Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.

GAV. Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef;
And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low
As to bestow a look on such as you.

LAN. Yet I disdain not to do this for you. [*Draws.*

EDW. Treason! treason! where's the traitor?

PEM. Here! here! king:
Convey hence Gaveston; they'll murder him.

GAV. The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.

Y. MOR. Villain! thy life, unless I miss mine aim.
[*Offers to stab him.*

QUEEN. Ah! furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?

Y. MOR. No more than I would answer, were he slain.

EDW. Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he live;
Dear shall you both abide this riotous deed.
Out of my presence! come not near the court.

Y. MOR. I'll not be barr'd the court for Gaveston.

LAN. We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.

EDW. Look to your own heads; his is sure enough.

WAR. Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.

KENT. Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.

EDW. Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus;
But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.
Come, Edmund, let's away and levy men,

LAN. And so doth Lancaster.
Now send our heralds to defy the king;
And make the people swear to put him down.

Enter MESSENGER.

Y. MOR. Letters! from whence?

MESS. From Scotland, my lord.

LAN. Why, how now, cousin, how fares all our friends?

Y. MOR. My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

LAN. We'll have him ransom'd, man, be of good cheer.

Y. MOR. They rate his ransom at five thousand pound.
Who should defray the money but the king,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?
I'll to the king.

LAN. Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company.

WAR. Mean time, my lord of Pembroke and myself
Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.

Y. MOR. About it then, and we will follow you.

LAN. Be resolute and full of secresy.

WAR. I warrant you.

Y. MOR. Cousin, and if he will not ransom him,
I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,
As never subject did unto his king.

LAN. Content, I'll bear my part—Holloa! who's there? [*Guard appears.*

GUARD. His highness is disposed to be m

LAN. Why, so he may, but we will speak

GUARD. You may not in, my lord.

Y. MOR. May we not?

Enter EDWARD *and* KENT.

EDW. How now! what noise is this?
Who have we there, is't you?

Y. MOR. Nay, stay, my lord, I come to b
news;
Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

EDW. Then ransom him.

LAN. 'Twas in your wars; you should ran

Y. MOR. And you shall ransom him, or e

KENT. What! Mortimer, you will not thre

EDW. Quiet yourself, you shall have the b
To gather for him throughout the realm.

LAN. Your minion Gaveston hath taught

Y. MOR. My lord, the family of the Mor
Are not so poor, but would they sell their la
Could levy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but use such prayers as thes

EDW. Shall I still be taunted thus?

Y. MOR. Nay, now you're here alone, I'll

LAN. And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.
Y. MOR. The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestow'd on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak;
The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.
LAN. Look for rebellion, look to be depos'd;
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.
The wild Oneyl, with swarms of Irish kerns,
Lives uncontroll'd within the English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And unresisted draw away rich spoils.
Y. MOR. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigg'd.
LAN. What foreign prince sends thee embassadors?
Y. MOR. Who loves thee, but a sort of flatterers?
LAN. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.
Y. MOR. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That make a king seem glorious to the world;
I mean the peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love:
Libels are cast against thee in the street:
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.
LAN. The Northern borderers seeing their houses burnt,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

Bedauded with gold, rode lat
Nodding and shaking of thy
Where women's favours hun;

LAN. And thereof came
Scots,
To England's high disgrace,
Maids of England, sore may
For your lemans you have los
With a heave and a ho.
What weened the king of En
So soon to have won Scotlanc
With a rombelow ?

Y. MOR. Wigmore shall fl

LAN. And when 'tis gone
chase more.
If ye be mov'd, revenge it if
Look next to see us with our

EDW. My swelling heart
How oft have I been baited l
And dare not be revenged, f
Yet, shall the crowing of the
Affright a lion ? Edward, un

If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,
Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.

KENT. My lord, I see your love for Gaveston
Will be the ruin of the realm and you,
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars,
And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.

EDW. Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?

KENT. Aye, and it grieves me that I favoured him.

EDW. Traitor, begone! whine thou with Mortimer.

KENT. So will I, rather than with Gaveston.

EDW. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more!

KENT. No marvel that thou scorn thy noble peers,
When I thy brother am rejected thus. [*Exit.*

EDW. Away! poor Gaveston, that has no friend but me;
Do what they can, we'll live in Tinmouth here,
And, so I walk with him about the walls,
What care I though the earls begirt us round—
Here cometh she that's cause of all these jars.

Enter the QUEEN, *three* LADIES, GAVESTON, BALDOCK, *and Young* SPENCER.

QUEEN. My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms.

EDW. Aye, and it is likewise thought you favour them.

QUEEN. Thus do you still suspect me without cause?

LADY. Sweet uncle! speak more kindly to the queen.

GAV. Why do you not co

EDW. I dare not, for the p

GAV. Why then we'll

away.

EDW. Would Lancaster a

A bowl of poison to each ot

But let them go, and tell me

LADY. Two of my father's s

May't please your grace to e

EDW. Tell me, where wast

What is thine arms?

BALD. My name is Baldo

I fetch from Oxford, not fro

EDW. The fitter art thou,

Wait on me, and I'll see tho

BALD. I humbly thank yo

EDW. Knowest thou him,

GAV. Aye, my lord; his

well allied;

For my sake, let him wait up

Scarce shall you find a man

EDW. Then, Spencer, wait

Than to be favoured of your majesty.

EDW. Cousin, this day shall be your marriage feast.

And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well.
To wed thee to our niece, the only heir
Unto the earl of Glou'ster late deceas'd.

GAV. I know, my lord, many will stomach me,
But I respect neither their love nor hate.

EDW. The headstrong barons shall not limit me;
He that I list to favour shall be great.
Come, let's away; and when the marriage ends,
Have at the rebels, and their 'complices!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

Enter LANCASTER, MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *and* KENT.

KENT. My lords of love to this our native land,
I come to join with you, and leave the king;
And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof
Will be the first that shall adventure life.

LAN. I fear me, you are sent of policy,
To undermine us with a shew of love.

WAR. He is your brother, therefore have we cause
To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.

KENT. Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth:
If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords.

Y. MOR. Stay, Edmund; never was Plantagenet
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

PEM. But what's the reason you should leave us
now?

KENT. I have inform'd the earl of Lancaster.

LAN. And it sufficeth. Now, my lords, know this
That Gaveston is secretly arriv'd,
And here in Tinmouth frolicks with the king.
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,
And suddenly surprize them unawares.

Y. MOR. I'll give the onset.

WAR. And I'll follow thee.

Y. MOR. This totter'd ensign of my ancestors,
Which swept the desert shore of that dead sea,
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,
Will I advance upon this castle's walls.
Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston!

LAN. None be so hardy as to touch the king;

GAV. O stay, my lord, they will not injure you.
EDW. I will not trust them; Gaveston, away!
GAV. Farewell, my lord.
EDW. Lady, farewell.
LADY. Farewell, sweet uncle, till we meet again.
EDW. Farewell, sweet Gaveston, and farewell, niece.
QUEEN. No farewell to poor Isabel thy queen?
EDW. Yes, yes, for Mortimer, your lover's sake.
[*Exeunt all but Isabel.*

QUEEN. Heaven can witness, I love none but you
From my embracements thus he breaks away.
O that mine arms could close this isle about,
That I might pull him to me where I would!
Or that these tears, that drizzle from mine eyes,
Had power to mollify his stony heart,
That when I had him we might never part.

Enter the BARONS. *Alarums.*

LAN. I wonder how he 'scap'd!
Y. MOR. Who's this, the Queen?
QUEEN. Aye, Mortimer, the miserable Queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,
And body with continual mourning wasted:
These hands are tir'd with haling of my lord
From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,
And all in vain; for, when I speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.
Y. MOR. Cease to lament, and tell us where's the king?
QUEEN. What would you with the king, is't him you seek?

LAN. No, madam, but that cursed Gaveston.
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster,
To offer violence to his sovereign.
We would but rid the realm of Gaveston:
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.

QUEEN. He's gone by water unto Scarborough;
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot 'scape;
The king hath left him, and his train is small.

WAR. Forslow* no time, sweet Lancaster, let's
march.

Y. MOR. How comes it that the king and he are
parted?

QUEEN. That thus your army, going several ways,
Might be of lesser force: and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppress'd; therefore be gone.

Y. MOR. Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy;

Y. MOR. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,
But think of Mortimer as he deserves.

[*Exeunt Barons.*

QUEEN. So well hast thou deserv'd, sweet Mortimer,
As Isabel could live with thee for ever.
In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whose eyes are fix'd on none but Gaveston:
Yet once more I'll importune him with prayer,
If he be strange and not regard my words,
My son and I will over into France,
And to the king my brother there complain,
How Gaveston hath robb'd me of his love:
But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston this blessed day be slain. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter GAVESTON, *pursued.*

GAV. Yet, lusty lords, I have escap'd your hands,
Your threats, your larums, and your hot pursuits;
And though divorced from King Edward's eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurpriz'd,
Breathing, in hope (malgrado* all your beards,
That muster rebels thus against your king)
To see his royal sovereign once again.

Enter the NOBLES.

WAR. Upon him, soldiers, take away his weapons.

Y. MOR. Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,

* *Malgrado*, Ital.—maugre, in despite of.

Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils,
Base flatterer, yield! and were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,
Upon my weapon's point here shouldst thou fall,
And welter in thy gore.

LAN. Monster of men! that like the Greekish strumpet,
Train'd to arms and bloody wars
So many valiant knights;
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death!
King Edward is not here to buckler thee.

WAR. Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave?
Go soldiers, take him hence,
For, by my sword, his head shall off:
Gaveston, short warning shall serve thy turn.
It is our country's cause,
That here severely we will execute

ARUN. His majesty, hearing that you had taken Gaveston,
Intreateth you by me, but that he may
See him before he dies; for why he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall;
And if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.

WAR. How now?

GAV. Renowned Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveston!

WAR. No, it needeth not;
Arundel, we will gratify the king
In other matters, he must pardon us in this.
Soldiers, away with him.

GAV. Why, my lord of Warwick,
Will these delays beget me any hopes?
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at,
Yet grant king Edward this.

Y. MOR. Shalt thou appoint what we shall grant?
Soldiers, away with him:
Thus we'll gratify the king,
We'll send his head by thee; let him bestow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.

LAN. Not so, my lords, lest he bestow more cost
In burying him, than he hath ever earn'd.

ARUN. My lords, it is his majesty's request,
And on the honour of a king he swears,
He will but talk with him, and send him back.

WAR. When, can you tell? Arundel, no; we wot,

Y. Mor. It is honourable in thee to offer
But for we know thou art a noble gentleman
We will not wrong thee so,
To make away a true man for a thief.

Gav. How meanest thou, Mortimer? this
base.

Y. Mor. Away, base groom, robber of king's
Question with thy companions and thy mate

Pem. My lord Mortimer, and you, my lo
one,
To gratify the king's request therein,
Touching the sending of this Gaveston,
Because his majesty so earnestly
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will upon mine honour undertake
To carry him, and bring him back again;
Provided this, that you my lord of Arundel,
Will join with me.

War. Pembroke, what wilt thou do?
Cause yet more bloodshed? is it not enough
That we have taken him, but must we now
Leave him on had I wist, and let him go?

Pem. My lords, I will not over-woo your

Upon my oath, I will return him back.

ARUN. My lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?

LAN. Why I say, let him go on Pembroke's word.

PEM. And you lord Mortimer?

Y. MOR. How say you, my lord of Warwick?

WAR. Nay, do your pleasures,
I know how 'twill prove.

PEM. Then give him me.

GAV. Sweet sovereign, yet I come
To see thee ere I die.

WAR. Not yet perhaps,
If Warwick's wit and policy prevail.

Y. MOR. My lord of Pembroke, we deliver him to you;
Return him on your honour. Sound, away.

[*Exeunt all but Pembroke, Matrevis, Gaveston, and Pembroke's Men.*

PEM. [*To Matrevis.*] My lord, you shall go with me.
My house is not far hence; out of the way
A little, but our men shall go along.
We that have pretty wenches to our wives,
Sir, must not come so near to baulk their lips.

MAT. 'Tis very kindly spoke, my lord of Pembroke;
Your honour hath an adamant of power
To draw a prince.

PEM. So, my lord. Come hither James:
I do commit this Gaveston to thee,
Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning

We will discharge thee of thy charge; be gone.

GAV. Unhappy Gaveston, whither goest thou now?

[*Exit with Pembroke's men.*

HORSE-BOY. My lord, we'll quickly be at Cobham.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter GAVESTON *mourning, and the Earl of Pembroke's Men.*

GAV. O treacherous Warwick! thus to wrong thy friend.

JAMES. I see it is your life these arms pursue.

GAV. Weaponless must I fall? and die in bands!

My friend, and tell him that I watch'd it well.
Come, let thy shadow parley with king Edward.

GAV. Treatherous earl, shall I not see the king?

WAR. The king of heaven perhaps, no other king.
Away! [*Exeunt Warwick and his men with Gaver.*

JAMES. Come, fellows, it booteth not for us to strive,
We will in haste go certify our lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter KING EDWARD *and Young* SPENCER, *with drums and fifes.*

EDW. I long to hear an answer from the barons,
Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.
Ah! Spencer, not the riches of my realm
Can ransom him! ah, he is mark'd to die!
I know the malice of the younger Mortimer,
Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
Inexorable, and I shall never see
My lovely Pierce of Gaveston again!
The barons overbear me with their pride.

Y. SPEN. Were I king Edward, England's sovereign,
Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,
Great Edward Longshank's issue, would I bear
These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontroll'd
These barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine own realm? My lord, pardon my speech,
Did you retain your father's magnanimity,
Did you regard the honour of your name,
You would not suffer thus your majesty

Be counterbuft of your nobility.
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles!
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learn obedience to their lawful king.

EDW. Yea, gentle Spencer, we have been too mild,
Too kind to them; but now have drawn our sword,
And if they send me not my Gaveston,
We'll steel it on their crest, and poll their tops.

BALD. This haught resolve becomes your majesty
Not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highness were a school-boy still,
And must be aw'd and govern'd like a child.

Enter HUGH SPENCER, *an old man, father to the Young Spencer, with his truncheon and Soldiers.*

O. SPEN. Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward—
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!

His life, my lord, before your princely feet.

EDW. Welcome ten thousand times, old man, again.
Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.
Spencer, I here create thee earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favour,
That as the sunshine shall reflect o'er thee.
Besides, the more to manifest our love,
Because we hear lord Bruce doth sell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,
Thou shalt have crowns of us t'outbid the barons:
And, Spencer, spare them not, lay it on.
Soldiers, a largess, and thrice welcome all.

Y. SPEN. My lord, here comes the queen.

Enter the QUEEN *and her son, and* LEVUNE, *a Frenchman.*

EDW. Madam, what news?

QUEEN. News of dishonour, lord, and discontent.
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,
Informeth us, by letters and by words,
That Valois our brother, king of France,
Because your highness hath been slack in homage,
Hath seized Normandy into his hands.
These be the letters, this the messenger.

EDW. Welcome, Levune. Tush, Sib, if this be all,
Valois and I will soon be friends again.
But to my Gaveston: shall I never see,
Never behold thee more? Madam, in this matter
We will employ you and your little son;
You shall go parley with the king of France.

Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your message with a majesty.

PRINCE. Commit not to my youth things of more weight
Than suits a prince so young as I to bear,
And fear not, lord and father, heaven's great beams
On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe,
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.

QUEEN. Ah, boy! this towardness makes thy mother fear
Thou art not mark'd to many days on earth.

EDW. Madam, we will that you with speed be shipp'd,
And this our son; Levune shall follow you
With all the haste we can dispatch him hence.
Chuse of our lords to bear you company,
And go in peace, leave us in wars at home.

QUEEN. Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their king;
God end them once. My lord, I take my leave,
To make my preparation for France.

Enter MATREVIS.

EDW. What, lord Matrevis, dost thou come alone?

MAT. Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.

EDW. Ah, traitors! have they put my friend to death?
Tell me, Matrevis, died he e'er thou cam'st,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?

MAT. Neither, my lord; for as he was surpriz'd;
Begirt with weapons and with enemies round,

I did your highness' message to them all;
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, upon the honour of my name,
That I would undertake to carry him
Unto your highness, and to bring him back.

EDW. And tell me, would the rebels deny me that?

Y. SPEN. Proud recreants!

EDW. Yea, Spencer, traitors all.

MAT. I found them at first inexorable;
The earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly, Pembroke and Lancaster
Spake least: and when they flatly had deny'd,
Refusing to receive me pledge for him,
The earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake;
My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe return'd,
I will this undertake to have him hence,
And see him re-deliver'd to your hands.

EDW. Well, and how fortunes that he came not?

Y. SPEN. Some treason, or some villany was the cause.

MAT. The earl of Warwick seiz'd him on his way.
For being deliver'd unto Pembroke's men,
Their lord rode home thinking his prisoner safe;
But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
And bare him to his death; and in a trench
Struck off his head, and march'd unto the camp.

Y. SPEN. A bloody part, flatly 'gainst law of arms.

EDW. O shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die!

Y. SPEN. My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword

Upon these barons; hearten up your men;
Let them not unreveng'd murder your friends!
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting holes.
[*Edward knels.*

EDW. By earth, the common mother of us all!
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof!
By this right hand! and by my father's sword!
And all the honours 'longing to my crown!
I will have heads, and lives for him, as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers.
Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer!
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
And stain my royal standard with the same,
That so my bloody colours may suggest

Enter the HERALD *from the Barons, with his coat of arms.*

HER. Long live king Edward, England's lawful lord.

EDW. So wish not they I wis that sent thee hither.
Thou com'st from Mortimer and his accomplices,
A ranker root of rebels never was.
Well, say thy message.

HER. The barons up in arms, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;
And bid me say, as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood,
You will this grief have ease and remedy;
That from your princely person you remove
This Spencer, as a putrifying branch,
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves
Empale your princely head, your diadem;
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
Say they, and lovingly advise your grace,
To cherish virtue and nobility,
And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,
Are to your highness vow'd and consecrate.

Y. SPEN. Ah traitors! will they still display their pride?

EDW. Away, tarry no answer, but be gone!
Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?

Yet ere thou go, see how I do divorce
[*Embraces Spen.*
Spencer from me—Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them
For murthering Gaveston: hie thee! get thee gone!
Edward, with fire and sword, follows at thy heels.
My lord, perceive you how these rebels swell?
Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's right,
For, now, even now, we march to make them stoop.
Away! [*Exeunt. Alarums, excursions, a great fight, and a retreat.*

SCENE III.

Enter the KING, *Old* SPENCER, *Young* SPENCER, *and the Noblemen of the King's side.*

EDW. Why do we sound retreat? upon them, lords!
This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are up in arms,
And do confront and countermand their king.

Y. SPEN. I doubt it not, my lord, right will prevail.

O. SPEN. 'Tis not amiss, my liege, for either part
To breathe awhile; our men, with sweat and dust
All chok'd well near, begin to faint for heat;
And this retire refresheth horse and man.

Y. SPEN. Here come the rebels.

Enter the BARONS, MORTIMER, LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMPROKE, *&c.*

E. MOR. Look, Lancaster, yonder's Edward 'mong his flatterers.

LAN. And there let him be till he pay dearly for their company.

WAR. And shall, or Warwick's sword shall smite in vain.

EDW. What, rebels, do you shrink and sound retreat?

Y. MOR. No, Edward, no, thy flatterers faint and fly.

LAN. They'd best betimes forsake thee, and their trains,
For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.

Y. SPEN. Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster!

PEM. Away, base upstart, brav'st thou nobles thus?

O. SPEN. A noble attempt, and honourable deed,
Is it not, trow ye, to assemble aid,
And levy arms against your lawful king!

EDW. For which ere long their heads shall satisfy,
T' appease the wrath of their offended king.

Y. MOR. Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last,
And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood,
Than banish that pernicious company?

EDW. Aye, traitors all, rather than thus be brav'd,
Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones,
And ploughs to go about our palace-gates.

WAR. A desperate and unnatural resolution!

Alarum to the fight, St. George for England,
And the barons' right.

EDW. St. George for England, and king Edward's right. [*Alarums. Exeunt.*

Re-enter EDWARD *and his followers, with the* BARONS, *captives.*

EDW. Now, lusty lords, not by the chance of war,
But justice of the quarrel and the cause,
Vail'd is your pride; methinks you hang the heads,
But we'll advance them, traitors; now 'tis time
To be aveng'd on you for all your braves,
And for the murder of my dearest friend,
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favourite.
Ah, rebels! recreants! you made him away.

KENT. Brother, in regard of thee, and of thy land,
Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.

EDW. So, sir, you have spoke; away, avoid our presence!
Accursed wretches, was't in regard of us,
When we had sent our messengers to request
He might be spar'd to come to speak with us,
And Pembroke undertook for his return,
That thou, proud Warwick, watch'd the prisoner,
Poor Pierce, and headed him 'gainst law of arms;
For which thy head shall overlook the rest,
As much as thou outwent'st the rest.

WAR. Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces,

It is but temporal that thou canst inflict.

LAN. The worst is death, and better die to live
Than live in infamy under such a king.

EDW. Away with them! my lord of Winchester:
These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly—off with both their heads; away!

WAR. Farewell, vain world!

LAN. Sweet Mortimer, farewell.

Y. MOR. England, unkind to thy nobility,
Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maim'd!

EDW. Go, take that haughty Mortimer to the Tower,
There see him safe bestow'd; and for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all. Begone!

Y. MOR. What, Mortimer! can ragged stony walls
Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?
No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be,
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.

EDW. Sound drums and trumpets, march with me my friends.
Edward this day hath crown'd him king anew.

[*Exeunt. Young Spencer, Lecune, and Baldock remain.*

Y. SPEN. Lecune, the trust that we repose in thee,
Begets the quiet of king Edward's land.
Therefore begone in haste, and with advice
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,
That, therewith all enchanted, like the guard
That suffer'd Jove to pass in showers of gold

To Danaë, all aid may be denied
To Isabel, the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,
And step into his father's regiment.

LECUNE. That's it these barons and the subtle queen
Long levied at.

BAL. Yea, but, Lecune, thou seest,
These barons lay their heads on blocks together;
What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean.

LECUNE. Have you no doubt, my lords, I'll clap so close
Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,
And France shall be obdurate with her tears.

Y. SPEN. Then make for France, amain—Lecune, away!
Proclaim king Edward's wars and victories.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter KENT.

KENT. Fair blows the wind for France; blow gentle gale,
Till Edmund be arriv'd for England's good!
Nature, yield to my country's cause in this.

A brother, no, a butcher of thy friends.
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence?
But I'll to France, and cheer the wronged queen,
And certify what Edward's looseness is.
Unnatural king! to slaughter noble men
And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay
Thy sweet escape; stand gracious, gloomy night, to his device.

Enter Young MORTIMER *disguised.*

Y. MOR. Holloa! who walketh there? is't you, my lord?

KENT. Mortimer, 'tis I; but hath my potion wrought so happily?

Y. MOR. It hath, my lord; the warders all asleep,
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace.
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?

KENT. Fear it not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the QUEEN *and her* SON.

QUEEN. Ah, boy! our friends do fail us all in France;
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind;
What shall we do?

PRINCE. Madam, return to England,
And please my father well, and then a fig
For all my uncle's friendship here in France.
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly;
He loves me better than a thousand Spencers.

QUEEN. Ah, boy, thou art deceiv'd, at least in this,

To think that we can yet be tun'd together;
No, no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois!
Unhappy Isabel! when France rejects,
Whither, oh whither dost thou bend thy steps?

Enter Sir JOHN *of* HENAULT.

SIR J. Madam, what cheer?

QUEEN. Ah, good Sir John of Hènault.
Never so cheerless, nor so far distrest.

SIR J. I hear, sweet lady, of the king's unkindness;
But droop not, madam, noble minds contemn
Despair: will your grace with me to Henault,
And there stay time's advantage with your son?
How say you, my lord, will you go with your friends,
And shake off all your fortunes equally?

PRINCE. So pleaseth the queen, my mother, me it likes:
The king of England, nor the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff;
And then have at the proudest Spencer's head.

SIR J. Well said, my lord.

QUEEN. Oh, my sweet heart, how do I moan thy wrongs,
Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy!
Ah, sweet sir John! even to the utmost verge
Of Europe, or the shore of Tanais,
We will with thee to Henault—so we will:—
The marquis is a noble gentleman;
His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me.

But who are these?

Enter KENT *and Young* MORTIMER.

KENT. Madam, long may you live,
Much happier than your friends in England do!

QUEEN. Lord Edmund and lord Mortimer alive!
Welcome to France! the news was here, my lord,
That you were dead, or very near your death.

Y. MOR. Lady, the last was truest of the twain:
But Mortimer, reserv'd for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the tower,
And lives t' advance your standard, good my lord.

PRINCE. How mean you, and the king, my father, lives?
No, my lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.

QUEEN. Not, son; why not? I would it were no worse.
But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.

Y. MOR. Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of your's,
Told us, at our arrival, all the news;
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
Hath shew'd himself! but, madam, right makes room,
Where weapons won't; and though so many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our party and faction;
Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in England,
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
To see us there, appointed for our foes.

KENT. Would all were well, and Edward well reclaim'd,
For England's honour, peace, and quietness.
Y. MOR. But by the sword, my lord, it must be deserv'd;
The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers.
SIR J. My lords of England, sith th' ungentle king
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms
To this distressed queen his sister here,
Go you with her to Henault; doubt ye not,
We will find comfort, money, men and friends
Ere long, to bid the English king abase.
How say you, prince, what think you of the match?
PRINCE. I think king Edward will outrun us all.
QUEEN. Nay, son, not so; and you must not discourage
Your friends, that are so forward in your aid.
KENT. Sir John of Henault, pardon us, I pray;
These comforts that you give our woeful queen
Bind us in kindness all at your command.
QUEEN. Yea, gentle brother; and the God of heav'n
Prosper your happy motion, good sir John.
Y. MOR. This noble gentleman, forward in arms,
Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.
Sir John of Henault, be it thy renown,
That England's queen, and nobles in distress,
Have been by thee restor'd and comforted.

SIR J. Madam, along, and you, my lord, with me,
That England's peers may Henault's welcome see.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter the KING, MATREVIS, *the two* SPENCERS, *with others.*

EDW. Thus after many threats of wrathful war,
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends,
And triumph Edward with his friends uncontroul'd.
My lord of Glou'ster, do you hear the news?
Y. SPEN. What news, my lord?
EDW. Why man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realm; my lord of Arundel,
You have the note, have you not?
MAT. From the lieutenant of the tower, my lord.
EDW. I pray let us see it. What have we there?
Read it Spencer. [*Spencer reads their names.*
Why so; they bark'd apace a month ago:
Now, on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite,
Now, sirs, the news from France? Glou'ster, I trow,
The lords of France love England's gold so well,
As Isabel gets no aid from thence.
What now remains; have you proclaim'd, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?
Y. SPEN. My lord, we have; and if he be in England,
He will be had ere long, I doubt it not.

EDW. If, dost thou say? Spencer, as true as death,
He is in England's ground; our portmasters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

Enter a MESSENGER.

How now, what news with thee? from whence come these?

MES. Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of France,
To you, my lord of Glou'ster, from Lecune.

EDW. Read.

[*Spencer reads the letter.*]

"My duty to your honour premised, &c. I have, according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the king of France his lords, and effected, that the queen, all discontented and discomforted, is gone. Whither, if you ask, with sir John of Henault, brother to the marquis, into Flanders: with them are gone lord Edmund, and the lord Mortimer, having in their company divers of your nation, and others; and, as constant report goeth, they intend to give king Edward battle in England, sooner than he can look for them: this is all the news of import.

Your honour's in all service, LECUNE."

EDW. Ah, villains! hath that Mortimer escap'd?
With him is Edmund gone associate?
And will sir John of Henault lead the round?
Welcome, a God's name, madam, and your son;
England shall welcome you and all your rout.
Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the sky,

And dusty night, in rusty iron car,
Between you both shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desired day,
When we may meet those traitors in the field.
Ah, nothing grieves me, but my little boy
Is thus misled to countenance their ills.
Come, friends, to Bristol, there to make us strong;
And, winds, as equal be to bring them in,
As you injurious were to bear them forth! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter the QUEEN, *her* SON, KENT, MORTIMER, *and* SIR JOHN.

QUEEN. Now, lords, our loving friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all, with prosperous winds;
Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,
To cope with friends at home; a heavy case
When force to force is knit, and sword and glave
In civil broils make kin and countrymen
Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
With their own weapons gore! But what's the help?
Misgovern'd kings are cause of all this wreck;
And, Edward, thou art one among them all,
Whose looseness hath betray'd thy land to spoil,
Who made the channel overflow with blood
Of thine own people; patron shouldst thou be,
But thou——

Y. MOR. Nay, madam, if you be a warrior,
Ye must not grow so passionate in speeches.

Lord's, sith that we are by suff'rance of heav'n,
Arriv'd, and armed in this prince's right,
Here for our country's cause swear we to him
All homage, fealty, and forwardness;
And for the open wrongs and injuries
Edward hath done to us, his queen, and land,
We come in arms to wreak it with the sword;
That England's queen in peace may repossess
Her dignities and honours: and withal
We may remove those flatterers from the king,
That havock England's wealth and treasury.

SIR J. Sound trumpets, my lord, and forward let us march.

Edward will think we come to flatter him.

KENT. I would he never had been flatter'd more! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter the KING, BALDOCK, *and Young* SPENCER, *flying about the stage.*

Y. SPEN. Fly, fly, my lord! the queen is overstrong;
Her friends do multiply, and your's do fail.
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.

EDW. What! was I born to fly and run away,
And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?
Give me my horse, let's reinforce our troops:
And in this bed of honour die with fame.

BALD. O no, my lord this princely resolution
Fits not the time; away, we are pursu'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KENT *alone, with sword and target.*

KENT. This way he fled, but I am come too late.
Edward, alas! my heart relents for thee.
Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword?
Vile wretch! and why hast thou, of all unkind,
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head,
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs
To punish this unnatural revolt!
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life:
O fly him then! but Edmund calm this rage,
Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer
And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire:
And yet she bears a face of love forsooth.
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
Edmund, away; Bristol to Longshank's blood
Is false; be not found single for suspect:
Proud Mortimer pries near into thy walks.

Enter the QUEEN, MORTIMER, *the Young* PRINCE, *and Sir* JOHN *of* HENAULT.

QUEEN. Successful battle gives the God of kings
To them that fight in right, and fear his wrath.
Since then successfully we have prevail'd,
Thanked be heaven's great architect, and you.
Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
We here create our well-beloved son,
Of love and care unto his royal person,
Lord warden of the realm; and sith the fates
Have made his father so unfortunate,

Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

KENT. Madam, without offence, if I may ask,
How will you deal with Edward in his fall?

PRINCE. Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you mean?

KENT. Nephew, your father; I dare not call him king.

MOR. My lord of Kent, what needs these questions?
'Tis not in her controulment, nor in ours,
But as the realm and parliament shall please,
So shall your brother be disposed of.

[*Aside to the Queen.*

I like not this relenting mood in Edmund.
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.

QUEEN. My lord, the mayor of Bristol knows our mind.

Y. MOR. Yea, madam, and they 'scape not easily
That fled the field.

QUEEN. Baldock is with the king,
A goodly chancellor, is he not my lord?

SIR J. So are the Spencers, the father, and the son.

KENT. This Edward is the ruin of the realm.

Enter RICE AP HOWELL, *and the* MAYOR *of* BRISTOL, *with Old* SPENCER.

RICE. God save queen Isabel, and her princely son!
Madam, the mayor and citizens of Bristol,

In sign of love and duty to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,
Spencer, the father to that wanton Spencer,
That like the lawless Catiline of Rome,
Revell'd in England's wealth and treasury.

QUEEN. We thank you all.

Y. MOR. Your loving care in this
Deserveth princely favours and rewards.
But where's the king and the other Spencer fled?

RICE. Spencer the son, created earl of Glou'ster,
Is with that smooth-tongu'd scholar Baldock gone,
And shipp'd but late for Ireland with the king.

Y. MOR. Some whirlwind fetch them back or sink them all! [*Aside.*
They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.

PRINCE. Shall I not see the king my father yet?

KENT. Unhappy Edward, chas'd from England's bounds.

SIR J. Madam, what resteth, why stand ye in a muse?

QUEEN. I rue my lord's ill-fortune; but alas!
Care of my country call'd me to this war.

Y. MOR. Madam, have done with care and sad complaint;
Your king hath wrong'd your country and himself,
And we must seek to right it as we may.
Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block.

O. SPEN. Rebel is he that fights against the prince;

So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.

Y. Mor. Take him away, he prates; you, Rice ap Howell,
Shall do good service to her majesty,
Being of countenance in your country here,
To follow these rebellious runagates.
We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice,
How Baldock, Spencer, and their complices,
May in their fall be followed to their end.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE VI.

Enter the Abbot, Monks, Edward, Spencer, *and* Baldock.

Abbot. Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no fear;
As silent and as careful we will be,
To keep your royal person safe with us,
Free from suspect, and fell invasion
Of such as have your majesty in chase,
Yourself, and those your chosen company,
As danger of this stormy time requires.

Edw. Father thy face should harbour no dece
O! hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,
Pierc'd deeply with a sense of my distress,
Could not but take compassion of my state.
Stately and proud, in riches and in train,
Whilom I was, powerful, and full of pomp:
But what is he whom rule and empery
Have not in life or death made miserable?

Come Spencer, come Baldock, come sit down by me;
Make trial now of thy philosophy,
That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suck'st from Plato and from Aristotle.
Father, this life contemplative is heaven.
O that I might this life in quiet lead!
But we, alas! are chas'd; and you, my friends,
Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.
Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold nor fee,
Do you betray us and our company.

MONK. Your grace may sit secure, if none but we do wot of your abode.

Y. SPEN. Not one alive, but shrewdly I suspect
A gloomy fellow in a mead below,
He gave a long look after us, my lord,
And all the land I know is up in arms,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

BALD. We were embark'd for Ireland, wretched we!
With awkward winds and sore tempest driven
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear
Of Mortimer and his confederates.

EDW. Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer?
That bloody man! Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care.
O might I never ope these eyes again!
Never again lift up this drooping head!
O never more lift up this dying heart!

Y. SPEN. Look up my lord.—Baldock, this drow
siness
Betides no good; even here we are betray'd.

Enter, with Welch hooks, RICE AP HOWEL, *a* MOWER, *and the Earl of* LEICESTER.

MOW. Upon my life, these be the men ye seek.
RICE. Fellow, enough. My lord, I pray be short
A fair commission warrants what we do.
LEICES. The queen's commission, urg'd by Mo
timer.
What cannot Mortimer do with the queen!
Alas! see where he sits, and hopes unseen
T'escape their hands that seek to reave his life.
Too true it is, *quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.
But, Leicester, leave to grow so passionate.
Spencer and Baldock, by no other names,
I do arrest you of high treason here.
Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest,
'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen.
My lord why droop you thus?
EDW. O day the last of all my bliss on earth!
Centre of all misfortune! O my stars!
Why do you low'r unkindly on a king?
Comes Leicester, then, in Isabella's name,
To take my life, my company from me?
Here man rip up this panting breast of mine,
And take my heart in rescue of my friends.
RICE. Away with them!

Y. SPEN. It may become thee yet,
To let us take our farewell of his grace.
ABBOT. My heart with pity yearns to see this sight,
A king to bear these words and proud commands.
EDW. Spencer, sweet Spencer, thus then must we part?
Y. SPEN. We must, my lord, so will the angry heav'ns.
EDW. Nay so will hell and cruel Mortimer;
The gentle heav'ns have not to do in this.
BALD. My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves;
Our lots are cast, I fear me, so is thine.
EDW. In heav'n we may, in earth ne'er shall we meet:
And, Leicester, say, what shall become of us?
LEICES. Your majesty must go to Killingworth.
EDW. Must! 'tis somewhat hard, when kings must go.
LEICES. Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.
RICE. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.
EDW. A litter hast thou? lay me in a hearse,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore,
For friend hath Edward none, but these; and these
Must die under a tyrant's sword.
RICE. My lord, be going; care not for these,

For we shall see them shorter by the heads.

EDW. Well, what shall be, shall be: part we must!
Sweet Spencer, gentle Baldock, part we must!
Hence feigned weeds! unfeigned are my woes;
Father, farewell! Leicester, thou stay'st for me,
And go I must. Life, farewell, with my friends.

[*Exeunt Edward and Leicester.*

Y. SPEN. O is he gone! is noble Edward gone!
Parted from hence? never to see us more?
Rend, sphere of heav'n! and, fire, forsake thy orb!
Earth, melt to air! gone is my sovereign,
Gone, gone, alas! never to make return.

BALD. Spencer, I see our souls are fleeting hence;
We are depriv'd the sunshine of our life:
Make for a new life, man; throw up thy eyes,
And heart and hand to heav'n's immortal throne,
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance;
Reduce we all our lessons unto this,
To die, sweet Spencer, therefore live we all;
Spencer, all live to die, and rise to fall.

RICE. Come, come, keep these preachments till
you come to the place appointed.
You, and such as you are, have made wise work in
England.
Will your lordships away?

MOW. Your lordship I trust will remember me?

RICE. Remember thee, fellow! what else?
Follow me to the town.

[*Exeunt*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter the KING, LEICESTER, *with the* BISHOP *of* WINCHESTER *for the crown, and others.*

LEICES. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament,
Imagine Killingworth castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not for compulsion or necessity.

EDW. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allay'd,
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But, when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning, that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to th' air.
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mu'd me in a prison:
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,
As with the wings of rancour and disdain,
Full often am I soaring up to high heav'n,
To plain me to the gods against them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king,

Methinks I should revenge me of the wrongs,
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king;
I wear the crown but am controul'd by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy;
Whilst I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

WINCH. Your grace mistakes, it is for England's good,
And princely Edward's right, we crave the crown.

EDW. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he's a lamb, encompassed by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heav'n turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head;
So shall not England's vine be perished,
But Edward's name survive, though Edward dies.

LEICES. My lord, why waste you thus the time away?
They stay your answer, will you yield your crown?

EDW. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook

To lose my crown and kingdom without cause;
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
In which extremes my mind here murther'd is.
But what the heav'ns appoint, I must obey!
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too;
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wished right.
Continue ever thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime:
Stand still you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king;
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wished crown.
Inhuman creatures! nurs'd with tiger's milk!
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow!
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.
See monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again!

[*He puts on the crown.*

What, fear you not the fury of your king?
But hapless Edward, thou art fondly led,
They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seek to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments,

And in this torment comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head,
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

TRUSTY. My lord, the parliament must have present news,
And therefore say, will you resign or no?

[*The king regards them.*

EDW. I'll not resign! but whilst I live, be king!
Traitors be gone, and join with Mortimer.
Elect, confirm,* install, do what you will;
Their blood and yours' shall seal these treacheries!

WINCH. This answer we'll return, and so farewell.

LEICES. Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair;
For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

EDW. Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.

LEICES. My lord, the king is willing to resign.

WINCH. If he be not, let him choose.

EDW. O would I might! but heav'n and earth conspire
To make me miserable! here receive my crown;
Receive it! no, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be call'd the murtherer of a king,
Take it. What, are you mov'd? pity you me?

* The old editions read *conspire*. The allusion seems to the several forms observed in the creation of a bishop, in confirmation comes between election and installation.

Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes, being turn'd to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
Yet stay, for rather than I will look on them,
Here, here! Now, sweet God of heav'n,
[*He gives them the crown.*
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for ever enthroniz'd in heav'n!
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or if I live, let me forget myself.

WINCH. My lord.

EDW. Call me not lord;
Away, out of my sight! ah, pardon me,
Grief makes me lunatic!
Let not that Mortimer protect my son;
More safety is there in a tiger's jaws,
Than his embracements—bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dry'd again with sighs;
If with the sight thereof she be not mov'd,
Return it back and dip it in my blood.
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I. Yet how have I transgrest,
Unless it be with too much clemency?

TRUSTY. And thus most humbly do we take out leave. [*Exeunt Bishop and Attendants.*

EDW. Farewell; I know the next news that they bring
Will be my death; and welcome shall it be;
To wretched men, death is felicity.

Enter BERKLEY.

LEICES. Another post! what news brings he?

EDW. Such news as I expect—come, Berkley come,
And tell thy message to my naked breast.

BERK. My lord, think not a thought so villanous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.
To do your highness service and devoir,
And save you from your foes, Berkley would die.

LEICES. My lord, the counsel of the queen commands
That I resign my charge.

EDW. And who must keep me now? Must you, my lord?

BERK. Aye, my most gracious lord—so 'tis decreed.

EDW. By Mortimer, whose name is written here!
Well may I rend his name that rends my heart!
This poor revenge hath something eas'd my mind.
So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper!
Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!

BERK. Your grace must hence with me to Berkley straight.

EDW. Whither you will, all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.

LEICES. Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth in you.

BERK. Even so betide my soul as I use him.

EDW. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,

And that's the cause that I am now remov'd.

BERK. And thinks your grace that Berkley will be cruel?

EDW. I know not; but of this am I assur'd,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.
Leicester, farewell!

LEICES. Not yet, my lord; I'll bear you on your way. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter MORTIMER *and* QUEEN ISABEL.

Y. MOR. Fair Isabel, now have we our desire,
The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity.
Be rul'd by me, and we will rule the realm.
In any case take heed of childish fear,
For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
That if he slip will seize upon us both,
And gripe the sorer, being gript himself.
Think therefore, madam, it imports us much
To erect your son with all the speed we may,
And that I be protector over him;
For our behoof, 'twill bear the greater sway
Whenas a king's name shall be under writ.

QUEEN. Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,
Be thou persuaded that I love thee well,
And therefore so the prince my son be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,

Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I myself will willingly subscribe.

Y. MOR. First would I hear news he were depos'd,
And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter MESSENGER.

Y. MOR. Letters! from whence?

MESS. From Killingworth, my lord.

QUEEN. How fares my lord the king?

MESS. In health, madam, but full of pensiveness.

QUEEN. Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his grief!

Enter WINCHESTER *with the Crown.*

Thanks, gentle Winchester: [*To the Messenger.*]
Sirrah, be gone. [*Exit Messenger.*

WINCH. The king hath willingly resign'd his

To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,
Berkley shall be discharg'd, the king remov'd,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.

QUEEN. But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,
What safety rests for us, or for my son?

Y. MOR. Speak, shall he presently be dispatch'd and die?

QUEEN. I would he were, so't were not by my means.

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

Y. MOR. Enough; Matrevis, write a letter presently
Unto the lord of Berkley from ourself,
That he resign the king to thee and Gurney;
And when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name.

MAT. It shall be done, my lord.

Y. MOR. Gurney.

GUR. My lord.

Y. MOR. As thou intendest to rise by Mortimer,
Who now makes fortune's wheel turn as he please,
Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,
And neither give him kind word nor good look.

GUR. I warrant you, my lord.

Y. MOR. And this above the rest, because we hear
That Edmund casts to work his liberty,
Remove him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to Berkley back again:
And by the way, to make him fret the more,

Speak curstly* to him; and in any case
Let no man comfort him if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words.

MAT. Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you command.

Y. MOR. So, now away; post thitherwards amain.

QUEEN. Whither goes this letter, to my lord the king?
Commend me humbly to his majesty,
And tell him, that I labour all in vain
To ease his grief, and work his liberty;
And bear him this as witness of my love.

MAT. I will, madam.

[*Exeunt all but Isabel and Mortimer.*

Enter the Young PRINCE, *and the* EARL *of* KENT *talking with him.*

Y. MOR. Finely dissembled! Do so still, sweet queen.
Here comes the young prince, with the earl of Kent.

QUEEN. Something he whispers in his childish ears.

Y. MOR. If he have such access unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dash'd.

QUEEN. Use Edmund friendly, as if all were well.

Y. MOR. How fares my honourable lord of Kent?

KENT. In health, sweet Mortimer: how fares your grace?

* ill-naturedly.

QUEEN. Well, if my lord your brother were enlarg'd.

KENT. I hear of late he hath depos'd himself.

QUEEN. The more my grief.

Y. MOR. And mine.

KENT. Ah, they do dissemble! [*Aside.*

QUEEN. Sweet son, come hither, I must talk with thee.

Y. MOR. You being his uncle, and the next of blood,
Do look to be protector o'er the prince.

KENT. Not I, my lord; who should protect the son.
But she that gave him life; I mean the queen?

PRINCE. Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown;
Let him be king—I am too young to reign.

QUEEN. But be content, seeing it is his highness' pleasure.

PRINCE. Let me but see him first, and then I will.

KENT. Ay, do, sweet nephew.

QUEEN. Brother, you know it is impossible.

PRINCE. Why, is he dead?

QUEEN. No, God forbid.

KENT. I would those words proceeded from your heart.

Y. MOR. Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favour him,

That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

KENT. The more cause have I now to make amends.

Y. MOR. I tell thee, 'tis not meet that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince.
My lord, he hath betray'd the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.

PRINCE. But he repents, and sorrows for it now.

QUEEN. Come son, and go with this gentle lord and me.

PRINCE. With you I will, but not with Mortimer.

Y. MOR. Why, youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of Mortimer?
Then I will carry thee by force away.

PRINCE. Help, uncle Kent, Mortimer will wrong me.

QUEEN. Brother Edmund, strive not; we are his friends;
Isabel is nearer than the earl of Kent.

KENT. Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem him.

QUEEN. Edward is myson, and I will keep him.

KENT. Mortimer shall know that he hath wrong'd me!—
Hence will I haste to Killingworth castle,
And rescue aged Edward from his foes,
To be reveng'd on Mortimer and thee. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY *with the* KING.

MAT. My lord, be not pensive, we are your friends;
Men are ordain'd to live in misery,
Therefore come,—dalliance dangereth our lives.

EDW. Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go?
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?
Must I be vexed like the nightly bird,
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowls?
When will the fury of his mind assuage?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,
And give my heart to Isabel and him;
It is the chiefest mark they level at.

GUR. Not so, my liege, the queen hath given this charge
To keep your grace in safety:
Your passions make your choler to increase.

EDW. This usage makes my misery increase.
But can my air of life continue long,
When all my senses are annoy'd with stench?
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am starv'd for want of sustenance.
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,
That almost rend the closet of my heart;
Thus lives old Edward not reliev'd by any,
And so must die, though pitied by many.

Oh, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst,
And clear my body from foul excrements!

MAT. Here's channel water, as our charge is given;
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.

EDW. Traitors, away! what, will you murder me,
Or choke your sovereign with puddle water?

GUR. No, but wash your face, and shave away your beard,
Lest you be known, and so be rescued.

MAT. Why strive you thus? your labour is in vain?

EDW. The wren may strive against the lion's strength,
But all in vain: so vainly do I strive
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

[*They wash him with puddle water, and shave his beard away.*

Immortal powers! that know the painful cares
That wait upon my poor distressed soul!
O level all your looks upon these daring men,
That wrong their liege and sovereign, England's king.
O Gaveston, it is for thee that I am wrong'd,
For me, both thou and both the Spencers died!
And for your sakes, a thousand wrongs I'll take.
The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they remain,
Wish well to mine; then tush, for them I'll die.

MAT. 'Twixt their's and your's shall be no enmity.

Come, come, away; now put the torches out,
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

Enter KENT.

GUR. How now, who comes there?
MAT. Guard the king sure; it is the earl of Kent.
EDW. O, gentle brother, help to rescue me!
MAT. Keep them asunder; thrust in the king.
KENT. Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.
GUR. Lay hands upon the earl for his assault.
KENT. Lay down your weapons, traitors, yield the king.
MAT. Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.
KENT. Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me thus!
GUR. Bind him and convey him to the court.
KENT. Where is the court but here? here is the king,
And I will visit him; why stay you me?
MAT. The court is where lord Mortimer remains;
Thither shall your honour go; and so farewell.

[*Exeunt Matrevis and Gurney, with the King. Kent and the Soldiers remain.*

KENT. O miserable is that common-weal, where lords
Keep courts, and kings are lock'd in prison!
SOL. Wherefore stay we? on, sirs, to the court.
KENT. Aye, lead me whither you will, even to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be releas'd.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV.

Enter YOUNG MORTIMER.

Y. MOR. The king must die, or Mortimer goes down.
The commons now begin to pity him.
Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;
And therefore will it be cunningly.
This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet makes them save his life.
Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est
Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die.
But read it thus, and that's another sense:
Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est
Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst.
Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,
That being dead, if it chance to be found,
Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,
And we be quit that caus'd it to be done.
Within this room is lock'd the messenger,
That shall convey it, and perform the rest:
And by a secret token that he bears,
Shall he be murder'd when the deed is done:
Lightborn, come forth; art thou so resolute as thou wast?

Enter LIGHTBORN.

LIGHT. What else, my lord? and far more resolute.

Y. MOR. And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?

LIGHT. Aye, aye, and none shall know which way he died.

Y. MOR. But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent.

LIGHT. Relent! ha, ha, I use much to relent.

Y. MOR. Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

LIGHT. You shall not need to give instructions;
'Tis not the first time I have kill'd a man.
I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers;
To strangle with a lawn thrust thro' the throat;
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needles' point;
Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears;
Or open his mouth, and pour quick silver down.
But yet I have a braver way than these.

Y. MOR. What's that?

LIGHT. Nay, you shall pardon me, none shall know my tricks.

Y. MOR. I care not how it is, so it be not spy'd.
Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis.
At every ten mile end thou hast a horse.
Take this, away, and never see me more.

LIGHT. No!

Y. MOR. No; unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.

LIGHT. That will I quickly do; farewell, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Y. MOR. The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
And with a lowly congé to the ground,

Whose looks were as a breech
They thrust upon me the prot
And sue to me for that which
While at the council-table, gr
And not unlike a bashful puri
First I complain of imbecility
Saying it is *onus quam gravis*
Till being interrupted by my f
Suscepi that *provinciam* as the
And to conclude, I am protec
Now is all sure, the queen an
Shall rule the realm, the king
Mine enemies will I plague, r
And what I list command ;
Major sum quàm cui possit fo
And that this be the coronat
It pleaseth me, and Isabel th
The trumpets sound, I must

Enter the young KING, B
NOBLES, Q

BISHOP. Long live king f
God,
King of England, and lord o

And will avouch his saying with the sword,
I am the champion that will combat him.

Y. MOR. None comes; sound trumpets.

KING. Champion, here's to thee.

QUEEN. Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

Enter SOLDIERS *with the* EARL *of* KENT, *prisoner.*

Y. MOR. What traitor have we there with blades and bills?

SOL. Edmund, the earl of Kent.

KING. What hath he done?

SOL. He would have taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

Y. MOR. Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund? speak.

KENT. Mortimer, I did; he is our king,
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.

Y. MOR. Strike off his head, he shall have martial law.

KENT. Strike off my head! base traitor, I defy thee.

KING. My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.

Y. MOR. My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.

KENT. Stay, villains!

KING. Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Entreat my lord protector for his life.

QUEEN. Son, be content; I dare not speak a word.

KING. Nor I, and yet methinks I should command;
But seeing I cannot, I'll intreat for him—

My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.

Y. MOR. 'Tis for your highness' good, and for the realm's.
How often shall I bid you bear him hence?

KENT. Art thou king? must I die at thy command?

Y. MOR. At our command! once more, away with him.

KENT. Let me but stay and speak; I will not go.
Either my brother or his son is king,
And neither of them thirst for Edmund's blood.
And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me?

[*They hale Kent away, and carry him to be beheaded.*

KING. What safety may I look for at his hands,
If that my uncle shall be murdered thus?

QUEEN. Fear not, sweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy foes;
Had Edmund liv'd, he would have sought thy death.
Come, son, we'll ride a hunting in the park.

KING. And shall my uncle Edmund ride with us?

QUEEN. He is a traitor, think not on him; come.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE V.

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

MAT. Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the castle run,
From whence a damp continually ariseth,

That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king, brought up so tenderly.

GUR. And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight
I open'd but the door to throw him meat,
And I was almost stifled with the savour.

MAT. He hath a body able to endure
More than we can inflict: and therefore now
Let us assail his mind another while.

GUR. Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

MAT. But stay, who's this?

Enter LIGHTBORN.

LIGHT. My lord protector greets you.

GUR. What's here? I know not how to construe it.

MAT. Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce;
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,
That's his meaning.

LIGHT. Know ye this token? I must have the king.

MAT. Ay, stay awhile, thou shalt have answer straight.
This villain's sent to make away the king.

GUR. I thought as much.

MAT. And when the murder's done.
See how he must be handled for his labour.
Pereat iste: let him have the king.
What else? here is the keys, this is the lake,
Do as you are commanded by my lord.

LIGHT. I know what I must do, get you away.
Yet be not far off, I shall need your help;

See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red hot.

MAT. Very well.

GUR. Need you any thing besides?

LIGHT. A table and a feather-bed.

GUR. That's all?

LIGHT. Aye, aye: so, when I call you, bring it in.

MAT. Fear not thou that.

GUR. Here's a light; go into the dungeon.

LIGHT. So now must I about this geese, ne'er was
there any
So finely handled as this king shall be.
Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my heart!

EDW. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore
com'st thou?

LIGHT. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

EDW. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy
looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

LIGHT. To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were us'd,
For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?

EDW. Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me, is the sink,

Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

LIGHT. O villains!

EDW. And there, in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten day' space; and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
O, would my blood drop out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tatter'd robes.
Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the duke of Cleremont.

LIGHT. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.

EDW. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

LIGHT. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

EDW. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

LIGHT. These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

EDW. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.

One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!
Know, that I am a king: Oh! at that name
I feel a hell of grief; where is my crown?
Gone, gone; and do I remain?

LIGHT. You're overwatch'd, my lord; lie down and rest.

EDW. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;

For not these ten days have these eye-lids clos'd.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?

LIGHT. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

EDW. No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me.
Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.

LIGHT. He sleeps.

EDW. O let me not die; yet stay, oh stay a while.

LIGHT. How now, my lord?

EDW. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

LIGHT. To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come.

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

EDW. I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

LIGHT. Run for the table.

EDW. O spare me, or dispatch me in a trice.

LIGHT. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest thou bruise his body.

MAT. I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore let us take horse and away.

LIGHT. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?

GUR. Excellent well; take this for thy reward.

[*Gurney stabs Lightborn.*

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord: away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE VI.

Enter MORTIMER *and* MATREVIS.

Y. MOR. Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?

MAT. Aye, my good lord; I would it were undone.

Y. MOR. Matrevis, if thou now growest penitent
I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore chuse,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.

MAT. Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both, therefore let me fly.

Y. MOR. Fly to the savages.

MAT. I humbly thank your honour.

Y. MOR. As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge tree;
And others are but shrubs compared to me.
All tremble at my name, and I fear none;
Let's see who dare impeach me for his death.

Enter the QUEEN.

QUEEN. Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath news,
His father's dead, and we have murdered him.

Y. MOR. What if he have? the king is yet a child?

QUEEN. Aye, aye, but he tears his hair, and wrings his hands,
And vows to be reveng'd upon us both.
Into the council-chamber he is gone,
To crave the aid and succour of his peers.
Ah me! see where he comes, and they with him;
Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

Enter the KING, *with the* LORDS.

LORDS. Fear not, my lord, know that you are a king.

KING. Villain!

Y. MOR. How now, my lord?

KING. Think not that I am frightened with thy words!
My father's murder'd through thy treachery;
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accursed head shall lie,
To witness to the world, that by thy means
His kingly body was too soon interr'd.

QUEEN. Weep not, sweet son!

KING. Forbid not me to weep, he was my father;
And, had you lov'd him half so well as I,
You could not bear his death thus patiently.
But you, I fear, conspir'd with Mortimer.

LORDS. Why speak you not unto my lord the king?

Y. MOR. Because I think scorn to be accus'd.
Who is the man dares say I murder'd him?

KING. Traitor! in me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murderest him.

Y. MOR. But hath your grace no other proof than this?

KING. Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.

Y. MOR. False Gurney hath betray'd me and himself.

QUEEN. I fear'd as much; murder cannot be hid.

Y. MOR. 'Tis my hand; what gather you by this?

KING. That thither thou did'st send a murderer.

Y. MOR. What murderer? Bring forth the man I sent.

KING. Aye, Mortimer, thou know'st that he is slain;
And so shalt thou be too. Why stays he here?
Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth,
Hang him I say, and set his quarters up.
But bring his head back presently to me.

QUEEN. For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer.

Y. MOR. Madam, intreat not, I will rather die,
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.

KING. Hence with the traitor! with the murderer!

Y. MOR. Base fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel
There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble headlong down: that point I touch'd,
And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall?
Farewell, fair queen; weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

KING. What! suffer you the traitor to delay?

[*Mortimer is taken away.*

QUEEN. As thou received'st thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer.

KING. This argues that you spilt my father's blood,
Else would you not intreat for Mortimer.

QUEEN. I spill his blood? no.

KING. Aye, madam, you; for so the rumour runs.

QUEEN. That rumour is untrue; for loving thee,
Is this report rais'd on poor Isabel?

KING. I do not think her so unnatural.

LORD. My lord, I fear me it will prove too true.

KING. Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,
Till farther trial may be made thereof;
If you be guilty, though I be your son,
Think not to find me slack or pitiful.

QUEEN. Nay, to my death, for too long have I liv'd,
Whenas my son thinks to abridge my days.

KING. Away with her, her words inforce these tears,
And I shall pity her if she speak again.

QUEEN. Shall I not mourn for my beloved lord?
And with the rest accompany him to his grave?

LORD. Thus, madam, 'tis the king's will you shall hence.

QUEEN. He hath forgotten me; stay, I am his mother.

LORD. That boots not; therefore, gentle madam, go.

QUEEN. Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this grief.

Re-enter a LORD, *with the head of Mortimer.*

LORDS. My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.

KING. Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall lie;
And bring my funeral robes. Accursed head,
Could I have rul'd thee then, as I do now,
Thou had'st not hatch'd this monstrous treachery.
Here comes the hearse; help me to mourn, my lords.
Sweet father, here unto thy murder'd ghost
I offer up this wicked traitor's head;
And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocence. [*Exeunt.*

DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus, written by Ch. Marlae. London, printed for John Wright, and are to be sold at his shop without Newgate, at the signe of the Bible. Black letter, 4to. 1616.

Mr. Malone is of opinion that this play was exhibited before 1588. It appears to have been acted by the Lord Admiral's Servants in 1594 and 1597. It was first published in 1604, 4to. and was reprinted in 1616, 1624 and 1663, all in quarto. The last edition contains some new scenes, and the one at Rome is left out and another copied from The Rich Jew of Malta substituted. Indeed it is probable that none of the editions contain the entire text of the author, for it appears from Henslowe's MS. that after Marlow's death, and before the first edition, the play had been altered in the representation. The entry is as follows: "Lent unto the company 22nd November, 1602, to pay unto William Bride and Samuel Rowley for their adycions in Doctor Fostes, the sum £4;" and if the additions were estimated at the rate at which plays were then usually paid for, they were not by any means inconsiderable. The character of Faustus was played by Edward Alleyn.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FAUSTUS.
MEPHOSTOPHILIS.
The POPE.
RAYMOND, *king of Hungary.*
BRUNO.
EMPEROR *of* GERMANY.
DUKE *of* SAXONY.
DUKE *and* DUCHESS *of* [illegible]
FREDERICK, MERTINO, BENVOLIO, } *three Gentlemen.*
VALDES.
CORNELIUS.
GOOD ANGEL.
BAD ANGEL.
OLD MAN.
Three SCHOLARS.
SEVEN DEADLY SINS.
WAGNER.
ROBIN, *the Clown.*
DICK, *an Hostler.*
CARTER.
HORSE-COURSER.
HOSTESS.
VINTNER.
BISHOP *of* RHEIMS.
LUCIFER.
BELZEBUB.

Cardinals, Bishops, Monks, Friars, Soldiers, &c. &c.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

Enter CHORUS.

NOT marching in the fields of Tharsimen,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagen;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings, where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our muse to vaunt his heavenly verse;
Only this, gentles, we must now perform,
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient judgments we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born of parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
At riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsman chiefly brought him up.
So much he profits in divinity,
That shortly he was grac'd with Doctor's name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th' heavenly matters of theology:
Till swoln with cunning, and a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And melting heavens conspired his overthrow:
For falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,

He surfeits on the cursed necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss,
And this the man that in his study sits.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

FAUSTUS *in his study.*

FAUST. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess;
Having commenc'd, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me.
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end.
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid economy farewell: and Galen come.
Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas;
The end of physic is our bodies' health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,

And thousand desperate maladies been cur'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic farewell. Where is Justinian?
Si una eademque res legatur duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A petty case of paltry legacies.
Exheredítari filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.
Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law.
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash,
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best.
Jerome's bible, Faustus; view it well.
Stipendium peccati mors est: ha! stipendium, &c.
The reward of sin is death: that's hard.
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas,
If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there is no truth in us.
Why then belike we must sin,
And so consequently die.
Aye, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this? *Che, sera, sera:*
What will be, shall be; divinity adieu.
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books, are heavenly.

Lines, circles, letters, characters:
Aye, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
Are but obey'd in their several provinces;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man:
A sound magician is a demigod.
Here tire my brains to get a deity.

Enter WAGNER.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes, and Cornelius:
Request them earnestly to visit me.

WAG. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

FAUST. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter a GOOD *and* BAD ANGEL.

GOOD ANG. O Faustus! lay that damned book aside,
And gaze not on it lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.
Read, read the scriptures;—that is blasphemy.

BAD ANG. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art,
Wherein all nature's treasure is contain'd.
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,

Lord and commander of these elements.

[*Exeunt Angels.*

FAUST. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
Resolve me of all ambiguities?
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world,
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.
I'll have them read me strange philosophy;
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings:
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg:
I'll have them fill the public schools with skill,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad:
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the prince of Parma from our land;
And reign sole king of all the provinces:
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES *and* CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practice magic and concealed arts.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;

'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with subtle syllogisms
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
And made the flow'ring pride of Wittenberg
Swarm to my problems, as th' infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell;
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

VAL. [*To Faust.*] These books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three:
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants trotting by our sides:
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows,
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love.
From Venice they shall drag whole* argosies;
And from America the golden fleece,
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

FAUST. As resolute am I in this
As thou to live, therefore object it not.

CORN. The miracles that magic will perform,

* Edit. 1616, reads "*huge.*"

Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require.
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery,
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks;
Yea, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth.
Then, tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want.

FAUST. Nothing, Cornelius; O this cheers my soul!
Come show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

VAL. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite,
We will inform thee ere our conference ends.

CORN. First let him know the words of art;
And then all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

VAL. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wait thee in potentiis loco;

FAUST. Thus stand and look with me, and thou mean:

We'll canvass every quidity thereof;
For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do;
This night I'll conjure though I die therefore.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter two SCHOLARS.

1 SCHO. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was wont
To make our schools ring with *sic probo.*

Enter WAGNER.

2 SCHO. That shall we presently know; here comes his boy.

1 SCHO. How now, sirrah, where's thy master?

WAG. God in heaven knows.

2 SCHO. Why dost not thou know then?

WAG. Yes, I know, but that follows not.

1 SCHO. Go to, sirrah, leave your jesting, and tell where he is.

WAG. That follows not by force of argument, which you, being licentiates, should stand upon; therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

2 SCHO. Then you will not tell us?

WAG. You are deceived, for I will tell you, yet if you were not dunces you would never ask such a question; for is he not *corpus naturale*, and is not that *mobile?* then, wherefore should you ask me such a question? but that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love I

would say), it were not for you to come within forty feet of the place of execution; although I do not doubt but to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus: Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine if it would speak could inform your worships; and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren. [*Exit.*

1 Scho. O Faustus! Then I fear that which I have long suspected,
That thou art fallen into the damned art,
For which they two are infamous through the world.

2 Scho. Were he a stranger, not allied to me,
The danger of his soul would make me mourn;
But come, let us go and inform the rector,
It may be his grave council may reclaim him.

1 Scho. I fear me nothing will reclaim him now.

2 Scho. Yet let us see what we can do.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Thunder.—Enter Lucifer *and four* Devils. Faustus *to them with this speech.*

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from the antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with his pitchy breath;

Faustus begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest;
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward, and backward, anagramatis'd;
The abbreviated names of holy saints;
Figures of every adjunct to the heav'ns,
And characters of signs, and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, to be resolute,
And try the utmost magic can perform.

(*Thunder.*)

Sint mihi Dii Acherontis propitii, valeat numen triplex Jehovæ, ignei, aerii, aquitani spiritus! saluete Orientis Princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha et demigorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephostophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris; per Jehovan, Gehennam et consecratum aquam, quam nunc spargo; signumque crucis quod nunc facio; et per rota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dictatis Mephostophilis.

Enter DEVIL.

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
Go, and return an old franciscan friar,
That holy shape becomes a devil best. [*Exit devil.*
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words;
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephostophilis;
Full of obedience and humility;
Such is the force of magic, and my spells.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

MEPH. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

FAUST. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command;
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to o'erwhelm the world.

MEPH. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave;
No more than he commands, must we perform.

FAUST. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

MEPH. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

FAUST. Did not my conjuring raise thee? speak!

MEPH. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;
For when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul:
Nor will we come unless he use such means,
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring,
Is stoutly to abjure all godliness,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

FAUST. So Faustus hath already done, and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word damnation terrifies not me,
For I confound hell in elysium;
My ghost be with the old philosophers.
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,

Tell me, what is that Lucifer thy lord?

MEPH. Arch regent and commander of all spirits.

FAUST. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

MEPH. Yes Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

FAUST. How comes it then that he is Prince of Devils?

MEPH. Oh! by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heav'n.

FAUST. And what are you that live with Lucifer,

MEPH. Unhappy spirits that live with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

FAUST. Where are you damn'd?

MEPH. In hell.

FAUST. How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

MEPH. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it.
Think'st thou that I that saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heav'n,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
O Faustus! leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting heart.

FAUST. What, is great Mephostophilis so passionate,
For being deprived of the joys of heav'n!
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go, bear these tidings to great Lucifer;
Seeing Faustus had incurr'd eternal death,
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,

Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me;
To give me whatsoever I shall ask;
To tell me whatsoever I demand;
To slay mine enemies, and to aid my friends;
And always be obedient to my will.
Go, and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

MEPH. I will, Faustus. [*Exit.*

FAUST. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephostophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributary to my crown.
The emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany,
Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd.
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephostophilis return again. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter WAGNER *and the* CLOWN.

WAG. Come hither, sirrah! boy!

CLOWN. Boy! Oh! disgrace to my person! Zounds!

boy in your face! you have seen many boys with beards, I am sure.

WAG. Hast thou no comings in?

CLOWN. And goings out too, you may see, sir.

WAG. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jests in his nakedness. I know the villain's out of service, and so hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood raw.

CLOWN. Not so neither; I had need to have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear, I can tell you.

WAG. Sirrah, wilt thou be my man, and wait on me? and I will make thee go like *qui mihi discipulus*.

CLOWN. What, in verse?

WAG. No, slave, in beaten silk and stavesaker*.

CLOWN. Stavesaker? that's good to kill vermin; then belike if I serve you I shall be lousy.

WAG. Why, so thou shalt be whether thou dost it or no: for, sirrah, if thou dost not presently bind thyself to me for seven years, I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and make them tear thee in pieces.

CLOWN. Nay, sir, you may spare yourself a labour, for they are as familiar with me as if they paid for their meat and drink, I can tell you.

WAG. Well, sirrah, leave your jesting, and take these guilders.

* *Stavesaker*—the herb larkspur.

CLOWN. Yes, marry, sir, and I thank you too.

WAG. So now thou art to be at an hour's warning whensoever and wheresover the devil shall fetch thee.

CLOWN. Here, take your guilders again, I'll none of 'em.

WAG. Not I, thou art pressed; prepare thyself, for I will presently raise up two devils to carry thee away. Banio! Belcher!

CLOWN. Belcher! and Belcher come here, I'll belch him; I am not afraid of a devil.

Enter two DEVILS.

WAG. How now, sir, will you serve me now?

CLOWN. Ay, good Wagner, take away the devil then.

WAG. Spirits away! now, sirrah, follow me.

[*Exeunt Devils.*

CLOWN. I will, sir; but hark you, master, will you teach me this conjuring occupation?

WAG. Ay, sirrah, I'll teach thee to turn thyself to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or any thing.

CLOWN. A dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat! O brave Wagner!

WAG. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and see that you walk attentively, and let your right eye be always diametrically fixed upon my left heel that thou mayst *quasi vestigias nostras insistere.*

CLOWN. Well, sir, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

FAUSTUS *in his Study.*

FAUST. Now, Faustus,
Must thou need'st be damn'd; canst thou not be
sav'd.
What boots it then to think on God or heav'n?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub.
Now, go not back, Faustus; be resolute.
Why waver'st thou? O something soundeth in mine
ear,
Abjure this magic, turn to God again:
Why, he loves thee not;

That make men foolish that do use them most.

GOOD ANG. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

BAD ANG. No, Faustus, think of honour and of wealth. [*Exeunt Angels.*

FAUST. Wealth!
Why the signiory of Embden shall be mine:
When Mephostophilis shall stand by me,
What power can hurt me? Faustus, thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts: Mephostophilis come,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer.
Is't not midnight? Come, Mephostophilis,
Veni, veni, Mephostophilis.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

Now tell me what sayeth Lucifer, thy lord?

MEPH. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So thou wilt buy his service with thy soul.

FAUST. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

MEPH. But now thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood:
For that security craves Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I must back to hell.

FAUST. Stay, Mephostophilis, and tell me
What good will my soul do thy lord?

MEPH. Enlarge his kingdom.

FAUST. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

MEPH. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

FAUST. Why, have you any pain that torments others?

MEPH. As great as have the human spirits of man.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

FAUST. Aye, Mephostophilis, I'll give it him.

MEPH. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

FAUST. Lo, Mephostophilis, for love of thee,
Faustus hath cut his arm, and with his blood
Assures himself to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord, and regent of perpetual night.
View here this blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for thy wish.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS *with the chafer of fire.*

MEPH. See, Faustus, here is fire; set it on.

FAUST. So now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately.

MEPH. What will not I do to obtain his soul?

FAUST. *Consummatum est*, this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo fuge; whither should I fly?
If unto heaven he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceived, here's nothing writ:
O, yes, I see it plain, even here is writ
Homo fuge; yet shall not Faustus fly.

MEPH. I'll fetch him something to delight his mind. [*Exit.*

Enter DEVILS, *giving crowns and rich apparel to Faustus. They dance and then depart.*

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

FAUST. What means this show? speak, Mephostophilis.

MEPH. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind,
And let thee see what magic can perform.

FAUST. But may I raise such spirits when I please?

MEPH. Aye, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

FAUST. Then, Mephostophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift, of body, and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform'st
All covenants and articles between us both.

MEPH. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer,
To effect all promises between us both.

FAUST. Then hear me read it, Mephostophilis,
On these conditions following:

First. That Faustus may be a Spirit in form and substance.

Secondly. That Mephostophilis shall be his servant, and be by him commanded.

Thirdly. That Mephostophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he requireth

Fourthly. That he shall be in his house or chamber invisible.

Lastly. He shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what shape and form soever he please.

I, John Faustus of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his minister Mephostophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that four-and-twenty years being expired, and these articles above written being inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, into their habitation wheresoever.

By me,
JOHN FAUSTUS.

MEPH. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

FAUST. Aye, take it, and the devil give thee good of it.

MEPH. So now, Faustus, ask me what thou wilt.
FAUST. First I will question thee about hell.
Tell me where is the place that men call hell?
MEPH. Under the heavens.
FAUST. Aye, so are all things else; but whereabouts?
MEPH. Within the bowels of these elements;
Where we are tortured and remain for ever.
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; but where we are is hell;
And where hell is there must we ever be:
And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.
FAUST. I think hell is a mere fable.
MEPH. Ah! think so still, till experience change thy mind.
FAUST. Why, dost thou think that Faustus shall be damned?
MEPH. Aye, of necessity, for here's the scroll
In which thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.
FAUST. Aye, and body too; and what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine,
That after this life there is any pain?
No, these are trifles, and mere old wives' tales.
MEPH. But I am an instance to prove the contrary;
For I tell thee I am damn'd, and now in hell.
FAUST. Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd:

What sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing?
But, leaving this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany;
For I am wanton and lascivious,
And cannot live without a wife.

MEPH. Well, Faustus, thou shalt have a wife.

[*He fetches in a Woman Devil.*

FAUST. What sight is this?

MEPH. Now, Faustus, wilt thou have a wife?

FAUST. Here's a hot whore indeed; no, I'll no wife.

MEPH. Marriage is but a ceremonial toy,
And if thou lov'st me think no more of it:
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtezans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed:
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have;

SCENE II.

Enter WAGNER.

WAG. Learned Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons' necks:
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope, and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That on this day is highly solemnized. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter FAUSTUS, *in his Study, and* MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

FAUST. When I behold the heav'ns, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephostophilis,
Because thou hast deprived me of these joys.

MEPH. 'Twas thine own seeking, Faustus, thank thyself.
But think'st thou heav'n such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, Faustus, it is not half so fair
As thou, or any man that breathes on earth.

FAUST. How prov'st thou that?

MEPH. 'Twas made for man,—then he's more excellent.

FAUST. If heav'n was made for man, 'twas made for me;
I will renounce this magic, and repent.

Enter the two ANGELS.

GOOD ANG. Faustus, repent, yet heaven will pity thee.

BAD ANG. Thou art a spirit, God cannot pity thee.

FAUST. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Yea, God will pity me if I repent.

BAD ANG. Ah! but Faustus never will repent!

[*Exeunt Angels.*

FAUST. My heart is harden'd; I cannot repent:
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven:
Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel,
Are laid before me to dispatch myself;
And long ere this I should have done the deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair:
Have I not made blind Homer sing to me,
Of Alexander's love, and Œnon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,
With ravishing sounds of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephostophilis?
Why should I die then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd Faustus shall not repent.
Come, Mephostophilis, let us dispute again
And reason of divine astrology:
Speak, are there many spheres above the mo
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,

As is the substance of this centric earth?

MEPH. As are the elements such are the heav'ns;
Even from the moon unto th' imperial orb,
Mutually folded in each other's spheres,
And jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose termine is termed the world's wide pole:
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, and Jupiter
Feign'd, but are evening stars.

FAUST. But have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore*.

MEPH. All move from east to west in four-and-twenty hours upon the poles of the world; but differ in their motions upon the place of the zodiac.

FAUST. These slender questions Wagner can decide;
Hath Mephostophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets
That the first is finish'd in a natural day;
The second thus; Saturn in 30 years, Jupiter in 12; Mars in 4; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in 28 days: these are freshmen's questions; but tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia*?

MEPH. Aye.

FAUST. How many heavens or spheres are there?

MEPH. Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and the imperial heaven.

FAUST. But is there no *cœlum igneum et chrystallium*?

MEPH. No, Faustus, they are but fables.

FAUST. Resolve me then this question.
Why are not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time? but in some years, we have more, some less.

MEPH. *Per inequalem motum respectu totius.*

FAUST. Well, I am answer'd; now tell me who made the world?

MEPH. I will not.

FAUST. Sweet Mephostophilis, tell me.

MEPH. Move me not, Faustus.

FAUST. Villain, have not I bound thee to tell me any thing?

MEPH. Aye, that is not against our kingdom;
This is: thou art damn'd; think thou of hell.

FAUST. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, *and* MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

LUCI. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just;
There's none but I have interest in the same.

FAUST. Oh! what art thou that look'st so terribly?

LUCI. I am Lucifer;
And this is my companion Prince in Hell.

FAUST. O, Faustus, they are come to fetch thee!

BELZ. We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

LUCI. Thou call'st on Christ contrary to thy promise.

BELZ. Thou should'st not think on God.

LUCI. Think on the devil.

BELZ. And his dam too.

FAUST. Nor will henceforth;* pardon him for this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heav'n.

LUCI. So show thyself an obedient servant,
And we will highly gratify thee for it.

BELZ. Faustus,
We are come from hell to show thee pastime:
Sit, and thou shalt behold the deadly sins
Appear to thee in their own proper shapes.

FAUST. That sight will be as pleasant unto me
As Paradise to Adam on creation.

* This appears to be in answer to "*Thou shouldst not think on God.*" In the original the words are "nor will Faustus henceforth." The word "Faustus" is superfluous, and as the speech reads better without we have omitted it.

LUCI. Talk not of Paradise, but mark the show: Go, Mephostophilis, and fetch them in.

Enter the seven DEADLY SINS.

BELZ. Now, Faustus, question them of their names and dispositions.

FAUST. That shall I soon: what art thou, the first?

PRIDE. I am Pride: I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea; I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes like a perriwig I sit upon her brow; next like a necklace I hang about her neck; then like a fan of feathers I kiss her: and then turning myself to a wrought smock do what I list. But fie, what a smell is here! I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom, unless the ground is perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

FAUST. Thou art a proud knave indeed; what art thou, the second?

COVET. I am Covetousness: begotten of an old churl, in a leathern bag: and might I now obtain my wish, this house, you, and all should turn to gold, that I might lock you safe into my chest: O my sweet gold!

FAUST. And what art thou, the third?

ENVY. I am Envy; begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife: I cannot read, and therefore wish all books burned: I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a famine over all the world, that all might die, and I live alone; then thou

should'st see how fat I'd be! But must thou sit, and I stand? come down with a vengeance.

FAUST. Out, envious wretch! But what art thou, the fourth?

WRATH. I am Wrath: I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth, when I was scarce an hour old; and I have ever since run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I could get none to fight withal: I was born in hell, and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

FAUST. And what art thou, the fifth?

GLUT. I am Gluttony: my parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a small pension; and that buys me thirty meals a day and ten beavers; a small trifle to suffice nature: I am of a royal pedigree; my father was a Gammon of Bacon, and my mother was a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickled-herring and Martin Martlemass-beef; but my godmother, oh! she was an ancient gentlewoman, her name was Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

FAUST. Not I.

GLUT. The devil choke thee.

FAUST. Choke thyself, glutton. What art thou, the sixth?

SLOTH. Heigho! I am Sloth: I was begotten on a sunny bank.

Heigho! I'll not speak a word more for a king's ransom.

FAUST. And what art thou, Mistress Minx, the seventh, and last?

LETCH. Who, I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton, better than an ell of fried stock fish; and the first letter of my name begins with Letchery.

LUCI. Away to hell, away! On piper.

[*Exeunt the seven Sins.*

FAUST. Oh! how this sight doth delight my soul.

LUCI. But, Faustus, in hell are all manner of delights.

FAUST. Oh! might I see hell, and return again safe; how happy were I then!

LUCI. Faustus, thou shalt:
At midnight I will send for thee: meanwhile
Peruse this book and view it thoroughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

FAUST. Thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

LUCI. Now, Faustus, farewell.

FAUST. Farewell, great Lucifer.
Come, Mephostophilis. [*Exeunt several ways.*

SCENE IV.

Enter the CLOWN.

CLOWN. What, Dick! look to the horses there till I come again; I have gotten one of Doctor

Faustus' conjuring books, and now we'll have such knavery as 't passes.

Enter DICK.

DICK. What, Robin! you must come away and walk the horses.

ROB. I walk the horses! I scorn i'faith; I have other matters in hand; let the horses walk themselves an they will. *A per se a, t. h. e. the; o per se o deny orgon gorgon:* keep further from me, O thou illiterate and unlearned hostler!

DICK. Snails! what hast thou got there? a book! why thou canst not tell ne'er a word on't.

ROB. That shalt thou see presently: keep out of the circle, I say, lest I send you into the ostry with a vengeance.

DICK. That's like i'faith! you had better leave your foolery, for an my master come, he'll conjure you i' faith.

ROB. My master conjure me! I'll tell thee what; an my master come here, I'll clap a fair pair of horns on his head, as e'er thou sawest in thy life.

DICK. Thou need'st not do that, for my mistress hath done it.

ROB. Ah! there be of us here that have waded as deep into matters as other men, if they were disposed to talk.

DICK. A plague take you, I thought you did not sneak up and down after her for nothing. But, I prithee, tell me in good sadness, Robin, is that a conjuring book?

ROB. Do but speak what thou'lt have me to do, and I'll do't: if thou'lt dance naked, put off thy clothes, and I'll conjure thee about presently; or if thou'lt go but to the tavern with me, I'll give thee white wine, red wine, claret wine, sack, muskadine, malmsey, and whippincrust; hold, belly, hold, and we'll not pay one penny for it.

DICK. O brave! Prithee let's to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog.

ROB. Come, then, let us away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

Enter CHORUS.

Learned Faustus, to find the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount him up to scale Olympus' top;
Where sitting in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons' necks,
He views the clouds, the planets, and the stars,
The tropic zones, and quarters of the sky,
From the bright circle of the horned moon,
Even to the height of *Primum Mobile,*
And whirling round of this circumference,
Within the concave compass of the pole.
From East to West his dragons swiftly glide,
And in eight days did bring him home again:
Not long he staid within his quiet house,
To rest his bones after this weary toil;

But new exploits do hale him out again:
And mounted then upon a dragon's back,
That with his wings did part the subtle air,
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
That measures coasts and kingdoms of the earth;
And as I guess will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which this day is highly solemniz'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

FAUST. Having now, my good Mephostophilis,
Past with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environ'd round with airy mountain tops,
With walls of flint, and deep entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering Prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines.
Then unto Naples; rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair, and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and paved with finest brick:
There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the East;
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threats the stars with her aspiring top;

Whose frame is paved with sundry coloured stones,
And rooft aloft with curious work in gold:
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time.
But tell me now what resting place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

MEPH. I have, my Faustus, and for proof thereof,
This is the goodly palace of the Pope:
And, 'cause we are no common guests,
I choose his private chamber for our use.

FAUST. I hope his holiness will bid you welcome.

MEPH. All's one, for we'll be bold with his venison.
But now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive,
What Rome contains for to delight thine eyes;
Know that this city stands upon seven hills,
That underprop the groundwork of the same:

Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear;
That I do long to see the monuments,
And situation of bright splendent Rome;
Come, therefore, let's away.

MEPH. Nay, stay, my Faustus; I know you'd see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which with high solemnity,
This day is held through Rome and Italy,
In honour of the Pope's triumphant victory.

FAUST. Sweet Mephostophilis thou pleasest me;
Whilst I am here on earth let me be cloy'd
With all things that delight the heart of man:
My four-and-twenty years of liberty,
I'll spend in pleasure and in dalliance,
That Faustus' name, whilst this bright frame doth stand,
May be admired through the furthest land.

MEPH. 'Tis well said, Faustus; come then, stand by me,
And thou shalt see them come immediately.

FAUST. Nay, stay, my gentle Mephostophilis,
And grant me my request, and then I go.
Thou know'st within the compass of eight days,
We view'd the face of heaven, of earth, and hell:
So high our dragons soar'd into the air,
That, looking down, the earth appear'd to me
No bigger than my hand in quantity:
There did we view the kingdoms of the world,

And what might please mine eye, I there beheld.
Then in this show let me an actor be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus' coming see.

MEPH. Let it be so, my Faustus; but first stay,
And view their triumphs as they pass this way;
And then devise what best contents thy mind,
By cunning in thine art to cross the Pope,
Or dash the pride of this solemnity;
To make his monks and abbots stand like apes,
And point like antiques at his triple crown:
To beat the beads about the friars' pates;
Or clap huge horns upon the cardinals' heads;
Or any villainy thou canst devise,
And I'll perform it, Faustus: hark! they come:
This day shall make thee be admired in Rome.

Enter the CARDINALS *and* BISHOPS, *some bearing crosiers, some pillars;* MONKS *and* FRIARS *singing their procession: then the* POPE *and* RAYMOND, *king of Hungary, with* BRUNO *led in chains.*

POPE. Cast down our footstool.

RAY. Saxon Bruno stoop,
Whilst on thy back his holiness ascends
Saint Peter's chair and state pontifical.

BRU. Proud Lucifer, that state belongs to me;
But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.

POPE. To me and Peter shalt thou groveling lie,
And crouch before the papal dignity:
Sound trumpets then, for thus Saint Peter's heir,

From Bruno's back ascends Saint Peter's chair.
[*A flourish while he ascends.*
Thus, as the gods creep on with feet of wool,
Long ere with iron hands they punish men;
So shall our sleeping vengeance now arise,
And smite with death thy hated enterprise.
Lords cardinals of France, and Padua,
Go forthwith to our holy consistory,
And read among the statutes decretal,
What by the holy council held at Trent
The sacred synod hath decreed for him,
That doth assume the papal government
Without election, and a true consent:
Away, and bring us word with speed.

1 CARD. We go, my lord. [*Exeunt Cardinals.*

POPE. Lord Raymond.

FAUST. Go, haste thee, gentle Mephostophilis,
Follow the cardinals to the consistory;
And as they turn their superstitious books,
Strike them with sloth and drowsy idleness;
And make them sleep so sound, that in their shapes
Thyself and I may parley with this Pope,
This proud confronter of the emperor,
And, in despite of all his holiness,
Restore this Bruno to his liberty,
And bear him to the states of Germany.

MEPH. Faustus, I go.

FAUST. Dispatch it soon,
The Pope shall curse, that Faustus came to Rome.
[*Exeunt Faust. and Meph.*

BRU. Pope Adrian, let me have right of law.
I was elected by the emperor.

POPE. We will depose the emp'ror for that deed,
And curse the people that submit to him:
Both he and thou shall stand excommunicate,
And interdict from church's privilege,
And all society of holy men:
He grows too proud in his authority,
Lifting his lofty head above the clouds,
And like a steeple overpeers the church:
But we'll pull down his haughty insolence;
And as Pope Alexander, our progenitor,
Trod on the neck of German Frederick,
Adding this golden sentence to our praise;
That Peter's heirs should tread on emperors,
And walk upon the dreadful adder's back,
Treading the lion and the dragon down,
And fearless spurn the killing basilisk;
So will we quell that haughty schismatic,
And by authority apostolical,
Depose him from his regal government.

BRU. Pope Julius swore to princely Sigismond,
For him, and the succeeding popes of Rome,
To hold the emperor their lawful lords.

POPE. Pope Julius did abuse the church's rites,
And therefore none of his decrees can stand.
Is not all power on earth bestow'd on us?
And therefore tho' we would we cannot err.
Behold this silver belt, whereto is fix'd
Seven golden seals, fast seal'd with seven seals,

In token of our seven-fold power from heaven,
To bind or loose, lock fast, condemn or judge,
Resign or seal, or what so pleaseth us:
Then he and thou, and all the world, shall stoop,
Or be assured of our dreadful curse,
To light as heavy as the pains of hell.

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHOSTOPHILIS, *like the Cardinals.*

MEPH. Now tell me, Faustus, are we not fitted well?

FAUST. Yes, Mephosto, and two such cardinals
Ne'er serv'd a holy Pope, as we shall do.
But whilst they sleep within the consistory,
Let us salute his reverend fatherhood.

RAY. Behold, my lord, the cardinals are return'd.

POPE. Welcome, grave fathers; answer presently
What have our holy council there decreed,
Concerning Bruno and the emperor,
In quittance of their late conspiracy,
Against our state and papal dignity?

FAUST. Most sacred patron of the church of Rome,
By full consent of all the synod,
Of priest and prelates, it is thus decreed:
That Bruno, and the German emperor,
Be held as Lollards and bold schismatics,
And proud disturbers of the church's peace:
And if that Bruno, by his own assent,
Without enforcement of the German peers,
Did seek to wear the triple diadem,
And by your death to climb St. Peter's chair,

The statutes decretal have thus decreed:
He shall be straight condemn'd of heresy,
And on a pile of faggots burnt to death.

POPE. It is enough: here, take him to your charge,
And bear him straight to Ponto Angelo,
And in the strongest tower inclose him fast:
To-morrow, sitting in our consistory,
With all our college of grave cardinals,
We will determine of his life and death.
Here take this triple crown along with you,
And leave it in the church's treasury.
Make haste, again, my good lord cardinals,
And take our blessing apostolical.

MEPH. So, so; was never devil thus bless'd before.

FAUST. Away, sweet Mephostophilis, begone;
The cardinals will be plagu'd for this anon.

[*Exeunt Faustus and Mephostophilis.*

POPE. Go presently and bring a banquet forth,
That we may solemnize St. Peter's feast,
And with Lord Raymond, king of Hungary,
Drink to our late and happy victory. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A senet while the banquet is brought in; and then enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHOSTOPHILIS, *in their own shapes.*

MEPH. Now, Faustus, come, prepare thyself for mirth;
The sleepy cardinals are hard at hand,
To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,

And on a proud pac'd steed, as swift as thought,
Flies o'er the Alps to fruitful Germany,
There to salute the woeful emperor.

FAUST. The Pope will curse them for their sloth to-day,
That slept both Bruno and his crown away.
But now, that Faustus may delight his mind,
And by their folly make some merriment,
Sweet Mephostophilis, so charm me here,
That I may walk invisible to all,
And do whate'er I please unseen of any.

MEPH. Faustus, thou shalt; then kneel down presently,
Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,
And charm thee with this magic wand:
First, wear this girdle, then appear
Invisible to all are here;
The planets seven, the gloomy air,
Hell, and the furies' forked hair;
Pluto's blue fire, and Hecat's tree,
With magic spells so compass thee,
That no eye may thy body see.
So, Faustus, now for all their holiness,
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

FAUST. Thanks, Mephostophilis; now, friars, take heed,
Lest Faustus make your shaven crowns to bleed.

MEPH. Faustus, no more: see where the cardinals come.

Enter the POPE *and* LORDS; *then the* CARDINALS *with a book.*

POPE. Welcome, lord cardinals; come, sit down;
Lord Raymond, take your seat; friars, attend
And see that all things be in readiness,
As best beseems this solemn festival.

1 CARD. First, may it please your sacred holiness,
To view the sentence of the reverend synod,
Concerning Bruno and the emperor.

POPE. What needs this question? Did I not tell you,
To-morrow we would sit i' the consistory,
And there determine of his punishment?
You brought us word even now, it was decreed,
That Bruno, and the cursed emperor,
Were by the holy council both condemn'd.
For lothed Lollards, and base schismatics:
Then wherefore would you have me view that book?

1 CARD. Your grace mistakes, you gave us no such charge.

RAY. Deny it not: we all are witnesses
That Bruno here was late delivered you,
With his rich triple crown to be reserv'd,
And put into the church's treasury.

Both CARD. By holy Paul we saw them not!

POPE. By Peter you shall die,
Unless you bring them forth immediately!
Hale them to prison, lade their limbs with gyves:
False prelates, for this hateful treachery,

Curs'd be your souls to hellish misery!

FAUST. So, they are safe; now, Faustus, to the feast;
The pope had never such a frolic guest.

POPE. Lord Archbishop of Rheims, sit down with us.

BISH. I thank your holiness.

FAUST. Fall to, the devil choke you, an you spare.

POPE. Who's that spoke? Friars look about.
Lord Raymond pray fall to: I am beholden
To the bishop of Millaine for this so rare a present.

FAUST. I thank you, sir.

POPE. How now! Who snatch'd the meat from me?
Villains! why speak you not?
My good lord archbishop, here's a most dainty dish,
Was sent me from a cardinal in France.

FAUST. I'll have that too.

POPE. What Lollards do attend our holiness,
That we receive such great indignity? fetch me some wine.

FAUST. Aye, pray do, for Faustus is a-dry.

POPE. Lord Raymond, I drink unto your grace.

FAUST. I pledge your grace.

POPE. My wine gone too! Ye lubbers look about
And find the man that doth this villainy,
Or by our sanctitude you all shall die.
I pray, my lords, have patience at this troublesome banquet.

BISH. Please it, your holiness; I think it be some

ghost crept out of purgatory, and now is come unto your holiness for his pardon.

POPE. It may be so,
Go then, command our priests to sing a dirge,
To lay the fury of this same troublesome ghost.

FAUST. How now! must every bit be spiced with a cross?
Nay, then, take that.

POPE. O I am slain! help me, my lords!
O come and help to bear my body hence!
Damn'd be his soul for ever for this deed!

[*Exeunt Pope and his train.*

MEPH. Now, Faustus, what will you do now? For I can tell you
You'll be curs'd with bell, book, and candle.

FAUST. Bell, book, and candle; candle, book, and bell,
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell.

Enter the FRIARS *with bell, book, and candle, for the dirge.*

1 FRIAR. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.
Cursed be he that stole his holiness' meat from the table.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that struck his holiness a blow on the face.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that struck friar Sandelo a blow on the pate.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that took away his holiness' wine.

Maledicat Dominus.

[*They beat the Friars, fling fire-works among them, and exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter the CLOWN *and* DICK, *with a cup.*

DICK. Sirrah! Robin! we were best look that your devil can answer the stealing of this same cup, for the vintner's boy follows us at the hard heels.

ROB. 'Tis no matter, let him come: and he follow us, I'll so conjure him, as he was never conjured in his life, I warrant him: let me see the cup.

Enter VINTNER.

DICK. Here 'tis: yonder he comes. Now, Robin, now or never show thy cunning.

VINT. Oh, are you here? I am glad I have found you; you are a couple of fine companions pray where's the cup you stole from the tavern?

ROB. How, how! we steal a cup! take heed what you say; we look not like cup-stealers, I can tell you.

VINT. Never deny 't, for I know you have it, and I'll search you.

ROB. Search me? Aye, and spare not—Hold the cup, Dick—Come, come, search me, search me.

VINT. Come on, sirrah, let me search you now.

DICK. Aye, aye, do, do—Hold the cup, Robin—I fear not your searching; we scorn to steal your cups, I can tell you.

VINT. Never out-face me for the matter; for sure the cup is between you two.

ROB. Nay, there you lie, 'tis beyond us both.

VINT. A plague take you, I thought 'twas your knavery to take it away: come, give it me again.

ROB. Ah, much! when, can you tell? Dick, make me a circle, and stand close at my back, and stir not for thy life. Vintner, you shall have your cup anon; say nothing, Dick: *O per se O, demigorgon;* Belcher and Mephostophilis!

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

MEPH. You princely legions of infernal rule,
How am I vexed by these villains' charms!
From Constantinople have they brought me now,
Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

ROB. By'r lady, sir, you have had a shrewd journey of it! will it please you to take a shoulder of mutton to supper, and a tester in your purse, and go back again?

DICK. Aye, I pray you heartily, sir; for we called you but in jest, I promise you.

MEPH. To purge the rashness of this cursed deed,
First, be thou turned to this ugly shape;
For apish deeds transformed to an ape.

ROB. O brave! an ape! I pray, sir, let me have the carrying of him about to show some tricks.

MEPH. And so thou shalt: be thou transform'd to a

dog, and carry him upon thy back; away! be gone!

ROB. A dog! That's excellent! let the maids look well to their porridge-pots, for I'll into the kitchen presently: come, Dick, come.

[*Exeunt the two Clowns.*

MEPH. Now with the flames of ever-burning fire,
I'll wing myself, and forthwith fly amain
Unto my Faustus to the Great Turk's court. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter MARTINO *and* FREDERICK *at several doors.*

MART. What, ho! officers, gentlemen!
Hie to the presence to attend the Emperor;
Good Frederick, see the rooms be voided straight,
His majesty is coming to the hall;
Go back, and see the state in readiness.

FRED. But where is Bruno, our elected Pope,
That on a fury's back came post from Rome?
Will not his Grace consort the Emperor?

MART. O yes; and with him comes the German conjurer,
The learned Faustus, fame of Wittenberg;
The wonder of the world for magic art:
And he intends to show great Carolus
The race of all his stout progenitors;
And bring in presence of his majesty,
The royal shapes, and warlike semblances,
Of Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

FRED. Where is Benvolio?

MART. Fast asleep, I warrant you;
He took his rouse with stoups of Rhenish wine
So kindly yesternight to Bruno's health,
That all this day the sluggard keeps his bed.

FRED. See, see his window's ope! we'll call to him.

MART. What, ho! Benvolio!

Enter BENVOLIO *above, at a window, in his nightcap; buttoning.*

BENV. What a devil ails you two?

MART. Speak softly, sir, lest the devil hear you:
For Faustus at the court is late arriv'd,
And at his heels a thousand furies wait,
To accomplish whatsoever the Doctor please.

BENV. What of this?

MART. Come, leave thy chamber first, and thou shalt see
This conjurer perform such rare exploits,
Before the Pope and royal Emperor,
As never yet was seen in Germany.

BENV. Has not the Pope enough of conjuring yet?
He was upon the devil's back late enough;
And if he be so far in love with him,
I would he would post with him to Rome again.

FRED. Speak, wilt thou come and see this sport?

BENV. Not I.

MART. Wilt thou stand in thy window, and see it then?

BENV. Aye, an I fall not asleep i' the mean time

MART. The Emperor is at hand, who comes to see
What wonders by black spells may compass'd be.

BENV. Well, go you attend the Emperor: I am content, for this once, to thrust my head out at a window: for they say, if a man be drunk over night, the devil cannot hurt him in the morning: if that be true, I have a charm in my head, shall control him as well as the conjurer, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Senet. Enter CHARLES, *the German* EMPEROR, BRUNO, SAXONY, FAUSTUS, MEPHOSTOPHILIS, FREDERICK, MARTINO, *and* ATTENDANTS.

EMP. Wonder of men, renown'd magician,
Thrice learned Faustus, welcome to our court.
This deed of thine, in setting Bruno free
From his and our professed enemy,
Shall add more excellence unto thine art,
Than if by powerful necromantic spells
Thou could'st command the world's obedience;
For ever be belov'd of Carolus;
And if this Bruno thou hast late redeem'd,
In peace possess the triple diadem,
And sit in Peter's chair, despite of chance;

Thou shalt be famous through all Italy,
And honour'd of the German Emperor.

FAUST. These gracious words, most royal Carolus,
Shall make poor Faustus, to his utmost power,
Both love and serve the German Emperor,
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet:
For proof whereof, if so your grace be pleas'd,
The Doctor stands prepar'd, by power of art,
To cast his magic charms, that shall pierce through
The ebon gates of ever-burning hell,
And hale the stubborn Furies from their caves,
To compass whatsoe'er your grace commands.

BENV. 'Blood, he speaks terribly! but for all that, I do not greatly believe him; he looks as like a conjurer as the Pope to a coster-monger.

EMP. Then, Faustus, as thou late did'st promise us,
We would behold that famous conqueror,
Great Alexander and his paramour,
In their true shapes, and state majestical,
That we may wonder at their excellence.

FAUST. Your majesty shall see them presently.
Mephostophilis, away;
And with a solemn noise of trumpets' sound,
Present before this royal Emperor,
Great Alexander and his beauteous paramour.

MEPH. Faustus, I will.

BENV. Well, Mr. Doctor, an your devils come not away quickly, you shall have me asleep presently;

zounds! I could eat myself for anger, to think I have been such an ass all this while, to stand gaping after the devil's governor, and can see nothing.

FAUST. I'll make you feel something anon, if my art fail me not. [*Aside.*

My lord, I must forewarn your majesty,
That when my spirits present the royal shapes
Of Alexander and his paramour,
Your grace demand no questions of the king;
But in dumb silence let them come and go.

EMP. Be it as Faustus please, we are content.

BENV. Aye, aye, and I am content too: an thou bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor, I'll be Acteon, and turn myself to a stag.

FAUST. And I'll play Diana, and send you the horns presently. [*Aside.*

Senet. Enter at one door the EMPEROR ALEXANDER, *at the other* DARIUS; *they meet;* DARIUS *is thrown down,* ALEXANDER *kills him; takes off his crown, and offering to go out, his Paramour meets him; he embraceth her, and sets* DARIUS' *crown upon her head; and coming back, both salute the* EMPEROR, *who leaving his state, offers to embrace them; which* FAUSTUS *seeing, suddenly stays him: then trumpets cease, and music sounds.*

My gracious lord, you do forget yourself,
These are but shadows, not substantial.

EMP. O pardon me, my thoughts are so ravished
With sight of this renowned Emperor,
That in mine arms I would have compass'd him

But, Faustus, since I may not speak to them,
To satisfy my longing thoughts at full,
Let me this tell thee: I have heard it said,
That this fair lady, whilst she liv'd on earth,
Had on her neck a little wart or mole;
Now may I prove that saying to be true?

FAUST. Your majesty may boldly go and see.

EMP. Faustus, I see it plain;
And in this sight thou better pleasest me,
Than if I'd gain'd another monarchy.

FAUST. Away! begone! [*Exit show.*
See, see, my gracious lord! what strange beast is yon
That thrusts his head out at window?

EMP. O wondrous sight! see, Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading horns most strangely fastened
Upon the head of young Benvolio.

SAX. What, is he asleep or dead?

FAUST. He sleeps, my lord, but dreams not of his horns.

EMP. This sport is excellent: we'll call and wake him.
What, ho! Benvolio!

BENV. A plague upon you, let me sleep awhile.

EMP. I blame thee not to sleep much, having such a head of thine own.

SAX. Look up, Benvolio, 'tis the emperor calls.

BENV. The emperor! where? O, zounds, my head!

EMP. Nay, an thy horns hold, 'tis no matter for thy head, for that's arm'd sufficiently.

FAUST. Why, how now, sir knight, what hang'd by the horns? This is most horrible: fie, pull in your head for shame; let not all the world wonder at you.

BENV. Zounds, Doctor! is this your villany?

FAUST. O say not so, sir: the Doctor has no skill,
No art, no cunning, to present these lords,
Or bring before this royal Emperor
The mighty monarch, warlike Alexander:
If Faustus do it, you are straight resolv'd
In bold Acteon's shape to turn a stag.
And therefore, my lord, so please your majesty,
I'll raise a kennel of hounds shall hunt him so,
As all his footmanship shall scarce prevail
To keep his carcase from their bloody fangs.
Ho! Belimote, Argiron, Asterote!

BENV. Hold, hold! zounds! he'll raise up a kennel of devils I think anon: good my lord intreat for me; 'sblood, I am never able to endure these torments.

EMP. Then, good Mr. Doctor,
Let me entreat you to remove his horns,
He has done penance now sufficiently.

FAUST. My gracious lord; not so much for injury done to me, as to delight your majesty with some mirth, hath Faustus justly requited this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am content to remove his horns. Mephostophilis, transform him; and hereafter, sir, look you speak well of scholars.

BENV. Speak well of ye? 'sblood, an' scholars

be such cuckold-makers to clap horns on honest men's heads o' this order, I'll ne'er trust smooth faces and small ruffs more. But an I be not reveng'd for this, would I might be turned to a gaping oyster, and drink nothing but salt water.

EMP. Come, Faustus, while the Emperor lives,
In recompense of this thy high desert,
Thou shalt command the state of Germany,
And live belov'd of mighty Carolus.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter BENVOLIO, MARTINO, FREDERICK, *and* SOLDIERS.

MART. Nay, sweet Benvolio, let us sway thy thoughts
From this attempt against the conjurer.

BENV. Away, you love me not, to urge me thus;
Shall I let slip so great an injury,
When every servile groom jests at my wrongs,
And in their rustic gambols proudly say,
Benvolio's head was grac'd with horns to-day?
O may these eyelids never close again,
Till with my sword I have that conjurer slain:
If you will aid me in this enterprise,
Then draw your weapons and be resolute;
If not, depart; here will Benvolio die,
But Faustus' death shall quit thy infamy.

FRED. Nay, we will stay with thee, betide what may,

And kill that Doctor if he come this way.

BENV. Then, gentle Frederick, hie thee to the grove,
And place our servants, and our followers,
Close in an ambush there behind the trees;
By this I know the conjurer is near,
I saw him kneel, and kiss the Emperor's hand,
And take his leave, laden with rich rewards:
Then, soldiers, boldly fight; if Faustus die,
Take you the wealth, leave us the victory.

FRED. Come, soldiers, follow me unto the grove,
Who kills him shall have gold and endless love.

[*Exit Fred. with Soldiers.*

BENV. My head is lighter than it was by th' horns,
But yet my heart's more ponderous than my head,
And pants until I see that conjurer dead.

MART. Where shall we place ourselves, Benvolio?

BENV. Here will we stay to hide the first assault;
O were that damned hell-hound but in place,
Thou soon shouldst see me quit my foul disgrace!

Enter FREDERICK.

FRED. Close, close, the conjurer is at hand,
And all alone comes walking in his gown;
Be ready then, and strike the peasant down.

BENV. Mine be that honour then: now, sword strike home,
For horns he gave, I'll have his head anon.

Enter FAUSTUS *with a false head.*

MART. See, see, he comes.

BENV. No words: this blow ends all;

Hell take his soul, his body thus must fall.

FAUST. Oh!

FRED. Groan you, Master Doctor?

BENV. Break may his heart with groans: dear Frederick, see,
Thus will I end his griefs immediately.

MART. Strike with a willing hand, his head is off.

[*Benvolio strikes off Faustus's false head.*

BENV. The devil's dead, the Furies now may laugh.

FRED. Was this that stern aspect, that awful frown,
Made the grim monarch of infernal spirits
Tremble and quake at his commanding charms?

MART. Was this that damned head, whose art conspir'd,
Benvolio's shame before the Emperor?

BENV. Aye, that's the head, and here the body lies,
Justly rewarded for his villanies.

FRED. Come, let's devise how we may add more shame
To the black scandal of his hated name.

BENV. First, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs,
I'll nail huge forked horns, and let them hang
Within the window where he yok'd me first,
That all the world may see my just revenge.

MART. What use shall we put his beard to?

BENV. We'll sell it to a chimney-sweeper; it will wear out ten birchen brooms, I warrant you.

FRED. What shall his eyes do?

BENV. We'll put out his eyes; and they shall

serve for buttons to his lips, to keep his tongue from catching cold.

MART. An excellent policy: and now, sirs, having divided him, what shall the body do?

[*Faustus gets up.*

BENV. Zounds, the devil's alive again!

FRED. Give him his head for God's sake.

FAUST. Nay, keep it: Faustus will have heads and hands,
And all your hearts to recompense this deed.
Knew you not, traitors, I was limited
For four-and-twenty years to breathe on earth?
And had you cut my body with your swords,
Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,
Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd,
And I had breath'd a man, made free from harm.
But wherefore do I dally my revenge?
Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephostophilis!

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS, *and other Devils.*

Go, horse these traitors on your fiery backs,
And mount aloft with them as high as heav'n;
Thence pitch them headlong to the lowest hell:
Yet, stay, the world shall see their misery,
And hell shall after plague their treachery.
Go, Belimoth, and take this caitiff hence,
And hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt:
Take thou this other, drag him through the woods
Amongst the pricking thorns and sharpest briers;
Whilst with my gentle Mephostophilis,
This traitor flies unto some steepy rock,

That rolling down may break the villain's bones,
As he intended to dismember me.
Fly hence! dispatch my charge immediately!

FRED. Pity us, gentle Faustus, save our lives!

FAUST. Away!

FRED. He must go, that the devil drives.

Exeunt Spirits with the Knights.

SCENE III.

Enter the vanquished SOLDIERS.

1 SOLD. Come, sirs, prepare yourselves in readiness;
Make haste to help these noble gentlemen,
I heard them parley with the conjurer.

2 SOLD. See, where he comes; dispatch and kill the slave.

FAUST. What's here? an ambush to betray my life!
Then, Faustus, try thy skill: base peasants, stand!
For lo, these trees remove at my command,
And stand as bulwarks 'twixt yourselves and me,
To shield me from your hated treachery:
Yet to encounter this your weak attempt,
Behold an army comes incontinent.

[*Faustus strikes the ground, and enter a Devil playing on a drum, after him another bearing an ensign; and divers with weapons; Mephostophilis with fire-works; they set upon the soldiers and drive them out.*

SCENE IV.

Enter at several doors, BENVOLIO, FREDERICK, *and* MARTINO, *their heads and faces bloody, and besmeared with mud and dirt: all having horns on their heads.*

MART. What, ho! Benvolio!

BENV. Here; what, Frederick, ho!

FRED. O help me, gentle friend; where is Martino?

MART. Dear Frederick, here,
Half smother'd in a lake of mud and dirt,
Through which the Furies dragg'd me by the heels.

FRED. Martino, see
Benvolio's horns again.

MART. Oh, misery! how now, Benvolio?

BENV. Defend me, heaven! shall I be haunted still?

MART. Nay, fear not, man, we have no power to kill.

BENV. My friends transformed thus: oh, hellish spite!
Your heads are all set with horns.

FRED. You hit it right,
It is your own you mean; feel on your head.

BENV. Zounds! horns again!

MART. Nay, chafe not, man, we all are sped.

BENV. What devil attends this damn'd magician,
That spite of spite our wrongs are doubled?

FRED. What may we do that we may hide our shames?

BENV. If we should follow him to work revenge,

He'd join long asses ears to these huge horns,
And make us laughing-stocks to all the world.

MART. What shall we then do, dear Benvolio?

BENV. I have a castle joining near these woods,
And thither we'll repair, and live obscure,
Till time shall alter this our brutish shapes:
Sith black disgrace hath thus eclips'd our fame,
We'll rather die with grief than live with shame.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE V.

Enter FAUSTUS, *and the* HORSE-COURSER*, *and* MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

HORSE-C. I beseech your worship accept of these forty dollars.

FAUST. Friend, thou canst not buy so good a horse for so small a price: I have no great need to sell him, but if thou likest him for ten dollars more, take him, because I see thou hast a good mind to him.

HORSE-C. I beseech you, sir, accept of this: I am a very poor man, and have lost very much of late by horse-flesh, and this bargain will set me up again.

FAUST. Well, I will not stand with thee; give me the money. Now, sirrah, I must tell you that you may ride him o'er hedge and ditch, and spare him not; but, do you hear, in any case, ride him not into the water.

HORSE-C. How, sir, not into the water? why, will he not drink of all waters?

FAUST. Yes; he will drink of all waters, but ride

* *Horse-courser*—Horse dealer.

him not into the water; o'er hedge and ditch, and where thou wilt, but not into the water. Go, bid the hostler deliver him unto you, and remember what I say.

HORSE-C. I warrant you, sir; oh! joyful day: now am I made a man for ever! [*Exit.*

FAUST. What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?
Thy fatal time draws to a final end;
Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts,
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush! Christ did call the Thief upon the Cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[*He sits to sleep.*

Enter the HORSE-COURSER *wet.*

HORSE-C. Oh! what a cozening Doctor was this! I riding my horse into the water, thinking some hidden mystery had been in the horse, I had nothing under me but a little straw, and had much ado to escape drowning. Well, I'll go rouse him, and make him give me my forty dollars again. Ho! sirrah! Doctor! you cozening scab! Master Doctor, awake and rise, and give me my money again; for your horse is turned to a bottle of hay. Master Doctor! [*He pulls off his leg.*] Alas! I am undone! what shall I do! I have pulled off his leg.

FAUST. Oh! help, help, the villain hath murdered me!

HORSE-C. Murder or not murder, now he has but

one leg I'll outrun him, and cast this leg into some ditch or other. [*He runs off.*

FAUST. Stop him! stop him! stop him!—ha, ha, ha! Faustus hath his leg again, and the Horse-courser a bundle of hay for his forty dollars.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner, what news with thee?

WAG. If it please you, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company; and hath sent some of his men to attend you, with provision fit for your journey.

FAUST. The Duke of Vanholt's an honourable gentleman, and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning: come, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter CLOWN, DICK, HORSE-COURSER, *and* CARTER.

CART. Come, my masters, I'll bring you to the best beer in Europe;
What, ho! hostess! where be these whores?

Enter HOSTESS.

HOST. How now, what lack you? What, my old guests? welcome.

CLOWN. Sirrah! Dick! dost thou know why I stand so mute?

DICK. No, Robin, why is't?

CLOWN. I am eighteen-pence on the score; but say nothing; see if she has forgotten me.

HOST. Who's this, that stands so solemnly by himself? What, my old guest?

CLOWN. O, hostess, how do you? I hope my score stands still.

HOST. Aye, there's no doubt of that; for methinks you make no haste to wipe it out.

DICK. Why, hostess, I say fetch us some beer.

HOST. You shall presently: look up into the hall there, ho! [*Exit.*

DICK. Come, sirs, what shall we do now till mine hostess comes?

CART. Marry, sirs, I'll tell you the bravest tale how a conjurer served me; you know Doctor Faustus?

HORSE-C. Aye, a plague take him; here's some on's have cause to know him; did he conjure thee too?

CART. I'll tell you how he served me: as I was going to Wittenberg t'other day, with a load of hay, he met me, and asked me what he should give me for as much hay as he could eat; now, sir, I thinking a little would serve his turn, bad him take as much as he would for three farthings; so he presently gave me my money and fell to eating; and as I am a cursen man, he never left eating till he had eat up all my load of hay.

ALL. Oh, monstrous! eat a whole load of hay?

CLOWN. Yes, yes, that may be; for I have heard of one that has eat a load of logs.

HORSE-C. Now, sirs, you shall hear how villainously he served me: I went to him yesterday to buy a horse of him, and he would by no means sell him

under forty dollars; so, sir, because I knew him to be such a horse as would run over hedge and ditch and never tire, I gave him his money; so when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus bad me ride him night and day, and spare him no time; but, quoth he, in any case, ride him not into the water: now, sir, I thinking the horse had some quality that he would not have me know of; what did I, but ride him into a great river; and when I came just in the midst, my horse vanished away, and I sat straddling upon a bottle of hay.

ALL. O brave doctor!

HORSE-C. But you shall hear how bravely I served him for it; I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleep; I kept a hallooing and whooping in his ears, but all could not wake him: I seeing that, took him by the leg, and never rested pulling till I had pulled me his leg quite off; and now 'tis at home in mine hostry.

CLOWN. And has the doctor but one leg then? That's excellent! for one of his devils turn'd me into the likeness of an ape's face.

CART. Some more drink, hostess.

CLOWN. Hark you, we'll into another room and drink awhile, and then we'll go seek out the doctor.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter the DUKE *of* VANHOLT, *his* DUCHESS, FAUSTUS, *and* MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

DUKE. Thanks, master doctor, for these pleasant sights; nor know I how sufficiently to recompense your great deserts in erecting that enchanted castle in the air: the sight whereof so delighted me, as nothing in the world could please me more.

FAUST. I do think myself, my good lord, highly recompensed in that it pleaseth your grace to think but well of that which Faustus hath performed. But, gracious lady, it may be that you have taken no pleasure in those sights; therefore, I pray you tell me, what is the thing you most desire to have; be it in the world, it shall be yours; I have heard that great-bellied women do long for things are rare and dainty.

LADY. True, master doctor; and since I find you so kind, I will make known unto you what my heart desires to have; and were it now summer as it is January, a dead time of the winter, I would request no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

FAUST. This is but a small matter: go, Mephostophilis; away! [*Exit Mephostophilis.*] Madam, I will do more than this for your content.

Enter MEPHOSTOPHILIS *again, with the grapes.*

Here now, take ye these; they should be good, for they come from a far country, I can tell you.

DUKE. This makes me wonder more than all the rest; that at this time of the year, when every tree is barren of his fruit, from whence you had these ripe grapes.

FAUST. Please it, your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world; so that when it is winter with us, in the contrary circle it is likewise summer with them; as in India, Saba, and such countries that lie far east, where they have fruit twice a year; from whence, by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had these grapes brought as you see.

LADY. And trust me they are the sweetest grapes that e'er I tasted.

[*The Clown bounceth at the gate, within.*

DUKE. What rude disturbers have we at the gate?
Go, pacify their fury, set it ope,
And then demand of them what they would have.

[*They knock again, and call out to talk with Faustus.*

SERV. Why, how now, masters; what a coil is there;
What is the reason you disturb the duke?

DICK. We have no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.

SERV. Why, saucy varlets, dare you be so bold?

HORSE-C. I hope, sir, we have wit enough to be more bold than welcome.

SERV. It appears so; pray be bold elsewhere, and trouble not the duke.

DUKE. What would they have?

SERV. They all cry out to speak with Doctor Faustus.

CART. Aye, and we will speak with him.

DUKE. Will you sir? Commit the rascals.

DICK. Commit with us; he were as good commit with his father as commit with us.

FAUST. I do beseech your grace, let them come in,
They are good subject for a merriment.

DUKE. Do as thou wilt, Faustus, I give thee leave.

FAUST. I thank your grace.

Enter the CLOWN, DICK, CARTER, *and* HORSE-COURSER.

Why, how now, my good friends?
Faith, you are too outrageous; but come near,
I have procur'd your pardons: welcome all.

CLOWN. Nay, sir, we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take: What, ho! give's half a dozen of beer here, and be hanged.

FAUST. Nay, hark you, can you tell me where you are?

CART. Aye, marry, can I, we are under heaven.

SERV. Aye; but, sir Sauce-box, know you in what place?

HORSE-C. Aye, aye, the house is good enough to drink in; zounds! fill us some beer, or we'll break all the barrels in the house, and dash out all your brains with your bottles.

FAUST. Be not so furious; come, you shall have beer.

My lord, beseech you give me leave awhile,
I'll gage my credit, 'twill content your grace.

DUKE. With all my heart, kind Doctor, please thyself,
Our servants and our court's at thy command.

FAUST. I humbly thank your grace; then fetch some beer.

HORSE-C. Ah, marry! there spake a doctor, indeed! and faith, I'll drink a health to thy wooden leg for that word.

FAUST. My wooden leg! what dost thou mean by that?

CART. Ha, ha, ha! dost hear him, Dick? he has forgot his leg.

HORSE-C. Aye, aye, he does not stand much upon that.

FAUST. No, 'faith; not much upon a wooden leg.

CART. Good Lord! that flesh and blood should be so frail with your worship! Do not you remember a horse-courser you sold a horse to?

FAUST. Yes, I remember I sold one a horse.

CART. And do you remember you bid he should not ride him into the water?

FAUST. Yes, I do very well remember that.

CART. And do you remember nothing of your leg?

FAUST. No, in good sooth.

CART. Then, I pray, remember your curtesy.

FAUST. I thank you, sir.

CART. 'Tis not so much worth: I pray you tell me one thing.

FAUST. What's that?

CART. Be both your legs bed-fellows every night?

FAUST. Would'st thou make a colossus of me, that thou askest me such a question?

CART. No, truly, sir, I would make nothing of you; but I would fain know that.

Enter HOSTESS *with drink.*

FAUST. Then, I assure thee, certainly they are.

CART. I thank you, I am fully satisfied.

FAUST. But wherefore dost thou ask?

CART. For nothing, sir; but methinks you should have a wooden bed-fellow of one of 'em.

HORSE-C. Why, do you hear, sir, did not I pull off one of your legs when you were asleep?

FAUST. But I have it again now I am awake: look you here, sir.

ALL. O horrible! had the Doctor three legs?

CART. Do you remember, sir, how you cozened me, and eat up my load of ——

[*Faustus charms him dumb.*

DICK. Do you remember how you made me wear an ape's ——

HORSE-C. You whoreson conjuring scab! do you remember how you cozened with a ho——

CLOWN. Ha' you forgotten me? you think to carry it away with your hey-passe and repasse: do you remember the dog's fa—— [*Exeunt Clowns.*

HOST. Who pays for the ale? hear you, Master

Doctor; now you have sent away my guests, I pray who shall pay me for my a—— [*Exit Hostess.*

LADY. My lord,
We are much beholden to this learned man.

DUKE. So are we, madam; which we will recompense
With all the love and kindness that we may;
His artful sport drives all sad thoughts away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter DEVILS *with covered Dishes:* MEPHOSTOPHILIS *leads them into* FAUSTUS'S *Study: then enter* WAGNER.

WAG. I think my master means to die shortly; he has made his will, and given me his wealth, his house, his goods, and store of golden plate; besides two thousand ducats ready coined: I wonder what he means! If death were nigh, he would not frolic thus: he's now at supper with the scholars; where there's such belly-cheer, as Wagner in his life ne'er saw the like: and see where they come, belike the feast is done. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter FAUSTUS, MEPHOSTOPHILIS, *and two or three* SCHOLARS.

1 SCHO. Mister Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves,

that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Mister Doctor, if you will do us so much favour as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

FAUST. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
It is not Faustus's custom to deny
The just request of those that wish him well:
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherwise for pomp or majesty,
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania:
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds. Mephostophilis brings in Helen; she passeth over the stage.*

2 SCHO. Was this fair Helen, whose admired worth
Made Greece with ten years' war afflict poor Troy?

3 SCHO. Too simple is my wit to tell her worth,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

1 SCHO. Now we have seen the pride of Nature's work,
We'll take our leave; and for this blessed sight,
Happy and bless'd be Faustus evermore.

[*Exeunt Scholars.*

FAUST. Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you.

Enter an OLD MAN.

OLD MAN. O, gentle Faustus! leave this damned art,

This magic, that will charm thy soul to hell;
And quite bereave thee of salvation.
Though thou hast now offended like a man,
Do not persever in it like a devil:
Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soul,
If sin by custom grow not into nature;
Then, Faustus, will repentance come too late;
Then thou art banish'd from the sight of heav'n;
No mortal can express the pains of hell.
It may be this my exhortation
Seems harsh, and all unpleasant; let it not;
For, gentle son, I speak not in wrath,
Or envy of thee, but from under love
And pity of thy future misery;
And so have hope that this my kind rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy soul.

FAUST. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch! what hast thou done?

[*Mephostophilis gives him a dagger.*

Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus, come, thine hour is almost come;"
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

OLD MAN. Oh! stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps;
I see an angel hover o'er thy head,
And with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul;
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

FAUST. O friend! I feel thy words to comfort my distressed soul;

Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins.

OLD MAN. Faustus, I leave thee, but with grief of heart,
Fearing the enemy of thy hapless soul. [*Exit.*

FAUST. Accursed Faustus! wretch! what hast thou done?
I do repent, and yet I do despair;
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast,
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

MEPH. Thou traitor, Faustus! I arrest thy soul,
For disobedience to my sovereign lord;
Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

FAUST. I do repent I e'er offended him;
Sweet Mephostophilis, intreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
The former vow I made to Lucifer.

MEPH. Do it then, Faustus, with unfeigned heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift.

FAUST. Torment, sweet friend, that base and aged man,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

MEPH. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

FAUST. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire:

That I may have unto my paramour,
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish clear
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep my vow I made to Lucifer.

MEPH. This, or what else my Faustus shall desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Enter HELEN *again, passing over between two Cupids.*

FAUST. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul! see where it flies;
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heav'n is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest:
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky,
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Thunder. Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, *and* MEPHOSTOPHILIS.

LUCI. Thus from infernal Dis do we ascend,
To view the subjects of our monarchy;
Those souls, which sin seals the black sons of hell,
'Mong which, as chief, Faustus we come to thee;
Bringing with us lasting damnation,
To wait upon thy soul; the time is come
Which makes it forfeit.

MEPH. And this gloomy night,
Here, in this room, will wretched Faustus be.

BELZ. And here we'll stay,
To mark him how he doth demean himself.

MEPH. How should he but in desperate lunacy!
Fond worldling! now his heart-blood dries with grief;
His conscience kills it, and his labouring brain
Begets a world of idle phantasies,
To over-reach the devil, but all in vain;
His store of pleasures must be sauc'd with pain.
He, and his servant Wagner, are at hand;
Both come from drawing Faustus' latest will.
See where they come.

Enter FAUSTUS *and* WAGNER.

FAUST. Say, Wagner, thou hast perus'd my will;
How dost thou like it?

WAG. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love.

Enter the SCHOLARS.

FAUST. Gramarcy, Wagner! welcome, gentlemen.

1 SCHO. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are changed.

FAUST. Oh! gentlemen.

2 SCHO. What ails Faustus?

FAUST. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow! had I liv'd with thee,
Then had I lived still, but now must die eternally.
Look, sirs, comes he not? Comes he not?

1 SCHO. O, my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

2 SCHO. Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?

3 SCHO. He is not well with being over solitary.

2 SCHO. If it be so, we'll have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured.

3 SCHO. 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

FAUST. A surfeit of a deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

2 SCHO. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

FAUST. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned; the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Oh, gentlemen! hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years; oh! would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! And what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world: for which, Faustus hath lost both

Germany and the world; yea, heaven itself; heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy, and must remain in hell for ever. Hell! O hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

2 SCHO. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

FAUST. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured? On God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed? Oh, my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears! Gush forth blood instead of tears! yea, life and soul. —Oh! he stays my tongue!—I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold 'em! they hold 'em!

ALL. Who, Faustus?

FAUST. Why, Lucifer and Mephostiphilis. Oh, gentlemen! I gave them my soul for my cunning.

ALL. Oh! God forbid!

FAUST. God forbad it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it; for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood; the date is expired; this is the time, and he will fetch me.

1 SCHO. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

FAUST. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch me body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity; and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

2 SCHO. Oh! what may we do to save Faustus?

FAUST. Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart.

3 SCHO. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

1 SCHO. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

FAUST. Aye, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2 SCHO. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

FAUST. Gentlemen, farewell; if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

ALL. Faustus, farewell. [*Exeunt Scholars.*

MEPH. Ah, Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heaven,
Therefore despair, think only upon hell;
For that must be thy mansion there to dwell.

FAUST. Oh, thou, bewitching fiend! 'twas thy temptation
Hath robb'd me of eternal happiness.

MEPH. I do confess it, Faustus, and rejoice
'Twas I, that when thou wert i' the way to heav'n,
Dam'd up thy passage; when thou took'st the book
To view the scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves,
And led thine eye.
What, weep'st thou! 'tis too late, despair!—Farewell!
Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in hell. [*Exit.*

Enter the GOOD *and* BAD ANGELS, *at several doors.*

GOOD ANG. Oh! Faustus, if thou hadst given ear to me,
Innumerable joys had followed thee;
But thou didst love the world:

BAD ANG. Gave ear to me,
And now must taste hell's pains perpetually.

GOOD ANG. Oh! what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps
Avail thee now?

BAD ANG. Nothing but vex thee more,
To want in hell that had on earth such store.

[*Music while the throne descends.*

GOOD ANG. Oh, thou hast lost celestial happiness,
Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end!
Hadst thou affected sweet divinity,
Hell or the devil had had no power on thee:
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus, behold
In what resplendent glory thou hadst sat
In yonder throne, like those bright shining saints,
And triumph'd over hell; that hast thou lost:
And now, poor soul! must thy good angel leave thee;
The jaws of hell are open to receive thee. [*Exit.*

[*Hell is discovered.*]

BAD ANG. Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare
Into that vast perpetual torture-house:
There are the furies tossing damned souls

On burning forks; their bodies boil in lead:
There are live quarters broiling on the coals,
That ne'er can die; this ever-burning chair
Is for o'er-tortur'd souls to rest them in;
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire,
Were gluttons, and lov'd only delicates,
And laugh'd to see the poor starve at their gates;
But yet all these are nothing; thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

FAUST. Oh! I have seen enough to torture me

BAD ANG. Nay, thou must feel them, taste the smart of all;
He that loves pleasure, must for pleasure fall:
And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon;
Then wilt thou tremble in confusion. [*Exit.*

[*The clock strikes eleven.*]

FAUST. Oh, Faustus!
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heav'n,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.
Fair nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but a year,
A month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente lente currite noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
Oh, I'll leap up to heav'n!—Who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:

One drop of blood will save me: oh, my Christ!
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ;
Yet will I call on him. Oh, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now?—'tis gone!
And see, a threatening arm, an angry brow.
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heav'n!
No! Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Gape, earth!—O no, it will not harbour me.
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud;
That when ye vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths;
But let my soul mount and ascend to heav'n.

[*The clock strikes the half hour.*]

Oh! half the hour is past; 'twill all be past anon.
Oh! if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd:
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh! Pythagoras, Metemsycosis! were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die

Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heav'n.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*]

It strikes, it strikes! now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
O soul! be chang'd into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean; ne'er be found.

Thunder. Enter the DEVILS.

Oh! mercy, heav'n, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!—
Ugly hell, gape not!—Come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Oh, Mephostophilis! [*Exeunt.*

Enter the SCHOLARS.

1 SCHO. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin;
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard;
Pray heaven the Doctor have escap'd the danger.

2 SCHO. Oh, help us, heavens! see, here are Faustus' limbs,
All torn asunder by the hand of death.

3 SCHO. The devils whom Faustus serv'd have torn him thus;
For twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
I heard him shriek and cry aloud for help;
At which self-time the house seem'd all on fire,

With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

2 SCHO. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every christian heart laments to think on;
Yet, for he was a scholar once admir'd
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial;
And all the students, clothed in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man:
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things;
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits,
To practice more than heavenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem, terminat author opus.

KIT MARLOWE'S WORKS.

VOLUME III.

LUST'S DOMINION; OR THE LASCIVIOUS QUEEN.

HERO AND LEANDER.

CERTAIN OF OVID'S ELEGIES.

EPIGRAMS AND ELEGIES BY JOHN DAVIES AND CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCAN.

OVID'S ELEGIES.

THE

WORKS

OF

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

"Marlowe renown'd for his rare art and wit
Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit."
THOMAS HEYWOOD.

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Thomas White, Printer,
Crane Court.

LUST'S DOMINION;

OR,

THE LASCIVIOUS QUEEN.

Lust's Dominion; or the Lascivious Queen, a Tagedie. Written by Christofer Marloe, Gent. London, printed for F. K. and are to be sold by Robert Pollard, at the sign of Ben Jonson's head, on the back side of the Old Exchange, 1657, 12mo.

The above is the first edition of this play. A second edition appeared in 1661, 12mo. and it was afterwards altered by Mr. Behn, and acted in 1671, under the title of Abdelazar, or The Moor's Revenge.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ELEAZAR, *the Moor, Prince of Fez and Barbary.*
PHILIP, *King of Spain, father to Fernando, Philip, and Isabella.*
FERNANDO, *King of Spain,* } *sons to Philip.*
PHILIP, *Prince of Spain,* }
ALVERO, *a nobleman, father-in-law to Eleazar, and father to Hortenzo and Maria.*
MENDOZA, *the Cardinal.*
CHRISTOFERO, } *two noblemen of Spain.*
RODERIGO, }
HORTENZO, *lover to Isabella, and son to Alvero.*
ZARACK, } *two Moors attending Eleazar.*
BALTAZAR, }
COLE, } *two Friars.*
CRAB, }
EMMANUEL, *King of Portugal.*
CAPTAIN, SOLDIERS, *&c.*
Two PAGES *attending the Queen.*

The QUEEN MOTHER *of* SPAIN, *and wife to King Philip.*
ISABELLA, *the Infanta of Spain.*
MARIA, *wife to Eleazar, and daughter to Alvero.*

The Scene,—Spain.

LUST'S DOMINION;

OR,

THE LASCIVIOUS QUEEN.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter ZARACK, BALTAZAR, *two Moors, taking tobacco; music sounding within: enter* QUEEN MOTHER *of* SPAIN *with two* PAGES: ELEAZAR, *sitting on a chair: the curtain is suddenly drawn.**

ELEAZ. ON me does music spend this sound! on me,
That hate all unity! ah! Zarac, Baltazar!

Q. Mo. My gracious lord.

ELEAZ. Are you there with your beagles! hark, you slaves!
Did not I bind you on your lives to watch,
That none disturb'd us?

Q. Mo. Gentle Eleazar.

ELEAZ. There, off: is't you that deaf me with this noise? [*Exeunt two Moors.*

* The curtain, in front of the old theatres, divided in the middle, and was drawn to the sides: "and beside the principal curtain they sometimes used others as substitutes for scenes."—*Malone.*

Q. Mo. Why is my love's aspect so grim and horrid?
Look smoothly on me;
Chime out your softest strains of harmony,
And on delicious music's silken wings
Send ravishing delight to my love's ears,
That he may be enamoured of your tunes.
Come, let's kiss.

ELEAZ. Away, away!

Q. Mo. No, no, says aye; and twice away, says stay:
Come, come, I'll have a kiss; but, if you strive,
For one denial, you shall forfeit five.

ELEAZ. Nay, prithee, good queen, leave me;
I am now sick, heavy, and dull as lead.

Q. Mo. I'll make thee lighter by taking something from thee.

ELEAZ. Do: take from me this ague, and these fits;
That, hanging on me,
Shake me in pieces, and set all my blood
A boiling with the fire of rage; away, away!
Thou believ'st I jest,
And laugh'st to see my wrath wear antic shapes:
Begone, begone!

Q. Mo. What means my love?
Burst all those wires; burn all those instruments;
For they displease my Moor. Art thou now pleas'd?
Or wert thou now disturb'd? I'll wage all Spain,
To one sweet kiss, this is some new device

To make me fond and long. Oh! you men
Have tricks to make poor women die for you.

ELEAZ. What, die for me? away!

Q. MO. Away! what way? I pr'ythee speak more kindly;
Why dost thou frown? at whom?

ELEAZ. At thee.

Q. MO. At me!
Oh! why at me? For each contracted frown,
A crooked wrinkle interlines my brow:
Spend but one hour in frowns, and I shall look
Like to a beldam of one hundred years.
I pr'ythee speak to me, and chide me not.
I pr'ythee, chide, if I have done amiss;
But let my punishment be this, and this; [*Kisses him.*
I pr'ythee, smile on me, if but awhile;
Then frown on me, I'll die: I pr'ythee smile.
Smile on me, and these two wanton boys;
These pretty lads that do attend on me,
Shall call thee Jove, shall wait upon thy cup,
And fill thee nectar: their inticing eyes
Shall serve as crystal, wherein thou may'st see
To dress thyself, if thou wilt smile on me.
Smile on me, and with coronets of pearl,
And bells of gold, circling their pretty arms,
In a round ivory fount these two shall swim,
And dive to make thee sport:
Bestow one smile, one little little smile,
And in a net of twisted silk and gold
In my all-naked arms thyself shalt lie.

ELEAZ. Why, what to do? Lust's arms do stretch so wide
That none can fill them: I lay there! away!
Q. Mo. Where hast thou learn'd this language, that can say
No more but two rude words? away, away.
Am I grown ugly now?
ELEAZ. Ugly as hell.
Q. Mo. Thou lov'dst me once.
ELEAZ. That can thy bastards tell.
Q. Mo. What is my sin? I will amend the same.
ELEAZ. Hence, strumpet! use of sin makes thee past shame.
Q. Mo. Strumpet!
ELEAZ. Aye, strumpet.
Q. Mo. Too true 'tis, woe is me!
I am a strumpet, but made so by thee.
ELEAZ. By me!
No no, by these young bawds: fetch thee a glass
And thou shalt see the balls of both thine eyes
Burning in fire of lust. By me! there's here
Within this hollow cistern of thy breast,
A spring of hot blood: have not I to cool it
Made an extraction to the quintessence,
Even of my soul; melted all my spirits,
Ravish'd my youth, deflour'd my lovely cheeks,
And dried this, this, to an anatomy,
Only to feed your lust? (these boys have ears,) [*aside*.
Yet wouldst thou murder me.
Q. Mo. I murder thee!

ELEAZ. I cannot ride through the Castilian streets,
But thousand eyes, through windows and through doors,
Throw killing looks at me; and every slave
At Eleazar darts a finger out,
And every hissing tongue cries, "There's the Moor;
That's he that makes a cuckold of our king;
There goes the minion of the Spanish queen;
That's the black prince of devils; there goes he,
That on smooth boys, on masks, and revellings,
Spend the revenues of the King of Spain."
Who arms this many-headed beast, but you?
Murder and lust are twins, and both are thine.
Being weary of me, thou wouldst worry me,
Because some new love makes thee loathe thine old,

Q. MO. Eleazar!

ELEAZ. Harlot, I'll not hear thee speak.

Q. MO. I'll kill myself unless thou hear'st me speak.

My husband-king upon his death-bed lies,
Yet have I stol'n from him to look on thee:
A queen hath made herself thy concubine,
Yet dost thou now abhor me; hear me speak,
Else shall my sons plague thy adult'rous wrongs,
And tread upon thy heart for murd'ring me:
This tongue hath murder'd me. Cry murder, boys!

2 BOYS. Murder! the queen's murder'd!

ELEAZ. Love! slaves, peace!

2 BOYS. Murder! the queen's murder'd!

ELEAZ. Stop your throats!

Hark! hush, you squaller! Dear love, look up:
Our chamber-window stares into the court,
And every wide-mouth'd ear, hearing this news,
Will give alarum to the cuckold king:
I did dissemble when I chid my love,
And that dissembling was to try my love.

Q. Mo. Thou call'dst me strumpet.

ELEAZ. I'll tear out my tongue
From this black temple for blaspheming thee.

Q. Mo. And when I woo'd thee but to smile on me,
Thou cry'dst away, away, and frown'dst upon me.

ELEAZ. Come,
Now I'll kiss thee; now I'll smile upon thee;
Call to thy ashy cheeks their wonted red;
Come, frown not, pout not; smile, smile upon me,
And with my poniard will I stab my flesh,
And quaff carouses to thee of my blood;
Whilst, in moist nectar kisses, thou dost pledge me.
How now, why star'st thou thus?

Knock. Enter ZARACK.

ZAR. The king is dead!

ELEAZ. Ah! dead!
You hear this? Is't true, is't true? The king dead!
Who dare knock thus?

ZAR. It is the cardinal,
Making inquiry if the queen were here.

ELEAZ. See, she's here,—tell him; and yet, Zarack, stay.

Enter BALTAZAR.

BALTAZ. Don Roderigo's come to seek the queen.

ELEAZ. Why should Roderigo seek her here?
BALTAZ. The king hath swounded thrice; and being recovered,
Sends up and down the court to seek her grace.
ELEAZ. The king was dead with you. [*To Zarack.*] Run, and with a voice,
Erected high as mine, say thus, thus threaten,
To Roderigo and the cardinal:
Seek no queens here; I'll broach them if they do
Upon my falchion's point: [*Knock again.*
Again! more knocking!
ZAR. Your father is at hand, my gracious lord.
ELEAZ. Lock all the chambers, bar him out, you apes:
Hither! a vengeance! stir Eugenia,
You know your old walk under ground; away!
So, down; hie to the king; quick! quick! you squalls,
Crawl with your dam i' th' dark; dear love, farewell;
One day I hope to shut you up in hell.
[*Eleazar shuts them in.*

Enter ALVERO.

ALV. Son Eleazar, saw you not the queen?
ELEAZ. Hah!
ALV. Was not the queen here with you?
ELEAZ. Queen with me!
Because, my lord, I'm married to your daughter,
You, like your daughter, will grow jealous:
The queen with me! with me, a Moor, a devil,
A slave of Barbary, a dog; for so

Your silken courtiers christen me: but, father,
Although my flesh be tawny, in my veins
Runs blood as red, as royal, as the best
And proudest in Spain; there does, old man.
My father, who with his empire lost his life,
And left me captive to a Spanish tyrant;—
Oh!
Go tell him; Spanish tyrant! tell him, do.
He that can lose a kingdom, and not rave,
He's a tame jade; I am not: tell old Philip
I call him tyrant; here's a sword and arms,
A heart, a head, and so, pish!—'tis but death.
Old fellow, she's not here: but ere I die,
Sword, I'll bequeath thee a rich legacy.

ALV. Watch fitter hours to think on wrongs than now;
Death's frozen hand holds royal Philip's heart;
Half of his body lies within a grave;
Then do not now by quarrels shake that state,
Which is already too much ruinate.
Come, and take leave of him before he die. [*Exit.*

ELEAZ. I'll follow you. Now purple villany,
Sit like a robe imperial on my back,
That under thee I closelier may contrive
My vengeance; foul deeds hid, do sweetly thrive.
Mischief erect thy throne and sit in state,
Here, here upon this head; let fools fear fate,—
Thus I defy my stars: I care not, I,
How low I tumble down, so I mount high:
Old Time, I'll wait bare-headed at thy heels,

And be a foot-boy to thy winged hours;
They shall not tell one minute out in sands,
But I'll set down the number; I'll still wake
And waste these balls of sight, by tossing them
In busy observations upon thee,
Sweet opportunity! I'll bind myself
To thee in base apprenticehood so long,
Till on thy naked scalp grow hair as thick
As mine, and all hands shall lay hold on thee,
If thou wilt lend me but thy rusty scythe,
To cut down all that stand within my wrongs
And my revenge. Love, dance in twenty forms
Upon my beauty, that this Spanish dame
May be bewitch'd and dout; her amorous flames
Shall blow up the old king, consume his sons,
And make all Spain a bonfire.
This tragedy being acted, hers doth begin;
To shed a harlot's blood can be no sin. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The curtain being drawn, there appears in his bed KING PHILIP, *with his Lords; the* PRINCESS ISABELLA *at the feet;* MENDOZA, ALVERO, HORTENZO, FERNANDO, RODERIGO; *to them enter the* QUEEN *in haste.*

Q. Mo. Whose was that screech-owl's voice, that, like the sound
Of a hell-tortur'd soul, rung through mine ears
Nothing but horrid shrieks, nothing but death?
Whilst I, vailing my knees to the cold earth,

Drowning my withered cheeks in my warm tears,
And stretching out my arms to pull from heaven
Health for the royal majesty of Spain,
All cried, the majesty of Spain is dead!
That last word, dead, struck through the echoing air,
Rebounded on my heart, and smote me down
Breathless to the cold earth, and made me leave
My prayers for Philip's life; but, thanks to heaven,
I see him live, and lives, I hope, to see
Unnumber'd years, to guide this empery.

K. PHIL. The number of my years ends in one day:
Ere this sun's down, all a king's glory sets,
For all our lives are but death counterfeits.
Father Mendoza, and you peers of Spain,
Dry your wet eyes; for sorrow wanteth force,
T' inspire a breathing soul in a dead corse;
Such is your king. Where's Isabel our daughter?

MEND. At your bed's feet, confounded in her tears.

K. PHIL. She of your grief the heaviest burthen bears;
You can but lose a king, but she a father.

Q. MO. She bear the heaviest burthen! Oh! say rather
I bear, and am borne down; my sorrowing
Is for a husband's loss, loss of a king.

K. PHIL. No more. Alvero, call the princess hither.

ALV. Madam, his majesty doth call for you.

K. PHIL. Come hither, Isabella! reach a hand,—
Yet now it shall not need: instead of thine,
Death, shoving thee back, clasps his hands in mine,

And bids me come away: I must! I must!
Though kings be gods on earth, they turn to dust.
Is not Prince Philip come from Portugal?

ROD. The prince, as yet, is not return'd, my lord.

K. PHIL. Commend me to him if I ne'er behold him.
This tells the order of my funeral;
[*He takes up a paper.*
Do it as 'tis set down; embalm my body;
Though worms do make no difference of flesh,
Yet kings are curious here to dig their graves;
Such is man's frailty: when I am embalm'd,
Apparel me in a rich royal robe,
According to the custom of the land;
Then place my bones within that brazen shrine,
Which death hath builded for my ancestors;
I cannot name death, but he straight steps in,
And pulls me by the arm.

FERN. His grace doth faint,—
Help me, my lords, softly to raise him up.

Enter ELEAZAR, *and stands sadly by.*

K. PHIL. Lift me not up, I shortly must go down.
When a few dribbling minutes have run out,
Mine hour's ended. King of Spain farewell!
You all acknowledge him your sovereign?

ALL. When you are dead we will acknowledge him.

K. PHIL. Govern this kingdom well; to be a king
Is given to many; but to govern well,
Granted to few. Have care to Isabel,

Her virtue was King Philip's looking-glass;
Reverence the queen your mother; love your sister,
And the young prince your brother: even that day,
When Spain shall solemnize my obsequies,
And lay me up in earth, let them crown you.
Where's Eleazar, Don Alvero's son?

FERN. Yonder, with cross'd arms, stands he malcontent.

K. PHIL. I do commend him to thee for a man
Both wise and warlike; yet beware of him:
Ambition wings his spirit; keep him down;
What will not men attempt to win a crown?
Mendoza is protector of thy realm
I did elect him for his gravity;
I trust he'll be a father to thy youth.
Call help, Fernando! now I faint indeed.

FERN. My lords!

K. PHIL. Let none with a distracted voice
Shriek out, and trouble me in my departure.
Heaven's hands I see are beckoning for my soul;
I come! I come! thus do the proudest die;
Death hath no mercy, life no certainty. [*Dies.*

MEND. As yet his soul's not from her temple gone,
Therefore forbear loud lamentation.

Q. Mo. Oh! he's dead, he's dead! lament and die!
In her king's end begins Spain's misery.

ISA. He shall not end so soon. Father, dear father!

FERN. Forbear, sweet Isabella! shrieks are vain.

ISA. You cry forbear; you, by his loss of breath,

Have won a kingdom, you may cry forbear:
But I have lost a father and a king,
And no tongue shall control my sorrowing.

HORTEN. Whither, good Isabella?

ISA. I will go
Where I will languish in eternal woe.

HORTEN. Nay, gentle love!

ISA. Talk not of love to me,
The world and the world's pride henceforth I'll scorn.
[*Exit.*

HORTEN. My love shall follow thee; if thou deny'st
To live with poor Hortenzo as his wife,
I'll never change my love, but change my life.

Enter PHILIP *hastily.*

PHIL. I know he is not dead; I know proud death
Durst not behold such sacred majesty.
Why stand you thus distracted? Mother! brother!
My lord Mendoza! where's my royal father?

Q. MO. Here lies the temple of his royal soul.

FERN. Here's all that's left of Philip's majesty;—
Wash you his tomb with tears, Fernando's moan,
Hating a partner, shall be sent alone. [*Exit.*

PHIL. Oh, happy father! miserable son!
Philip is gone to joy, Philip's forlorn,
He dies to live, my life with woe is torn.

Q. MO. Sweet son!

PHIL. Sweet mother: Oh! how I now do shame
To lay on one so foul, so fair a name:

And spent his brains in warlike stratagem
To bring confusion on damn'd infidels:
Whilst you, that snorted here at home, be
His name to everlasting infamy;
Whilst you at home, suffer'd his bed-cham
To be a brothelry; whilst you at home,
Suffer'd his queen to be a concubine,
And wanton red-cheek'd boys to be her b
Whilst she, reeking in that letcher's arms
ELEAZ. Me!
PHIL. Villain! 'tis thee,
Thou hell-begotten fiend; at thee I stare
Q. MO. Philip, thou art a villain to dish
PHIL. Mother, I am no villain; 'tis thi
Dishonours you and me, dishonours Spai
Dishonours all these lords; this devil is h
That——
ELEAZ. What! oh, pardon me! I must
All chains of duty wert thou ten kings so
Had I as many souls as I have sins,
As this from hence, so they from this sho
In just revenge of this indignity.
[*He draws: the lord*

PHIL. Give way! or I'll make way upon your bosoms.

ELEAZ. Did my dear sovereign live, sirrah, that tongue——

Q. Mo. Did but King Philip live, traitor, I'd tell——

PHIL. A tale that should rid both your souls to hell.

Tell Philip's ghost, that Philip tells his queen,
That Philip's queen is a Moor's concubine;
Did the king live, I'd tell him how you two
Ripp'd up the entrails of his treasury,
With masks and antic revellings.

ELEAZ. Words insupportable! dost hear me, boy?

Q. Mo. Stand you all still, and see me thus trod down?

PHIL. Stand you all still, yet let this devil stand here?

MEND. Forbear, sweet prince: Eleazar, I am now
Protector to Fernando, King of Spain;
By that authority, and by consent
Of all these peers, I utterly deprive thee
Of all those royalties thou holdst in Spain.

Q. Mo. Cardinal, who lends thee this commission?

ELEAZ. Cardinal, I'll shorten thee by the head for this.

PHIL. Forward, my lord Mendoza! damn the fiend!
ELEAZ. Princes of Spain, consent you to this pride?
ALL. We do.
Q. MO. For what cause? Let his faith be tried.
MEND. His treasons need no trial, they're too plain.
Come not within the court, for if you do
To beg with Indian slaves I'll banish you.
[*Exeunt all but Alvero, Queen, and Eleazar.*
ALV. Why should my son be banished?
Enter MARIA.
Q. MO. Of that, dispute not now. Alvero,
I'll to the king my son; it shall be tried,
If Castile's king can cool a cardinal's pride.
[*Exeunt Queen and Alvero.*
ELEAZ. If I digest this gall—oh! my Maria,
I am whipp'd, and rack'd, and torn upon the wheel
Of giddy fortune; she, and her minions,
Have got me down, and treading on my bosom,
They cry, lie still: the cardinal,
(Oh, rare!) would bandy me away from Spain,
And banish me to beg; aye, beg with slaves!
MARIA. Conquer with patience these indignities.
ELEAZ. Patience! ha, ha! yes, yes, an honest cardinal!
MARIA. Yet smother the grief, and seek revenge.
ELEAZ. Hah! banish me! s'foot, why say they do,
There's Portugal—a good air, and France—a fine country;

Or Barbary rich, and has Moors; the Turk
Pure devil, and allows enough to fat
The sides of villany, good living there!
I can live there, and there, and there;
Troth 'tis a villain can live any where.
But, say I go from hence, I leave behind me
A cardinal that will laugh; I leave behind me
A Philip that will clap his hands for joy,
And dance levaltoes through the Castile court;
But the deep'st wound of all is this, I leave
My wrongs, dishonours, and my discontents,
Oh! unreveng'd: my bed-rid enemies
Shall never be rais'd up by the strong physical
Curing of my sword; therefore stay still!
Many have hearts to strike, that dare not kill.
Leave me, Maria! Cardinal, this disgrace
Shall dye thy soul as inky as my face.
Pish! hence Maria!

Enter ALVERO.

MARIA. To the king I'll fly,
He shall revenge my lord's indignity. [*Exit.*

ALV. Mendoza woos the king to banish thee.
Startle thy wonted spirits, awake thy soul,
And on thy resolution fasten wings,
Whose golden feathers may outstrip their hate.

ELEAZ. I'll tie no golden feathers to my wings.

ALV. Shall they thus tread thee down, which once were glad
To lacquey by thy conquering chariot wheels?

ELEAZ. I care not, I can swallow more sour wrongs.

ALV. If they triumph o'er thee, they'll spurn me down.

ELEAZ. Look!—[*He motions with his foot.*] spurn again.

ALV. What ice hath cool'd that fire,
Which sometimes made thy thoughts to heaven aspire?
This patience had not wont to dwell with thee.

Enter FERNANDO *and* MARIA.

ELEAZ. 'Tis right, but now the world's chang'd you see;
Though I seem dead to you, here lives a fire——
No more! here comes the king and my Maria:
The Spaniard loves my wife; she swears to me
She's chaste as the white moon; well, if she be;
Well too if she be not, I care not, I;
I'll climb up by that love to dignity.

FERN. [*To Maria.*] Thou woo'st me to revenge thy husband's wrong,
I woo thy fair self not to wrong thyself;
Swear but to love me, and to thee I'll swear
To crown thy husband with a diadem.

MARIA. Such love as I dare yield, I'll not deny.

FERN. When in the golden arms of majesty——
I am broke of;—yonder thy husband stands;
I'll set him free if thou unite my bands;
So much for that—Durst then the cardinal
Put on such insolence? tell me, fair madam,

Where's your most valiant husband?

ELEAZ. He sees me, and yet inquires for me.

MARIA. Yonder, my lord.

FERN. Eleazar, I have in my breast writ down,
From her report, your late receiv'd disgrace;
My father lov'd you dearly, so will I.

ELEAZ. True, for my wife's sake. [*Aside.*

FERN. This indignity
Will I have interest in; for being your king,
You shall perceive I'll curb my underling.
This morning is our coronation,
And father's funeral solemnized;
Be present, step into your wonted place,
We'll gild your dim disgraces with our grace.
[*Exeunt Fernando and Maria.*

ELEAZ. I thank my sovereign, that you love my wife;
I thank thee, wife, that thou wilt lock my head
In such strong armour, to bear off all blows;
Who dare say such wives are their husband's foes?
Let's see now, by her falling I must rise;
Cardinal, you die if the king bid me live;
Philip, you die, for railing at me; proud lords, you die,
That with Mendoza cry'd, banish the Moor,
And you, my loving liege, you're best sit fast,
If all these live not, you must die at last. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter two LORDS, PHILIP, MENDOZA; ELEAZAR, *and with him the* KING, *crowned;* QUEEN MOTHER, ALVERO, ZARACK, BALTAZAR, *and* ATTENDANTS.

MEND. Why stares this devil thus, as if pale death
Had made his eyes the dreadful messengers
To carry black destruction to the world?
Was he not banish'd Spain?

PHIL. Your sacred mouth
Pronounc'd the sentence of his banishment:
Then spurn the villain forth.

ELEAZ. Who spurns the Moor,
Were better set his foot upon the devil.
Do, spurn me, and this confounding arm of wrath
Shall, like a thunderbolt breaking the clouds,
Divide his body from his soul! Stand back!
Spurn Eleazar!

ROD. Shall we bear this pride?

ALV. Why not? he underwent much injury.

MEND. What injury have we perform'd, proud lord?

ELEAZ. Proud cardinal! my unjust banishment.

MEND. 'Twas we that did it, and our words are laws.

KING. 'Twas we repeal'd him, and our words are laws.

ZAR. BALT. If not, these are.

[*All the Moors draw.*

PHIL. How! threaten'd and out-dar'd!

KING. Shall we give arm to hostile violence?
Sheath your swords, sheath them, it's we command.

ELEAZ. Grant Eleazar justice, my dread liege.

MEND. Eleazar hath had justice from our hands,
And he stands banish'd from the court of Spain.

KING. Have you done justice? Why, Lord Cardinal,
From whom do you derive authority
To banish him the court without our leave?

MEND. From this, the staff of our protectorship;
From this, which the last will of your dead father
Committed to our trust; from this high place,
Which lifts Mendoza's spirits beyond the pitch
Of ordinary honour, and from this——

[*The King takes the staff from Mendoza, and gives it to Eleazar.*

KING. Which too much over-weening insolence
Hath quite ta'en from thee. Eleazar, up!
And from us, sway this staff of regency.

ALL. How's this!

PHIL. Dare sons presume to break their father's will?

KING. Dare subjects counter-check their sovereign's will?
'Tis done, and who gainsays it is a traitor.

PHIL. I do, Fernando, yet am I no traitor.

MEND. Fernando, I am wrong'd; by Peter's chair,

Mendoza vows revenge. I'll lay aside
My cardinal's hat, and in a wall of steel,
The glorious livery of a soldier,
Fight for my late lost honour.

KING. Cardinal!

MEND. King! thou shalt be no king for wronging me.

The Pope shall send his bulls through all thy realm,
And pull obedience from thy subjects' hearts,
To put on armour of the Mother Church.
Curses shall fall like lightnings on thy head,
Bell, book, and candle, holy water, prayers,
Shall all chime vengeance to the court of Spain,
Till they have power to conjure down that fiend,
That damn'd Moor, that devil, that Lucifer,
That dares aspire the staff the card'nal sway'd.

ELEAZ. Ha! ha! ha! I laugh yet, that the cardinal's vext.

PHIL. Laugh'st thou, base slave! the wrinkles of that scorn,
Thine own heart's blood shall fill. Brother, farewell;
Since you disprove the will our father left,
For base lust of a loathed concubine.——

ELEAZ. Ha! concubine! who does prince Philip mean?

PHIL. [*To Eleaz.*] Thy wife.—[*To Alv.*] Thy daughter,—base aspiring lords;
Who to buy honour are content to sell
Your names to infamy, your souls to hell.

And stamp you now? Do, do, for you shall see
I go for vengeance, and she'll come with me.

ELEAZ. Stay! for she's here already; see, proud boy! [*They both draw.*

Q. MO. Hold! stay this fury; if you long for blood,
Murder me first. Dear son, you are a king;
Then stay the violent tempest of their wrath.

KING. Shall kings be oversway'd in their desires?

ROD. Shall subjects be oppress'd by tyranny?

Q. MO. No state shall suffer wrong; then hear me speak:
[*Aside to Mendoza.*] Mendoza, you have sworn you love the queen;
Then by that love I charge you leave these arms.
[*Aside to Eleazar.*] Eleazar, for those favours I have given you,
Embrace the cardinal, and be friends with him.

ELEAZ. And have my wife call'd strumpet to my face!

Q. MO. 'Twas rage made his tongue err; do you not know
The violent love Mendoza bears the queen?
Then speak him fair, for in that honied breath
I'll lay a bait shall train him to his death.
[*Aloud.*] Come, come, I see your looks give way to peace;
Lord Cardinal begin; [*aside*] and for reward,
Ere this fair setting sun behold his bride;
Be bold to challenge love, yet be denied.

MEND. [*Aside.*] That promise makes me yield,—my gracious lord,
Although my disgrace hath graven its memory
On every Spaniard's eye, yet shall the duty
I owe your sacred highness, and the love
My country challengeth, make me lay by
Hostile intendments, and return again
To the fair circle of obedience.

KING. Both pardon and our favour bids you welcome;
And for some satisfaction for your wrongs,
We here create you Salamanca's Duke:
But first, as a true sign all grudges die,
Shake hands with Eleazar, and be friends:
This union pleaseth us. Now, brother Philip,
You are included in this league of love;
So is Roderigo. To forget all wrongs,
Your castle for a while shall bid us welcome,
Eleazar; shall it not? It is enough.
Lords, lead the way, [*aside,*] that whilst you feast yourselves,
Fernando may find time all means to prove,
To compass fair Maria for our love. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter QUEEN MOTHER *and* ELEAZAR.

ELEAZ. Madam, a word: now have you wit or spirit?

Q. MO. Both.

ELEAZ. Set them both to a most gainful task;
Our enemies are in my castle-work.

Q. Mo. Aye; but the king's there too; it's dangerous pride
To strike at those that crouch by a lion's side.
ELEAZ. Remove them.
Q. Mo. How?
ELEAZ. How! a thousand ways:
By poison, or by this [*pointing to his dagger*]: but every groom
Has skill in such base traffic; no, our policies
Must look more strange, must fly with loftier wings;
Vengeance the higher it falls more honour brings;
But you are cold, you dare not do.
Q. Mo. I dare.
ELEAZ. You have a woman's heart; look you, this hand,
Oh! 'tis too little to strike home.
Q. Mo. At whom?
ELEAZ. Your son.
Q. Mo. Which son, the king?
ELEAZ. Angels of heaven,
Stand like his guard about him! how the king!
Not for so many worlds as there be stars
Sticking upon th' embroider'd firmament.
The king! he loves my wife, and should he die
I know none else would love her; let him live——
[*Aside.*] In heaven. Good Lord Philip——
Q. Mo. He shall die.
ELEAZ. How? good! good!
Q. Mo. By this hand.
ELEAZ. When? good! good! when?

make
To save itself! I know you love him well
But that he has an eye, an eye, an eye.
To others, our two hearts seem to be locl
Up in a case of steel; upon our love, oth
Dare not look; or if they dare, they cast
Squint, purblind glances; who care thoug
So long as none dare speak? But Philip
Knows that the iron ribs of our villainies
Are thin: he laughs to see them like this
With chinks and crevices; how! a villai
A stabbing, desperate tongue! the boy d
A mouth! a villainous mouth! let's muzz
Q. Mo. How?
ELEAZ. Thus:
Go you, and with a face well set, do
In good sad colours, such as paint out
The cheek of that fool penitence, and wi
Made clean and glib, cull from their lazy
Some honest friars, whom that damnatio
Can tempt to lay their souls to the stake.
Seek such, they are rank and thick
Q.Mo. What then? I know such;—wha

ELEAZ. This is excellent!
Hire these to write books, preach, and proclaim abroad,
That your son Philip is a bastard.

Q. Mo. How?

ELEAZ. A bastard. Do you know a bastard? do't:
Say conscience spake with you, and cry'd out, do't;
By this means shall you thrust him from all hope
Of wearing Castile's diadem, and that spur,
Galling his sides, he will fly out, and fling,
And grind the cardinal's heart to a new edge
Of discontent; from discontent grows treason,
And on the stalk of treason, death: he's dead,
By this blow and by you; yet no blood shed.
Do't then; by this trick he's gone.
We stand more sure in climbing high;
Care not who fall, 'tis real policy:
Are you arm'd to do this? ah!

Q. Mo. Sweet Moor, it's done.

ELEAZ. Away then! work with boldness and with speed,
On greatest actions, greatest dangers feed:

[*Exit Queen Mother.*

Ha! ha! I thank thee, provident creation,
That seeing in moulding me thou didst intend
I should prove villain; thanks to thee and nature,
That skilful workman, thanks for my face!
Thanks that I have not wit to blush!
What, Zarack! ho! Baltazar!

Enter the two MOORS.

BOTH. My lord.

ELEAZ. And to fill up a grave, Philip

BOTH. Where?

ELEAZ. Here.

BOTH. By whom?

ELEAZ. By thee; and, slave, by thee.
Have you hearts and hands to execute?

BOTH. Here's both.

1 MOOR. He dies, were he my father.

ELEAZ. Ho, away!
Stay; go, go; stay; see me no more till
Your cheeks are black, let not your soul

BOTH. Till night?

ELEAZ. Till night: a word; the Moth
Is trying if she can, with fire of gold,
Warp the green consciences of two cove
To preach abroad Philip's bastardy.

1 MOOR. His bastardy! who was his f

ELEAZ. Who?
Search for these friars, hire them to work
Their holy callings will approve the fact
Most good and meritorious: sin shines c
When her black face religion's mask dot
Here comes the queen, good;—and the

Enter two FRIARS, CRAB *and* COLE, *and the* QUEEN MOTHER.

COLE. Your son a bastard ? say we do ;
But how then shall we deal with you ?
I tell you, as I said before,
His being a bastard, you're so poor
In honour and in name, that time
Can never take away the crime.

Q. Mo. I grant that, friar; yet rather I'll endure
The wound of infamy to kill my name,
Than to see Spain bleeding with civil swords.
The boy is proud, ambitious, he woos greatness;
He takes up Spanish hearts on trust, to pay them
When he shall finger Castile's crown. Oh! then,
Were it not better my disgrace were known,
Than such a base aspirer fill the throne?

COLE. Ha! brother Crab, what think you ?

CRAB. As you, dear brother Cole.

COLE. Then we agree;
Cole's judgment is as Crab's you see.
Lady, we swear to speak and write
What you please, so all go right.

Q. Mo. Then, as we gave directions, spread abroad
In Cadiz, Madrid, Granada, and Medina,
And all the royal cities of the realm,
Th' ambitious hopes of that proud bastard Philip:
And sometimes, as you see occasion,
Tickle the ears of the rude multitude

ELEAZ. Why start you back and stan
Ha! are you afraid?
COLE. Oh! no, sir, no! but truth to t
Seeing your face we thought of hell.
ELEAZ. Hell is a dream.
COLE. But none do dream in hell.
ELEAZ. Friars, stand to her and me;
sin,
I'll shoulder out Mendoza from his seat,
And of two friars create you cardinals.
Oh! how would cardinals' hats on their
COLE. This face would look most goo
Friars Crab and Cole do swear,
In those circles still to appear,
In which she or you do charge us rise;
For you our lives we'll sacrifice.
Valete, Guadete:
Si pereamus, flete;
Orate pro nobis,
Oramus pro vobis.
Cole will be burnt, and Crab be press'd,
Ere they prove knaves; thus are you
bless'd. [*Ex*

ELEAZ. Away! you know. Now, madam, none shall throw
Their leaden envy in an opposite scale,
To weigh down our true golden happiness.
Q. Mo. Yes, there is one.
ELEAZ. One! who? give me his name, and I will
Turn it to a magic spell,
To bind him here, here; who?
Q. Mo. Your wife, Maria.
ELEAZ. Hah! my Maria!
Q. Mo. She's the Hellespont divides my love and me:
She, being cut off——
ELEAZ. Stay, stay; cut off! let's think upon't; my wife!
Humph! kill her too!
Q. Mo. Does her love make thee cold?
ELEAZ. Had I a thousand wives, down go they all.
She dies; I'll cut her off: now Baltazar!

Enter BALTAZAR.

BALT. Madam, the king entreats your company.
Q. Mo. His pleasure be obey'd. Dear love, farewell;
Remember your Maria. [*Exit.*
ELEAZ. Here, [*pointing to his dagger*] adieu;
With this I'll guard her, whilst it stabs at you.
BALT. My lord, the friars are won to join with us.
ELEAZ. Be prosperous! about it Baltazar.
BALT. The watch-word?

ELEAZ. Oh, the word; let it be Treason;
When we cry Treason, break ope chamber doors,
Kill Philip and the cardinal. Hence!
BALT. I fly. [*Exit.*
ELEAZ. Murder, now ride in triumph! darkness! horror!
Thus I invoke your [illegible] your act begin;
Night is a glorious r[illegible] for th' ugliest sin. [*Exit.*

[illegible]NE III.

Enter COLE *and* CRAB[illegible] *in trousers; the* CARDINAL *in one of their weeds, and* PHILIP *putting on the other.*

FRIARS. Put on, my lord, and fly, or else you die.
PHIL. I will not, I will die first; cardinal,
Prithee good cardinal, pluck off; friars! slave!
Murder us two! he shall not, by this sword.
CARD. My lord, you will endanger both our lives.
PHIL. I care not; I'll kill some before I die.
Away! s'heart take your rags! Moor! devil! come!
FRIARS. My lord, put on, or else—
PHIL. God's foot! come help.
CARD. Ambitious villain! Philip, let us fly
Into the chamber of the Mother Queen.
PHIL. Thunder beat down the lodgings.
CARD. Else let's break into the chamber of the king.
PHIL. Agreed;
A pox upon these lousy gabardines.

Agreed; I am for you, Moor; stand side by side;
Come, hands off, leave your ducking; hell cannot fright
Their spirits that do desperately fight.

COLE. You are too rash, you are too hot,
Wild desperateness doth valour blot.
The lodging of the king's beset,
With staring faces black as jet,
And hearts of iron; your deaths are vow'd
If you fly that way; therefore shroud
Your body in friar Cole's grey weed;
For is't not madness, man, to bleed,
When you may scape untouch'd away?
Here's hell, here's heaven; here if you stay
You're gone, you're gone; friar Crab and I
Will here dance frisking, whilst you fly.
Gag us, bind us, come put on;
The gag's too wide; so, gone, gone, gone!

PHIL. Oh! well, I'll come again. Lord Cardinal,
Take you your castle, I'll to Portugal.
I vow I'll come again, and if I do——

CARD. Nay, good my lord.

PHIL. Black devil! I'll conjure you.

[*Exeunt Philip and Cardinal.*

To the FRIARS *making a noise, gagged and bound, enter* ELEAZAR, ZARACK, BALTAZAR, *and other Moors, all with their swords drawn.*

ELEAZ. Guard all the passages; Zarack, stand there;
There Baltazar; there you; the friars,—

COLE. Saints friars, who can tell?
By Peter's keys they bound us well,
And having crack'd our shaven crowns,
They have escap'd you in our gowns.

ELEAZ. Escap'd! escap'd away! I'm gla
I would their arms may turn to eagles' wi
To fly us swift as time; sweet air, give w
Winds, leave your two and thirty palaces
And meeting all in one, join all your migh
To give them speedy and a prosperous fli
Escap'd, friars! which way?

BOTH. This way.

ELEAZ. Good! alas, what sin is't to sh
blood!
For look you, holy men, it is the king,
The king, the king! see, friars, sulphury
Having once enter'd into royal breasts,
Mark how it burns: the queen, Philip's
Oh, most unnatural! will have you two
Divulge abroad that he's a bastard. Oh!
Will you do't?

CRAB. What says my brother friar?

COLE. A prince's love is balm, their w

CRAB. 'Tis true; but yet I'll publish no such thing;
What fool would lose his soul to please a king?
ELEAZ. Keep there, good there; yet, for it wounds my soul,
To see the miserablest wretch to bleed,
I counsel you, in care unto your lives,
T' obey the Mother Queen; for, by my life,
I think she has been prick'd; her conscience,
Oh! it has stung her for some fact mis-done,
She would not else disgrace herself and son.
Do't therefore; hark! she'll work your deaths else, hate
Bred in woman is insatiate.
Do't, friars.
CRAB. Brother Cole, zeal sets me in a flame,
I'll do't.
COLE. And I: his baseness we'll proclaim.
[*Exeunt Friars.*
ELEAZ. Do, and be damn'd; Zarack and Baltazar,
Dog them at the heels; and when their poisonous breath
Hath scatter'd this infection on the hearts
Of credulous Spaniards, here, reward them thus;
Slaves too much trusted do grow dangerous.
Why, this shall feed
And fat suspicion and my policy:
I'll ring through all the court this loud alarum,
That they contriv'd the murder of the king,

The queen, and me; and being undermin'd,
To 'scape the blowing up, they fled. Oh, good!
There, there, thou there cry treason; each one take
A several door; your cries my music make.

BALT. Where's the king? treason pursues him.

Enter ALVERO *in his shirt, his sword drawn.*

ELEAZ. Where's the sleepy queen?
Rise, rise, and arm against the hand of treason!

ALV. Whence comes this sound of treason?

Enter the KING *in his shirt, his sword drawn.*

KING. Who frights our quiet slumbers
With this heavy noise?

Enter QUEEN *in her night attire.*

Q. MO. Was it a dream, or did the sound
Of monster treason call me from my rest?

KING. Who rais'd this rumour? Eleazar, you?

ELEAZ. I did, my liege, and still continue it,
Both for your safety and mine own discharge.

KING. Whence comes the ground then?

ELEAZ. From the cardinal,
And the young prince; who bearing in his mind
The true idea of his late disgrace,
In putting him from the protectorship,
And envying the advancement of the Moor,
Determined this night to murder you;
And for your highness lodg'd within my castle,
They would have laid the murder on my head.

KING. The cardinal, and my brother! bring them forth,
Their lives shall answer this ambitious practice.

ELEAZ. Alas! my lord, it is impossible;
For when they saw I had discover'd them,
They train'd two harmless friars to their lodgings,
Disrob'd them, gagg'd them, bound them to two posts,
And in their habits did escape the castle.

KING. The cardinal is all ambition,
And from him doth our brother gather heart.

Q. MO. Th' ambition of the one infects the other,
And in a word they both are dangerous:
But might your mother's council stand in force,
I would advise you, send the trusty Moor
To fetch them back before they have seduc'd
The squint-ey'd multitude from true allegiance,
And drawn them to their dangerous faction.

KING. It shall be so. Therefore, my state's best prop,
Within whose bosom I durst trust my life,
Both for my safety and thine own discharge,
Fetch back those traitors; and till your return
Our self will keep your castle.

ELEAZ. My liege, the tongue of true obedience
Must not gainsay his sovereign's impose.
By heaven! I will not kiss the cheek of sleep
Till I have fetch'd those traitors to the court!

KING. [*Aside.*] Why this sorts right; he gone, his beauteous wife
Shall sail into the naked arms of love.

Q. MO. [*Aside.*] Why this is as it should be; he once gone,

His wife, that keeps me from his marriage bed,
Shall by this hand of mine be murdered.

KING. This storm is well nigh past; the swelling clouds
That hang so full of treason, by the wind
Of awful majesty are scattered.
Then each man to his rest. Good night, sweet friend!
[*Aside.*] Whilst thou pursu'st the traitors that are fled,
Fernando means to warm thy marriage bed. [*Exeunt.*

ELEAZ. Many good nights consume and damn your souls!
I know he means to cuckold me this night,
Yet do I know no means to hinder it:
Besides, who knows whether the lustful king,
Having my wife and castle at command,
Will ever make surrender back again?
But if he do not, with my falchion's point
I'll lance those swelling veins, in which hot lust
Does keep his revels; and with that warm blood,
Where Venus' bastard cool'd his swelt'ring spleen,
Wash the disgrace from Eleazar's brow.

Enter MARIA.

MARIA. Dear Eleazar!

ELEAZ. If they lock the gates,
I'll toss a ball of wild-fire o'er the walls.

MARIA. Husband! sweet husband!

ELEAZ. Or else swim o'er the moat,

And make a breach through the flinty sides
Of the rebellious walls.

MARIA. Hear me, dear heart!

ELEAZ. Or undermine the chamber where they lie,
And by the violent strength of gunpowder,
Blow up the castle and th' incestuous couch,
In which lust wallows; but my labouring thoughts,
Wading too deep in bottomless extremes,
Do drown themselves in their own stratagems.

MARIA. Sweet husband! dwell not upon circumstance,
When weeping sorrow, like an advocate,
Importunes you for aid; look in mine eye,
There you shall see dim grief swimming in tears
Invocating succour. Oh, succour!

ELEAZ. Succour! zounds! for what?

MARIA. To shield me from Fernando's unchaste love,
Who with uncessant prayers importun'd me—

ELEAZ. To lie with you! I know't.

MARIA. Then seek some means how to prevent it.

ELEAZ. 'Tis possible!
For to the end that his unbridled lust
Might have more free access unto thy bed,
This night he hath enjoined me
To fetch back Philip and the cardinal.

MARIA. Then this ensuing night shall give an end
To all my sorrows; for before foul lust
Shall soil the fair complexion of mine honour,
This hand shall rob Maria of her life.

ELEAZ. Not so, dear soul! for in extremities
Choose out the least: and ere the hand of death
Should suck this ivory palace of thy life,
Embrace my counsel, and receive this poison;
Which, in the instant he attempts thy love,
Then give it him: d[illegible]ıɔ,
Do poison him; [*asia*[illegible] he gone, thou'rt next.
Be sound in resolution[illegible]nd farewell!
[*Aside.*] By one, and o[illegible], I'll ship you all to hell.
Spain, I will drown thee with thine own proud blood,
Then make an ark of carcases: farewell!
Revenge and I will sail in blood to hell. [*Exit.*

MARIA. Poison the king! alas, my trembling hand
Would let the poison fall; and through my cheeks
Fear, suited in a bloodless livery,
Would make the world acquainted with my guilt.
But thanks prevention, I have found a means,
Both to preserve my royal sovereign's life,
And keep myself a true and loyal wife. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter QUEEN MOTHER *with a torch.*

Q. Mo. Fair eldest child of love, thou spotless night,
Empress of silence, and the queen of sleep,
Who with thy black cheeks pure complexion,

Mak'st lovers eyes enamour'd of thy beauty,
Thou art like my Moor! therefore will I adore thee
For lending me this opportunity,
Oh! with the soft-skin'd negro. Heavens, keep back
The saucy staring day from the world's eye,
Until my Eleazar make return:
Then, in his castle shall he find his wife
Transform'd into a strumpet by my son:
Then shall he hate her whom he would not kill;
Then shall I kill her whom I cannot love.
The king is sporting with his concubine;
Blush not, my boy, be bold like me thy mother;
But their delights torture my soul like devils,
Except her shame be seen; wherefore, awake!
Christophero! Roderigo! raise the court!
Arise, you peers of Spain! Alvero rise,
Preserve your country from base infamies!

Enter at several doors, with lights and rapiers drawn, ALVERO, RODERIGO, *and* CHRISTOPHERO, *with others.*

ALL. Who rais'd these exclamations through the court?

Q. Mo. Sheath up your swords; you need not swords, but eyes
To intercept this treason.

ALV. What's the treason?
Who are traitors? ring the larum bell!
Cry arm through all the city! once before
The horrid cry of treason did affright
Our sleeping spirits.

Q. Mo. Stay;
You need not cry arm, arm; for this black deed
Works treason to your king, to me, to you,
To Spain, and all that shall in Spain ensue.
This night Maria (Eleazar's wife)
Hath drawn the ing by er lascivious looks
Privately to a ; unseen,
Stood and ... it. her lustful arms;
O God! sh... ... rds wear Spain's diadem?
If you can kneel ... baseness, vex them not;
If you disdain to kneel, ash off this blot.

Rod. Let's break int the chamber, and surprise her.

Alv. Oh, miserable me! do, do, break in;
My country shall not blush at my child's sin.

Q. Mo. Delay is nurse to danger, follow me;
Come you and witness to her villany.

Alv. Hapless Alvero, how art thou undone,
In a light daughter, and a stubborn son!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter the King *with his rapier drawn in one hand, leading* Maria, *seeming affrighted, in the other.*

Maria. Oh! kill me ere you stain my chastity.

King. My hand holds death, but love sits in mine eye.
Exclaim not, dear Maria, do but hear me:
Though thus in dead of night, as I do now,
The lustful Tarquin stole to the chaste bed

Of Collatine's fair wife, yet shall thou be
No Lucrece, nor thy king a Roman slave,
To make rude villany thine honour's grave.

MARIA. Why from my bed have you thus frighted me?

KING. To let thee view a bloody horrid tragedy.

MARIA. Begin it then, I'll gladly lose my life,
Rather than be an emperor's concubine.

KING. By my high birth, I swear thou shalt be none;
The tragedy I'll write with my own hand,
A king shall act it, and a king shall die,
Except sweet mercy's beam shine from thine eye.
If this affright thee it shall sleep for ever.
If still thou hate me, thus this noble blade,
This royal purple temple shall invade.

MARIA. My husband is from hence, for his sake spare me.

KING. Thy husband is no Spaniard; thou art one;
So is Fernando; then for country's sake,
Let me not spare thee: on thy husband's face,
Eternal night in gloomy shades doth dwell;
But I'll look on thee like the gilded sun,
When to the west his fiery horses run.

MARIA. True; here you look on me with sunset eyes,
For by beholding you my glory dies.

KING. Call me thy morning then, for like the morn,
In pride Maria shall through Spain be borne.

[*Music plays within.*

This music I prepar'd to please thine ears* :
Love me, and thou shalt hear no other sounds.
[*A banquet brought in.*
Lo, here's a banquet set with mine own hands;
Love me, and thus I'll feast thee like a queen.
I might command thee, being thy sovereign;
But love me, and I'll kneel and sue to thee,
And circle this white forehead with the crown
Of Castile, Portugal, and Arragon,
And all those petty kingdoms which do bow
Their tributary knees to Philip's heir.

MARIA. I cannot love you whilst my husband lives.

KING. I'll send him to the wars, and in the front
Of some main army shall he nobly die.

MARIA. I cannot love you if you murder him.

KING. For thy sake then I'll call a Parliament,
And banish, by a law, all Moors from Spain.

MARIA. I'll wander with him into banishment.

KING. It shall be death for any Negro's hand
To touch the beauty of a Spanish dame.
Come, come, what needs such cavils with a king?
Night blinds all jealous eyes, and we may play;
Carouse that bowl to me, I'll pledge all this;
Being down, we'll make it more sweet with a kiss.

* In the old editions this line reads, "This music I prepar'd thine ears." The omission has been supplied and correctly by the Editor of the Ancient Drama, but he has at the same time introduced an error into the line by substituting *was* for *I*.
Old English Plays.

Begin, I'll lock all doors, begin Spain's queen,
[*Locks the doors.*
Love's banquet is most sweet when 'tis least seen.

MARIA. Oh! thou conserver of my honour's life,
Instead of poisoning him, drown him in sleep;
Because I'll quench the flames of wild desire,
I'll drink this off; let fire conquer love's fire.

KING. Were love himself in real substance here,
Thus would I drink him down; let your sweet strings
Speak louder; pleasure is but a slave to kings,
In which love swims. Maria, kiss thy king:
Circle me in this ring of ivory;
Oh! I grow dull, and the cold hand of sleep
Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast,
And made a frost within me: sweet, one kiss,
To thaw this deadness that congeals my soul.

MARIA. Your majesty hath over-watch'd yourself.
He sleeps already, not the sleep of death,
But a sweet slumber which the powerful drug
Instill'd through all his spirits. Oh! bright day,
Bring home my dear lord ere his king awake,
Else of his unstain'd bed he'll shipwreck make.
[*Offers to go.*

Enter OBERON, *and* FAIRIES *dancing before him; and music with them.*

MARIA. Oh me! what shapes are these!

OBER. Stay, stay, Maria.

MARIA. My sovereign lord awake, save poor Maria.

OBER. He cannot save thee, save that pain;
Before he wake thou shalt be slain:

His mother's hand shall stop thy breath,
Thinking her own son is done to death:
And she that takes away thy life,
Does it to be thy husband's wife:
Adieu, Maria! we must hence;
Embrace thine end with patience;
Elves and fairies make no stand,
Till you come in fairy land.

[*Exeunt dancing and singing.*

MARIA. Fairies or devils, whatsoe'er you be,
Thus will I hide me from your company.

[*Offers to go.*

To her enter the QUEEN MOTHER *suddenly with* ALVERO *and* RODERIGO, *with rapiers.*

Q. Mo. Lay hold upon the strumpet! where's the king?
Fernando! son! ah, me! your king is dead!
Lay hands upon the murd'ress!

MARIA. Imperious queen,
I am as free from murder as thyself!
Which I will prove, if you will hear me speak.
The king is living.

ROD. If he liv'd his breath would beat within his breast.

Q. Mo. The life he leads, Maria, thou shalt soon participate.

MARIA. Oh, father! save me!

ALV. Thou'rt no child of mine.
Had'st thou been owner of Alvero's spirit,
Thy heart would not have entertain'd a thought

That had convers'd with murder: yet mine eyes,
(Howe'er my tongue wants words), brim-full with tears,
Intreat her further trial.

Q. Mo. To what end?
Here lies her trial; from this royal breast
Hath she stolen all comfort; all the life
Of every bosom in the realm of Spain.

ROD. She's both a traitor and murd'ress.

Q. Mo. I'll have her forthwith strangled.

ALV. Hear her speak!

Q. Mo. To heaven let her complain if she have wrong,
I murder but the murd'ress of my son.

ALL. We murder the murdress of our king.

[*They prepare to strangle her.*

ALV. Ah, me! my child! oh! oh, cease your torturing!

MARIA. Heaven ope your windows, that my spotless soul,
Riding upon the wings of innocence,
May enter Paradise! Fairies, farewell!
Fernando's death in mine you did foretell.

[*She dies: the King wakes.*

KING. Who calls Fernando? Love! Maria, speak!
O whither art thou fled? Whence flow these waters,
That fall like winter storms from the drown'd eyes?

ALV. From my Maria's death.

KING. My Maria dead!
Damn'd be the soul to hell that stop'd her breath.
Maria! oh, me! who durst murder her?

Q. Mo. I thought my dear Fernando had been dead,
And in my indignation murder'd her.
KING. I was not dead until you murder'd me,
By killing fair Maria.
Q. Mo. Gentle son—
KING. Ungentle mother, you a deed have done
Of so much ruth, that no succeeding age
Can ever clear you of. Oh! my dear love!
Yet heavens can witness thou wert never mine.
Spain's wonder was Maria.
Q. Mo. Sweet, have done!
KING. Have done! for what? For shedding zealous tears
Over the tomb of virtuous chastity?
You cry have done, now I am doing good;
But cry'd do on, when you were shedding blood.
Have you done, mother? Yes, yes, you have done
That which will undo your unhappy son.
ROD. These words become you not, my gracious lord.
KING. These words become not me! no more it did
Become you lords to be mute standers by,
When lustful fury ravish'd chastity:
It ill becomes me to lament her death;
But it became you well to stop her breath.
Had she been fair, and not so virtuous,
This deed had not been half so impious.
ALV. But she was fair in virtue, virtuous fair.
Oh, me!

KING. Oh, me! she was true honour's heir.
Hence, beldams, from my presence! all fly hence;
You are all murderers. Come poor innocent,
Clasp thy cold hand in mine; for here I'll lie,
And since I liv'd for her, for her I'll die.

SCENE III.

Enter ELEAZAR *with a torch; his rapier drawn.*

ELEAZ. Bar up my castle gates! fire and confusion
Shall girt these Spanish curs. Was I for this
Sent to raise power against a fugitive?
To have my wife deflower'd? Zounds! where's my wife?
My slaves cry out she's dallying with the king:
Stand by! where is your king? Eleazar's bed
Shall scorn to be an emperor's brothelry.

Q. MO. Be patient, Eleazar; here's the king.

ELEAZ. Patience and I am foes; where's my Maria?

ALV. Here is her hapless corse, that was Maria.

KING. Here lies Maria's body, here her grave;
Her dead heart in my breast a tomb shall have.

ELEAZ. Now, by the proud complexion of my cheeks,
Ta'en from the kisses of the amorous sun,
Were he ten thousand kings that slew my love,
Thus should my hand, plum'd with revenge's wings,
Requite mine own dishonour and her death.

[*Stabs the King.*

Q. Mo. Ah, me! my son.

ALL. The king is murder'd! lay hold on the damn'd traitor.

ELEAZ. In his breast,
That dares but dart a finger at the Moor,
I'll bury this sharp steel, yet reeking warm
With the unchaste blood of that letcher king,
That threw my wife in an untimely grave.

ALV. She was my daughter, and her timeless grave
Did swallow down my joys as deep as yours.
But thus—

ELEAZ. But what? Bear injuries that can,
I'll wear no forked crest.

ROD. Damn this black fiend! cry treason through the court,—
The king is murder'd!

ELEAZ. He that first opes his lips, I'll drive his words
Down his wide throat upon my rapier's point.
The king is murder'd, and I'll answer it;
I am dishonour'd, and I will revenge it.
Bend not your dangerous weapons at my breast;
Think where you are; this castle is the Moor's;
You are environ'd with a wall of flint,
The gates are lock'd, portcullises let down;
If Eleazar spend one drop of blood,

[*Zarack and Baltazar above with calivers**.

On those high turret tops my slaves stand arm'd,

* Caliver, a musket.

And shall confound your souls with murd'ring shot:
Or if you murder me,—yet under ground,
A villain, that for me will dig to hell,
Stands with a burning linstock in his fist,
Who firing gunpowder, up in the air
Shall fling your torn and mangled carcases.

Q. Mo. Oh! sheath your weapons;—though my son be slain,
Yet save yourselves, choose a new sovereign.

ALL. Prince Philip is our sovereign, choose him king!

ELEAZ. Prince Philip shall not be my sovereign.
Philip's a bastard, and Fernando's dead;
Mendoza sweats to wear Spain's diadem;
Philip hath sworn confusion to this realm;
They both are up in arms, war's flames do shine
Like lightning in the air. Wherefore, my lords
Look well on Eleazar; value me,
Not by my sun-burnt cheeks, nor by my birth;
But by my loss of blood,
Which I have sacrificed in Spain's defence.
Then look on Philip and the cardinal;
Look on those gaping curs, whose wide throats
Stand stretch'd wide open like the gates of death,
To swallow you, your country, children, wives.
Philip cries fire and blood; the cardinal
Cries likewise fire and blood; I'll quench those flames.
The Moor cries blood and fire, and that shall burn
Till Castile, like proud Troy, to cinders turn.

ROD. Lay by these ambages; what seeks the Moor?

ELEAZ. A kingdom, Castile's crown.
ALV. Peace, devil! for shame!
Q. MO. Peace, doting lord, for shame! Oh, misery,
When Indian slaves thirst after empery!
Princes and peers of Spain, we are beset
With horror on each side; you deny him,
Death stands at all our backs, we cannot fly him.
Crown Philip king, the crown upon his head
Will prove a fiery meteor; war and vengeance,
And desolation, will invade our land:
Besides, Prince Philip is a bastard born.
Oh! give me leave to blush at mine own shame;
But I, for love to you, love to fair Spain,
Choose rather to rip up a queen's disgrace,
Than by concealing it, to set the crown
Upon a bastard's head: wherefore, my lord,
By my consent, crown that proud blackamore:
Since Spain's bright glory must so soon grow dim;
Since it must end, let it end all in him.
ALL. Eleazar shall be king!
ALV. Oh, treachery!
Have you so soon ras'd out Fernando's love?
So soon forgot the duty of true peers?
So soon, so soon, buried a mother's name,
That you will crown him king, that slew your king?
ELEAZ. Will you hear him or me? who shall be king?
ALL. Eleazar shall be Castile's sovereign!

ALV. Do, do! make haste to crown him! lords adieu:
Here hell must be when the devil governs you. [*Exit.*
ELEAZ. By heaven's great star, which Indians do adore,
But that I hate to hear the giddy world
Shame that I waded to a crown through blood,
I'd not digest his pills: but since, my lords,
You have chosen Eleazar for your king,
Invest me with a general applause.
ALL. Live, Eleazar, Castile's royal king!
ROD. [*Aside.*] A villain, and a base born fugitive!
CHRISTO. [*Aside.*] A bloody tyrant and usurping slave!
ELEAZ. Thanks to you all: 'Tis not the Spanish crown
That Eleazar strives for, but Spain's peace;
Amongst you I'll divide her empery.
Christofero shall wear Granada's crown;
To Roderigo, I'll give Arragon;
Naples, Navarre, and fair Jerusalem,
I'll give to other three; and then our viceroys
Shall shine about our bright Castilian crown,
As stars about the sun. Cry all, arm, arm;
Prince Philip and the Cardinal do ride
Like Jove in thunder; in a storm we'll meet them.
Go, levy powers; if any man must fall,
My death shall first begin the funeral. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter ZARACK *and* BALTAZAR, *with calivers.*

BAL. Is thy cock ready, and thy powder dry?

ZAR. My cock stands perching like a cock o' the game, with a red co[illegible] or his crest, instead of a comb; and for my po[illegible]r, 'tis but touch and take.

BALT. I have ti[illegible] geer too; anon I'll cry, here I have it, and [illegible] I see it. But, Zarack, is't policy for us [illegible]st. bald-pates?

ZAR. Is't [illegible] for us to save ourselves? If they live, we die. Is't not wisdom then to send them to heaven, rather than be sent ourselves? Come, you black slave, be resolute. This way they come; here they will stand, and yonder will I stand.

BALT. And in yonder hole, I.

ZAR. Our amiable faces cannot be seen if we keep close; therefore hide your cock's head, lest his burning cocks-comb betray us. But soft; which of the two shall be thy white?

BALT. That black villain, friar Cole.

ZAR. I shall have a sharp piece of service; Friar Crab shall be my man; farewell, and be resolute.

BALT. Zounds, Zarack! I shall never have the heart to do it.

ZAR. You rogue, think who comands; Eleazar. Who shall rise? Baltazar. Who shall die? A lousy friar. Who shall live? Our good lord and master, the negro king of Spain.

BALT. Cole, thou art but a dead man, and shalt turn to ashes. [*Exit.*

ZAR. Crab, here's that shall make vinegar of thy carcase. [*Exit.*

Enter CRAB *and* COLE, *two Friars, with a Rout of* STINKARDS *following them.*

CRAB. Ah, brother! 'tis best so. Now we have drawn them to a head, we'll begin here i' the market-place. Tut, so long as we be commanded by the Mother Queen, we'll say her son is a bastard, an he were ten Philips.

COLE. Take you one market form, I'll take another.

CRAB. No, godso, we must both keep one form.

COLE. Aye, in oration, but not in station. Mount, mount.

1 STINKARD. Well, my masters, you know him not so well as I, on my word. Friar Crab is a sour fellow.

2 STINKARD. Yet he may utter sweet doctrine, by your leave. But what think you of friar Cole?

1 STINKARD. He, all fire: an he be kindled once, a hot catholic.

3 STINKARD. And you mark him, he has a zealous nose, and richly inflam'd.

1 STINKARD. Peace, you rogues! Now they begin.

CRAB. *Incipe Frater.*

COLE. *Non ego Domine.*

CRAB. *Nec ego.*

COLE. *Quare.*

CRAB. *Quia.*

COLE. *Quæso.*

ALL. Here's a queasy beginning methinks. Silence! silence!

CRAB. Brethren, citizens, and market folks of Seville.

COLE. Well beloved, and honoured Castilians.

CRAB. It is not unknown to you.

COLE. I am sure you are not ignorant.

CRAB. How villainous, and strong!

COLE. How monstrous, and huge!

CRAB. The faction of prince Philip is.

COLE. Philip, that is a bastard.

CRAB. Philip, that is a dastard.

COLE. Philip, that kill'd your king.

CRAB. Only to make himself king.

COLE. And, by Gad's blessed lady, you are all damn'd, an you suffer it.

1 STINKARD. Friar Cole says true, he speaks out to the heat of his zeal; look how he glows.

2 STINKARD. Well, friar Crab, for my money; he has set my teeth on edge against this bastard.

1 STINKARD. Oh! his words are like vergis, to whet a man's stomach.

ALL. Silence! silence!

CRAB. Now, contrarywise.

COLE. Your noble king the Moor—

CRAB. Is a valiant gentleman;

COLE. A noble gentleman:

CRAB. An honourable gentleman;

COLE. A fair black gentleman.

CRAB. A friend to Castilians;

COLE A champion for Castilians;

CRAB. A man fit to be a king,

COLE. If he were not borne down by him that would be king; who (as I said before) is a bastard, and no king.

1 STINKARD. What think you, my masters? Do you mark his words well?

CRAB. Further, compare them together.

ALL. S'blood! there's no comparison between them.

COLE. Nay; but hear us, good countrymen.

ALL. Hear friar Cole! hear friar Cole!

COLE. See that bastard and Eleazar together.

1 STINKARD. How? mean you by the ears?

CRAB. No; but compare them.

COLE. Do but compare them.

2 STINKARD. Zounds! we say, again, comparisons are odious.

1 STINKARD. But say on, say on.

[*Pieces go off; Friars die.*

ALL. Treason! every man shift for himself. This is Philip's treason. Arm! arm! arm! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, *and* BALTAZAR.

ELEAZ. Zarack and Baltazar, are they dispatch'd?

ZAR. We saw 'em sprawl, and turn up the white of the eye.

ELEAZ. So shall they perish that lay countermines
To cross our high designments: by their habits
The cardinal and Philip 'scap'd our nets,
And by your r[illegible] asted our revenge.

[illegible] EN MOTHER.

Here comes the queen, [illegible] ay! under our wings
You shall stand safe, [illegible] brave the proudest kings.

[*Exeunt.*

Q. MO. Oh! fly my [illegible] eazar, save thy life,
Else 'point a guard abou[illegible] thee; the mad people,
Tempestuous like the sea, run up and down,
Some crying, kill the bastard; some the Moor;
Some cry, God save King Philip; and some cry,
God save the Moor; some others, he shall die.

ELEAZ. Are these your fears? Thus blow them into air.
I rush'd amongst the thickest of their crowds,
And with a countenance majestical,
Like the imperious sun, dispers'd their clouds;
I have perfum'd the rankness of their breath,
And by the magic of true eloquence,
Transform'd this many-headed Cerberus,
This pied cameleon, this beast multitude,
Whose power consists in number, pride in threats,
Yet melt like snow when majesty shines forth,
This heap of fools, who crowding in huge swarms,
Stood at our court gates like a heap of dung,

Reeking and shouting out contagious breath,
Of power to poison all the elements;
This wolf I held by th' ears, and made him tame,
And made him tremble at the Moor's great name:
No, we must combat with a grimmer foe;
That damn'd Mendoza overturns our hopes.
He loves you dearly.

Q. Mo. By his secret letters
He hath intreated me to leave the court,
And fly into his arms.

ELEAZ. The world cannot devise a stratagem
Sooner to throw confusion on his pride.
Subscribe to his desires, and in dead night
Steal to his castle; swear to him his love
Hath drawn you thither; undermine his soul,
And learn what villainies are there laid up;
Then, for your pleasure, walk to take the air:
Near to the castle I'll in ambush lie,
And seem, by force, to take you prisoner:
This done, I have a practice plotted here,
Shall rid him of his life, and us of fear.
About it, madam, this is all in all;
We cannot stand, unless Mendoza fall. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter EMANUEL, KING *of* PORTUGAL, PRINCE PHILIP, CARDINAL MENDOZA, ALVERO, *with drums and soldiers marching.*

K. OF PORT. Poor Spain! how is the body of thy peace
Mangled and torn by an ambitious Moor.
How is thy prince and counsellors abus'd,
And trodden under the base foot of scorn.
Wrong'd lords, Emanuel of Portugal partakes
A falling share in all your miseries;
And though the tardy-hand of slow delay
Withheld us from preventing your mishaps,
Yet shall revenge dart black confusion
Into the bosom of that damned fiend.

PHIL. But is it possible our Mother Queen
Should countenance his ambition?

ALV. Her advice is a steersman to direct his course;
Besides, as we by circumstance have learnt,
She means to marry him.

PHIL. Then, here upon my knees,
I pluck allegiance from her; all that love,
Which by innative duty I did owe her,
Shall henceforth be converted into hate.
This will confirm the world's opinion
That I am base born, and the damned Moor
Had interest in my birth; this wrong alone

Gives new fire to the cinders of my rage;
I may be well transformed from what I am,
When a black devil is husband to my dam.

K. OF PORT. Prince, let thy rage give way to patience,
And set a velvet brow upon the face
Of wrinkled anger; our keen swords
Must right these wrongs, and not light airy words.

PHIL. Yet words may make the edge of rage more sharp,
And whet a blunted courage with revenge.

ALV. Here's none wants whetting, for our keen resolves
Are steel'd unto the back with double wrongs;
Wrongs that would make a handless man take arms,
Wrongs that would make a coward resolute.

CARD. Why, then join all our several wrongs in one,
And from these wrongs assume a firm resolve
To send this devil to damnation. [*Drums afar off.*

PHIL. I hear the sound of his approaching march.
Stand fair; Saint Jaques for the right of Spain!

Enter the MOOR, RODERIGO, CHRISTOFERO, *with drums, colours, and soldiers, marching bravely.*

ELEAZ. Bastard of Spain!

PHIL. Thou true stamp'd son of hell,
Thy pedigree is written in thy face.

[*Alarum, and a battle, the Moor prevails; all go out.*

SCENE II.

Enter PHILIP *and* CARDINAL.

PHIL. Move forward with your main battalion,
Or else all is lost.

CARD. I will not move a foot.

PHIL. S'heart! will you lose the day?

CARD. You lose your wits,
You're mad; it is no policy.

PHIL. You lie.

CARD. Lie!

PHIL. Lie; a pox upon't, cardinal, come on,
Second the desperate vanguard which is mine,
And where I'll die or win; follow my sword
The bloody way I lead it, or by heaven
I'll play the devil, and mar all! we'll turn our backs
Upon the Moors, and set on thee; aye, thee,
Thee cardinal! s'heart! thee.

CARD. Your desperate arm,
Hath almost thrust quite through the heart of hope:
Our fortunes lie a bleeding by your rash
And violent onset.

PHIL. Oh! oh! s'life! s'foot! will you fight?

CARD. We will not hazard all upon one cast.

PHIL. You will not?

CARD. No.

PHIL. Coward!

CARD. By deeds, I'll try
Whether your venomous tongue says true. Farewell!
Courage shines both in this, and policy. [*Exit.*

PHIL. To save thy skin whole, that's thy policy.

You whoreson fat-chop'd guts, I'll melt away
That larded body by the heat of fight,
Which I'll compel thee to, or else by flying:
To work which, I'll give way to the proud foe,
Whilst I stand laughing to behold thee run.
Cardinal, I'll do't, I'll do't; a Moor, a Moor!
Philip cries, a Moor; holla! ha! whoo!

Enter KING OF PORTUGAL.

K. OF PORT. Prince Philip! Philip!

PHIL. Here; plague! where's the Moor?

K. OF PORT. The Moor's a devil: never did horrid fiend,
Compell'd by some magician's mighty charm,
Break through the prisons of the solid earth
With more strange horror, than this prince of hell:
This damned negro, lion-like, doth rush
Through all, and spite of all knit opposition.

PHIL. Puh! puh! where? where?
I'll meet him, where? You mad me!
'Tis not his arm
That acts such wonders, but our cowardice.
This cardinal, oh! this cardinal is a slave.

Enter CAPTAIN.

CAPT. Sound a retreat, or else the day is lost!

PHIL. I'll beat that dog to death that sounds retreat.

K. OF PORT. Philip!

PHIL. I'll tear his heart out that dares name but sound.

K. OF PORT. Sound a retreat!

PHIL. Who's that? you tempt my sword, sir;
Continue this alarum, fight pell-mell;
Fight, kill, be damn'd! This fat-back, coward cardinal,
Lies heavy on my shoulders; this, aye this,
Shall fling him off. Sound a retreat! Zounds! you mad me!
Ambition plumes the Moor, whilst black despair,
Offering to tear from him the diadem
Which he usurps, makes him to cry at all,
And to act deeds beyond astonishment;
But Philip is the night that darks his glories:
This sword, yet reeking with his negro's blood,
Being grasp'd by equity and this strong arm,
Shall through and through.

ALL. Away then!

PHIL. From before me.
Stay, stand! stand fast, fight! a Moor, a Moor!

SCENE III.

Enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, BALTAZAR, RODERIGO, CHRISTOFERO, *and others; they fight: the Moors are beat in, leaving Eleazar, weary; a Moor lays slain.*

ELEAZ. Oh! for more work, more souls to post to hell,
That I might pile up Charon's boat so full,
Until it topple o'er! Oh! 'twould be sport
To see them sprawl through the black slimy lake.
Ha, ha! there's one going thither: sirrah! you,

You slave! who kill'd thee? How he grins! this breast,
Had it been temper'd and made proof like mine,
It never would have been a mark for fools
To hit afar off with their dastard bullets.
But thou didst well; thou knew'st I was thy lord,
And out of love and duty to me, here,
Where I fell weary, thou laid'st down thyself,
To bear me up thus: God a-mercy, slave,
A king for this shall give thee a rich grave.

As he sits down, enter PHILIP *with a broken sword.*

PHIL. I'll wear thee to the pommel, but I'll find
The subject of mine honour and revenge.
Moor, 'tis for thee I seek! come, now, now take me
At good advantage; speak!, where art thou?

ELEAZ. Here!

PHIL. Fate and revenge, I thank you. Rise!

ELEAZ. Leave and live.

PHIL. Villain, it is Philippo that bids rise.

ELEAZ. It had been good for thee to have hid thy name;
For the discovery, like to a dangerous charm,
Hurts him that finds it. Wherefore do those blood-hounds,
Thy rage and valour, chase me?

PHIL. Why, to kill thee.

ELEAZ. With that! what a blunt axe? Think'st thou, I'll let
Thy fury take a full blow at this head,
Having these arms? Be wise, go change thy weapon.

PHIL. Oh, sir!
ELEAZ. I'll stay thy coming.
PHIL. Thou'lt be damn'd first.
ELEAZ. By all our Indian gods——
PHIL. Puh! never swear.
Thou know'st 'tis for a kingdom which we fight,
And for that who'll not venture to hell gates?
Come, Moor, I'm arm'd with more than complete steel,
The justice of my quarrel: when I look
Upon my father's wrongs, my brother's wounds,
My mother's infamy, Spain's misery,
And lay my finger here; oh! 'tis too dull
To let out blood enough to quench them all.
But when I see your face, and know what fears
Hang on thy troubled soul, like leaden weights
To make it sink, I know this finger's touch
Has strength to throw thee down; I know this iron
Is sharp and long enough to reach that head.
Fly not, devil; if thou do——
ELEAZ. How! fly! Oh, base!
PHIL. Come then.
ELEAZ. Stay, Philip! whosoe'er begat thee——
PHIL. Why, slave, a king begat me.
ELEAZ. May be so;
But I'll be sworn thy mother was a queen;
For her sake will I kill thee nobly.
Fling me thy sword, there's mine; I scorn to strike
A man disarm'd.
PHIL. For thus dishonouring me,

I'll give thee one stab more.

ELEAZ. I'll run away,
Unless thou change that weapon or take mine.

PHIL. Neither.

ELEAZ. Farewell!

PHIL. S'heart, stay! and if you dare;
Do as I do, oppose thy naked breast
Against this poniard; see! here's this for thine.

ELEAZ. I am for thee, Philip.

PHIL. Come! nay, take more ground,
That with a full career thou may'st strike home.

ELEAZ. Thou'lt run away then.

PHIL. Hah!

ELEAZ. Thou'lt run away then.

PHIL. 'Faith I will; but first, on this I'll bear
Thy panting heart, thy head upon thy spear.

ELEAZ. Come!

Enter the CARDINAL *and the* KING *of* PORTUGAL *on the one, and* MOORS *on the other side.*

CARD. Upon the Moors!

MOORS. Upon the cardinal!

PHIL. Hold! cardinal; strike not any of our side!

ELEAZ. Hold! Moors; strike not any of our side!

PHIL. We two will close this battle.

ELEAZ. Come! agreed.
Stand armies and give aim, whilst we two bleed.

CARD. With poniards! 'tis too desperate; dear Philip—

PHIL. Away! have at the Moor! s'heart! let me come!

K. *of* PORT. Be arm'd with manly weapons! 'tis for slaves
To dig their own and such unworthy graves.

ELEAZ. I am for thee any way: thus; or, see! thus;
Here, try the vigour of thy sinewy arm!
The day is ours already; brainless heads,
And bleeding bodies, like a crown, do stand
About the temples of our victory.
Yet, Spaniards, if you dare, we'll fight it out,
Thus, man to man alone. I'll first begin,
And conquer, or in blood wade up to th' chin.

PHIL. Let not a weapon stir but his and mine!

ELEAZ. Nor on this side; conquest in blood shall shine.

[*Alarum: they fight, the Moor is struck down; which his soldiers seeing, rush in and rescue him; the soldiers on the other side come forward, and drive in the Moors. Alarum continuing, Spaniards and Moors, with drums and colours, fly over the stage, pursued by Philip, Cardinal, the King of Portugal, and others.*

Enter ZARACK, CHRISTOFERO, *and* ELEAZAR, *at several doors.*

CHRISTO. Where is my lord?

ZAR. Where is my sovereign?

ELEAZ. What news bring Zarack and Christofero?

ZAR. Oh, fly, my lord! fly, for the day is lost!

ELEAZ. There are three hundred and odd days in a year,

And cannot we lose one of them? come, fight!

CHRISTO. The lords have left us, and the soldiers faint;
You are round beset with proud fierce enemies;
Death cannot be prevented but by flight.

ELEAZ. He shall, Christofero. I have yet left
One stratagem, that in despite of fate
Shall turn the wheel of war about once more.
The Mother Queen hath all this while sat sadly
Within our tent, expecting to whose bosom
White-winged peace and victory will fly:
Her have I us'd as a fit property
To stop this dangerous current; her have I sent
Arm'd with love's magic, to enchant the cardinal,
And bind revenge down with resistless charms;
By this time does she hang about his neck,
And by the witchcraft of a cunning kiss
Has she disarm'd him. Hark! they sound retreat;
She has prevail'd; a woman's tongue and eye,
Are weapons stronger than artillery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter CARDINAL, QUEEN MOTHER, SOLDIERS, *drums and colours.*

Q. Mo. By all those sighs which thou, like passionate tunes,
Hast often to my dull ears offered,
By all thy hopes to enjoy my royal bed,
By all those mourning lines which thou hast sent,
Weeping in black, to tell thy languishment;

By love's best, richest treasure, which I swear
I will bestow, and which none else shall wear,
As the most prized jewel, but thyself;
By that bright fire, which, flaming through thine eyes,
From thy love-scorched bosom does arise,
I do conjure thee let no churlish sound,
With war's lewd horror my desires confound!
Dear, dear Mendoza! thus I do entreat,
That still thou would'st continue this retreat;
I'll hang upon thee, till I hear thee say,
Woman prevail; or chiding, cry'st away.

CARD. Is there no trick in this, forg'd by the Moor?

Q. Mo. I would the Moor's damnation were the ransom
Of all the innocent blood that has been shed,
In this black day: I care not for the Moor;
Love to my kingdom's peace makes me put on
This habit of a suppliant; shall I speed?

CARD. You shall, were it to have my bosom bleed;
I have no power to spare the negro's head,
When I behold the wounds which his black hand
Has given mine honour: but, when I look on you
I have no power to hate him: since your breath
Dissolves my frozen heart, being spent for him;
In you my life must drown itself or swim:
You have prevail'd: drum, swiftly hence! call back
Our fierce pursuing troops, that run to catch

The laurel wreath of conquest! let it stand
Awhile untouch'd by any soldier's hand!
Away! [*Exit drum.*] stay you and guard us. Where's the Moor?
I'll lose what I have got, a victor's prize,
Yielding myself a prisoner to your eyes.

Q. Mo. Mine eyes shall quickly grant you liberty.
The Moor stays my return; I'll put on wings
And fetch him; to make peace belongs to kings.

As she goes out, enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, BALTAZAR, *and* SOLDIERS *well armed; at sight of each other all draw.*

CARD. Soldiers! call back the drum, we are betray'd!

ELEAZ. Moors! stand upon your guard! avoid! look back!

Q. Mo. What means this jealousy? Mendoza! Moor!
Lay by your weapons and embrace; the sight
Of this, and this, begets suspicion.
Eleazar, by my birth, he comes in peace!
Mendoza, by mine honour, so comes he!

CARD. Discharge these soldiers then.

ELEAZ. And these.

CARD. Away!

ELEAZ. Go! [*Soldiers stand aloof.*

Q. Mo. Soul, rejoice, to see this glorious day!
[*She joins them together, they embrace.*

CARD. Your virtues work this wonder. I have met
At her most dear command: what's your desires?

ELEAZ. Peace, and your honour'd arms: how loathingly
I sounded the alarums, witness heaven!
'Twas not to strike your breast, but to let out
The rank blood of ambition. That Philip
Makes you his ladder, and being climb'd so high
As he may reach a diadem, there you lie.
He's base begotten, that's his mother's sin.

Q. Mo. God pardon it!

ELEAZ. Aye, amen. But he's a bastard,
And rather than I'll kneel to him, I'll saw
My legs off by the thighs, because I'll stand
In spite of reverence: he's a bastard, he's!
And to beat down his usurpation
I have thrown about this thunder: but, Mendoza,—
The people hate him for his birth;
He only leans on you, you are his pillar,
You gone, he walks on crutches or else falls:
Then shrink from under him; are not they
Fools, that bearing others up, themselves seem low,
'Cause they above sit high; why you do so.

CARD. 'Tis true.

Q. Mo. Behold this error with fix'd eyes!

CARD. 'Tis true; well.—

ELEAZ. Oh! have you found it? Have you smelt
The train of powder that must blow you up,
Up into air? What air? Why this, a breath;
Look you; in this time may a king meet death.
An eye to't! check it, check it!

CARD. How?

ELEAZ. How! thus:—
Steal from the heat of that incestuous blood,
Where ravish'd honour and Philippo lies!
Leave him! divide this huge and monstrous body
Of armed Spaniards into limbs thus big!
Part man from man, send every soldier home!
I'll do the like: peace, with an olive branch,
Shall fly with dove-like wings about all Spain;
The crown, which I as a good husband keep,
I will lay down upon the empty chair;
Marry you the queen, and fill it! for my part,
These knees are yours, sir.

CARD. Is this sound?

ELEAZ. From my heart!

CARD. If you prove false——

ELEAZ. If I do, let fire fall——

CARD. Amen.

ELEAZ. [*Aside.*] Upon thy head; and so it shall.

CARD. All of myself is yours; soldiers, begone!

ELEAZ. And that way you. [*To the Moors.*

CARD. The rest I will divide:
The lords shall be convented.

ELEAZ. Good.

CARD. Let's meet.

Q. MO. Where?

ELEAZ. Here anon; [*aside*] this is thy winding-sheet.
[*The Moor walks up and down musing.*
[*Exit Cardinal.*

Q. MO. What shape will this prodigious womb bring forth,

Which groans with such strange labour?

ELEAZ. Excellent!

Q. Mo. Why, Eleazar, art thou rapt with joys,
Or does thy sinking policy make to shore?

ELEAZ. Ha!

Q. Mo. Eleazar! madman! hear'st thou, Moor?

ELEAZ. Well, so; you turn my brains; you mar the face
Of my attempts i' the making; for this chaos,
This lump of projects, ere it be lick'd over,
'Tis like a bear's conception; stratagems
Being but begot, and not got out, are like
Charg'd cannons not discharg'd, they do no harm
Nor good; true policy breeding in the brain,
Is like a bar of iron, whose ribs being broken
And soften'd in the fire, you then may forge it
Into a sword to kill, or to a helmet to defend life:
'Tis therefore wit to try all fashions,
Ere you apparel villany. But, but—
I've suited him: fit, fit; oh, fit!

Q. Mo. How? prithee, how?

ELEAZ. Why thus;—yet, no;—let's hence;
My heart is nearest of my council; yet,
I scarce dare trust my heart with't; what I do,
It shall look old the hour wherein 'tis born;
Wonders twice seen are garments over-worn.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter CARDINAL *at one door;* PHILIPPO *half armed, and two* SOLDIERS *following him with the rest of the armour; the* CARDINAL *seeing him turns back again.*

PHIL. Sirrah! you, cardinal! coward! run-away! Soho, ho! what, cardinal!

CARD. I am not for your lure. [*Exit.*

PHIL. For that then; [*Throws his sword after him.*]

O that it had nail'd thy heart
Up to the pommel to the earth! come, arm me!
Ha! s'foot! when all our swords were royally gilt
with blood,—
When with red sweat, that trickled from our wounds,
We had dearly earn'd a victory—when hell
Had from their hinges heav'd off her iron gates,
To bid the damn'd Moor and the devils enter,
Then to lose all, then to sound base retreat;
Why, soldiers, hah!

1 SOLD. I am glad of it, my lord.

PHIL. Hah! glad! art glad I am dishonoured?
That thou and he dishonoured?

1 SOLD. Why, my lord,
I am glad that you so cleanly did come off.

PHIL. Thou hast a lean face and a carrion heart;
A plague on him and thee too! then—s'heart! then
To crack the very heart-strings of our army—
To quarter it in pieces—I could tear my hair,
And in cursing spend my soul;

Cardinal! what, Judas! come, we'll fight
Till there be left but one! if I be he,
I'll die a glorious death.

1 SOLD. So will I, I hope, in my bed.

2 SOLD. Till there be but one left, my lord? Why that's now; for all our fellows are crawl'd home; some with one leg, some ne'er an arm, some with their brains beaten out, and glad they 'scaped so.

PHIL. But, my dear countrymen, you'll stick to me?

1 SOLD. Stick! aye, my lord, stick like bandogs, till we be pull'd off.

PHIL. That's nobly said: I'll lead you but to death,
Where I'll have greatest share; we shall win fame
For life, and that doth crown a soldier's name.

1 SOLD. How! to death, my lord? Not I, by Gad's-lid: I have a poor wife and children at home, and if I die, they beg: and do you think I'll see her go up and down the wide universal world?

PHIL. For every drop of blood which thou shalt lose,
Coward, I'll give thy wife a wedge of gold.

2 SOLD. Hang him, meacock! my lord, arm yourself; I'll fight for you, till I have not an eye to see the fire in my touch-hole.

PHIL. Be thou a king's companion; thou, and I,
Will dare the cardinal and the Moor to fight
In single combat; shall we? hah!

2 SOLD. Agreed.

PHIL. We'll beat 'em to hell gate; shall we hah!

2 SOLD. Hell gate's somewhat too hot, somewhat too hot; the porter's a knave: I'd be loth to be damn'd for my conscience; I'll knock any body's costard, so I knock not there, my lord; hell gates!

PHIL. A pox upon such slaves!

1 SOLD. Hang him, a peasant! my lord, you see I am but a scrag; my lord, my legs are not of the biggest, nor the least, nor the best that e'er were stood upon, nor the worst; but they are of God's making; and for your sake, if ever we put our enemies to flight again, by Gad's-lid, if I run not after them like a tiger, huff me.

PHIL. But wilt thou stand to't ere they fly? ha! wilt thou?

1 SOLD. Will I, quoth-a! by this hand and the honour of a soldier!

PHIL. And by a soldier's honour I will load thee
With Spanish pistolets! to have this head,
Thy face, and all thy body stuck with scars,
Why 'tis a sight more glorious than to see
A lady hung with diamonds! If thou lose
A hand, I'll send this after; if an arm,
I'll lend thee one of mine; come then, let's fight!
A mangled, lame, true soldier is a gem
Worth Cæsar's empire, though fools spurn at them.

1 SOLD. Yet, my lord, I have seen lame soldiers not worth the crutches they leant upon; hands and arms quoth-he! zounds, not I: I'll double my files, or

stand sentry, or so; but I'll be hang'd and quartered before I'll have my members cut off.

2 SOLD. And I too; hold thee there!

PHIL. Hold you both there! away, you rogues, you dirt! [*Beats them both in.*

Thus do I tread upon you; out, begone!
One valiant is an host; [illegible]ht then alone!

Enter CARDINAL, ALVERO, CHRISTOFERO, *and* SOLDIERS.

CARD. Prince Philip!

PHIL. For the crown of Spain, come all?

CARD. We come in love and peace.

PHIL. But come in war;
Bring naked swords, not laurel boughs; in peace!
Plague on your rank peace! will you fight and cry,
Down with the Moor? and then I'm yours; I'll die—
I have a heart, two arms, a soul, a head;—
I'll lay that down; I'll venture all; s'foot, all!
Come tread upon me—so that Moor may fall.

CARD. By heaven, that Moor shall fall!

PHIL. Thy hand and thine.

[*Flings down his weapons.*

Give me but half your hearts, you have all mine;
By heaven! shall he fall?

CARD. Yes upon thee,
Like to the ruins of a tower, to grind
Thy body into dust. Traitor and bastard!
I do arrest thee of high treason.

PHIL. Hah!
Traitor and bastard! and by thee! my weapons!
CARD. Lay hands upon him!
PHIL. Ah! you're best do so.
CARD. Alvero, there's the warrant; to your hands
The prisoner is committed. Lords, let's part:
Look to him on your life. [*Exeunt Card. &c.*

Manent PHILIP *and* ALVERO.

PHIL. 'Heart! 'heart! 'heart! 'heart!
[*Tears the warrant.*
The devil and his dam—the Moor and my mother—
Their warrant! I will not obey: old grey beard,
Thou shalt not be my jailer; there's no prison,
No dungeon deep enough, no grates so strong,
That can keep in a man so mad with wrong.
What, dost thou weep?
ALV. I would fain shed a tear,
But from mine eyes so many show'rs are gone;
Grief drinks my tears so fast, that here's not one.
You must to prison.
PHIL. Dost thou speak to me?
ALV. You must to prison.
PHIL. And from thence to death.
I thought I should have had a tomb hung round
With tatter'd colours, broken spears; I thought
My body should have fallen down full of wounds;
But one can kill an emperor—fool! then why
Would'st thou have many? Curse, be mad, and die!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter RODERIGO *and* CHRISTOFERO; *two bare-headed before them;* CARDINAL *alone;* ZARACK *and* BALTAZAR *bearing the crown on a cushion;* ELEAZAR *next;* QUEEN MOTHER *after him; other* LORDS *after her;* ALVERO, *sad, meets them.*

CARD. Alvero, 'tis the pleasure of the king,
Of the Queen Mother, and these honoured states,
To ease you of Philip; there's a warrant
Sent to remove him to a stronger guard.

ALV. I thank you; you shall rid me of much care.

ELEAZ. Sit down, and take your place.

ALV. If I might have the place I like best,
It should be my grave. [*Sits down.*

[*The Moors stand aside with the crown: Eleazar, rising, takes it.*

ELEAZ. [*Aside to the Moors.*] Stand in voice' reach.
[*Aloud.*] Away!

BOTH MOORS. We are gone. [*Exeunt.*

ELEAZ. Princes of Spain, if in this royal court
There sit a man, that having laid his hold
So fast on such a jewel, and dare wear it
In the contempt of envy, as I dare,
Yet uncompell'd (as freely as poor pilgrims
Bestow their prayers) would give such wealth away;
Let such a man step forth;—what, do none rise?
No, no, for kings indeed are deities;

And who'd not, as the sun, in brightness shine?
To be the greatest is to be divine.
Who among millions, would not be the mightiest?
To sit in godlike state; to have all eyes
Dazzled with admiration, and all tongues
Shouting loud prayers; to rob every heart
Of love; to have the strength of every arm:
A sovereign's name! why 'tis a sovereign charm.
This glory round about me hath thrown beams:
I have stood upon the top of fortune's wheel,
And backward turn'd the iron screw of fate.
The destinies have spun a silken thread
About my life; yet, noble Spaniards, see
Hoc tantum tanti, thus I cast aside
The shape of majesty, and on my knee,
[*Kneels: the Cardinal fetches the crown and sets it on the chair.*
To this imperial state lowly resign
This usurpation; wiping off your fears
Which stuck so hard upon me; let a hand,
A right and royal hand, take up this wreath
And guard it; right is of itself most strong;
No kingdom got by cunning can stand long.

CARD. Proceed to new election of a king.

ALL. Agreed.

ELEAZ. Stay, peers of Spain! if young Philippo
Be Philip's son, then is he Philip's heir;
Then must his royal name be set in gold;
Philip is then the diamond to that ring;

But if he be a bastard, here's his seat,
For baseness has no gall till it grow great:
First, therefore, let him blood if he must bleed,
Yet in what vein you strike him best take heed;
The Portugal's his friend: you saw he came,
At holding up [illegible] m'd: this peace
Rid hence his daug[illegible] friendship; he's at home;
But when he hea[illegible] hilip is tied up,
Yet hears not wh[illegible] atch occasion's lock,
And on that narrow [illegible] e make shift to lead
A scrambling army thro[illegible]h the heart of Spain:
Look to't! being in, h[illegible] hardly out again.
Therefore, first prove a[illegible] then proclaim him bastard.

ALV. How shall we prove it?

ELEAZ. He that put him out to making
I am sure can tell; if not,
Then she that shap'd him can: here's the Queen Mother,
Being prick'd in conscience, and preferring Spain
Before her own respect, will name the man.
If he be noble, and a Spaniard born,
He'll hide the apparent scars of their infamies,
With the white hand of marriage; that and time
Will eat the blemish off: say, shall it?

ALL. No!

CARD. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die!

HORTEN. Death is too easy for such villany.

ELEAZ. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die!

I would he might; I know myself am clear
As is the new-born infant. Madam, stand forth!
Be bold to speak; shame in the grave wants sense,
Heaven with sin's greatest forfeits can dispense.

Q. Mo. Would I were cover'd with the veil of night,
You might not see red shame sit on my cheeks!
But being Spain's common safety stands for truth,
Hiding my weeping eyes, I blush and say,
Philippo's father sits here.

ROD. Here! name him.

Q. Mo. The Lord Mendoza did beget that son;
Oh! let not this dishonour further run!

ALV. What, Cardinal Mendoza?

Q. Mo. Yes, yes, even he.

ELEAZ. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die!

CARD. I Philip's father!

[*Comes down; the rest talk.*

Q. Mo. Nay, deny me not;
Now may a kingdom and my love be got.

CARD. Those eyes and tongue bewitch me—shame lie here!
That love has sweetest taste that is bought dear.

CHRISTO. What answers Lord Mendoza to the queen?

CARD. I confess guilty, Philip is my son;
Her majesty hath nam'd the time and place.

ALV. To you, but not to us; go forward, madam.

Q. Mo. Within the circle of twice ten years since,

Your deceas'd king made war in Barbary,
Won Tunis, conquer'd Fez, and hand to hand
Slew great Abdela, king of Fez, and father
To that Barbarian prince.

ELEAZ. I was but young, but now methinks
I see my father's wounds: poor Barbaria!
No more!

Q. MO. In absence of my lord, mourning his want,
To me alone being in my private walk,
I think at Salamanca:—yes, 'twas there;
Enters Mendoza, under shew of shrift,
Threatens my death if I deny'd his lust,
In fine, by force he won me to his will:
I wept and cry'd for help, but all in vain,
Mendoza there abus'd the bed of Spain.

ELEAZ. Spaniard or Moor, that saucy slave shall die. [*Aside.*

ALV. Why did not you complain of this vile act?

Q. MO. Alas! I was alone, young, full of fear,
Bashful and doubtful of my own defame;
Knowing King Philip rash and jealous,
I hid his sins thinking to hide my shame.

HORTEN. What says the cardinal?

CARD. Such a time there was;
'Tis past: I'll make amends with marriage,
And satisfy with trentals*, dirges, prayers,
The offended spirit of the wronged king.

[*Queen and they talk.*

* "Trentals," thirty masses.

ELEAZ. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.
Oh! 'twould seem best it should be thus, Mendoza;
She to accuse, I urge, and both conclude
Your marriage, like a comic interlude.
Lords, will you hear this hateful sin confess'd,
And not impose upon the ravisher death
The due punishment? Oh! it must be so.
ALV. What does the queen desire?
Q. MO. Justice, revenge,
On vile Mendoza for my ravishment.
I kiss the cold earth with my humble knees,
From whence I will not rise till some just hand
Cast to the ground the traitor cardinal
ALL. Stand forth, Mendoza.
ELEAZ. Swells your heart so high?
Down, letcher; if you will not stand, then lie.
CARD. You have betray'd me, by my too much trust;
I never did this deed of rape and lust.
ROD. Your tongue confess'd it.
CARD. True, I was entic'd.
ELEAZ. Entic'd! do you believe that?
Q. MO. Justice, lords!
Sentence the cardinal for his hateful sin.
ALV. We will assemble all the states of Spain,
And as they judge so justice shall be done.
ELEAZ. A guard!—to prison with the cardinal.

Enter ZARACK, BALTAZAR, *and others.*

CARD. Damn'd slave, my tongue shall go at liberty
To curse thee, ban that strumpet! dogs keep off!

ELEAZ. Hist! hist! on! on!

Q. MO. I cannot brook his sight

ALV. You must to prison, and be patient.

CARD. Weep'st thou, Alvero? all struck dumb? My fears
Are that those drops will change to bloody tears.
This woman, and this serpent——

Q. MO. Drag him hence.

CARD. Who dares lay hands upon me? Lords of Spain,
Let your swords bail me: this false queen did lie.

ELEAZ. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

CARD. I'll fight thee, damned hell-hound, for my life.

ELEAZ. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

CARD. I'll prove upon thy head—

ELEAZ. The slave shall die.

CARD. Lords, stop this villain's threat!

ELEAZ. Shall die, shall die.

CARD. Hear me but speak!

ELEAZ. Away!

ALV. Words are ill spent,
Where wrong sits judge; you're arm'd if innocent.

CARD. Well then, I must to prison: Moor! no more.
Heavens thou art just! Prince Philip I betray'd,
And now myself fall; guile with guile is paid.
[*Exit.*

Q. MO. Philip being prov'd a bastard, who shall sit
Upon this empty th ?

ELEAZ. Strumpet! not you.

Q. MO. Strumpet! and I not sit there! who then?

ELEAZ. Down!
Back! if she touch it she'll bewitch the chair;
This throne belongs to Isabel the fair.
Bring forth the princess dress'd in royal robes,
The true affecter of Alvero's son,
Virtuous Hortenzo. Lords, behold your queen.

Enter ISABELLA, *in royal robes.* HORTENZO.

Q. MO. Thou villain, what intend'st thou? savage slave!

ELEAZ. To advance virtue thus, and thus to tread
On lust, on murder, on adultery's head.
Look lords upon your sovereign Isabel!
Though all may doubt the fruits of such a womb,
Is she not like King Philip? Let her rule.

Q. MO. She rule!

ELEAZ. She rule: aye she.

Q. MO. A child to sway an empire? I am her protectress;
I'll pour black curses on thy damned head,
If thou wrong'st me. Lords! lords!

ELEAZ. Princes of Spain,

Be deaf, be blind! hear not, behold her not!
She kill'd my virtuous wife.
Q. Mo. He kill'd your king.
ELEAZ. 'Twas in my just wrath.
Q. Mo. 'Twas to get his crown.
ELEAZ. His crown! why here 'tis: thou slew'st my Maria,
To have access to my unstained bed.
Q. Mo. Oh, heaven!
ELEAZ. 'Tis true: how often have I stopp'd
Thy unchaste songs from passing through mine ears.
How oft, when thy luxurious arms have twin'd
About my jetty neck, have I cried out,
Away, those scalding veins burn me: 'tis true,
Q. Mo. Devil! 'tis a lie.
ELEAZ. Thou slew'st my sweet Maria;
Alvero, 'twas thy daughter, 'twas; Hortenzo,
She was thy sister; justice, Isabella;
This serpent poison'd thy dear father's bed,
Setting large horns on his imperial head.
Q. Mo. Hear me!
ELEAZ. Hah! why?
ALV. Madam, you shall be heard
Before the courts, before the courts of Spain.
ELEAZ. A guard! a guard!
Enter two Moors and others.
Q. Mo. A guard! for what? for whom?
HORTEN. To wait on you;
So many great sins must not wait with few.

Q. Mo. Keep me in prison! dare you, lords?
ALV. Oh no!
Were your cause strong, we would not arm you so;
But honour fainting, needeth many hands;
Kingdoms stand safe, when mischief lies in bands.
You must to prison. [*Exeunt.*
Q. Mo. Must I! must I! slave!
I'll damn thee ere thou triumph'st o'er my grave.
[*Exit with a guard.*

Manet ELEAZAR.

ELEAZ. Do, do!—my jocund spleen!
It does, it will, it shall—I have at one throw
Rifled away the diadem of Spain;
'Tis gone, and there's no more to set but this
At all; then at this last cast I'll sweep up
My former petty losses, or lose all,
Like to a desperate gamester.

Enter ZARACK.

Hah! how? fast?
ZAR. Except their bodies turn to airy spirits,
And fly through windows, they are safe, my lord:
If they can eat through locks and bars of iron,
They may escape; if not, then not.
ELEAZ. Oh, Zarack!
Wit is a thief; there's pick-lock policy,
To whom all doors fly open; therefore, go,
In our name charge the keeper to resign
His office; and if he have tricks of cruelty,
Let him bequeath 'em at his death, for kill him.

Turn all thy body into eyes,
And watch them; let those eyes, like fiery comets,
Sparkle out nothing but the death of kings.
And—ah! now thus: thou know'st I did invent
A torturing iron chain.

ZAR. Oh, for necks, my lord.

ELEAZ. Aye; that, that, that; away, and yoke them,—stay.

Enter BALTAZAR.

Here's Baltazar; go both, teach them to preach
Through an iron pillory. I'll spread a net
To catch Alvero; oh, he is old and wise;
They are unfit to live, that have sharp eyes.
Hortenzo, Roderigo, to't, to't: all
They have supple knees, sleek'd brows, but hearts of gall;
The bitterness shall be wash'd off with blood:
Tyrants swim safest in a crimson flood.

BALT. I come to tell your grace, that Isabella
Is with Hortenzo arm in arm at hand;
Zarack and I may kill them now with ease.
Is't done? and then, 'tis done.

ZAR. Murder thou the man,
And I'll stab her.

ELEAZ. No, I'll speed her myself.
Arm in arm, so, so; look upon this ring;
Whoever brings this token to your hands,
Regard not for what purpose, seize on them,
And chain them to the rest: they come, away!

Murder be proud! and tragedy laugh on!
I'll seek a stage for thee to jet upon.

[*Exeunt two Moors.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* HORTENZO; *seeing the Moor, they turn back.*

ELEAZ. My lord, my lord Hortenzo!
HORTEN. Hah! is't you?
Trust me I saw you not.
ELEAZ. What makes your grace so sad?
HORTEN. She grieves for the imprison'd queen, her mother,
And for Philip; in the sandy heap
That wait upon an hour, there are not found
So many little bodies, as those sighs
And tears which she hath every minute spent,
Since her lov'd brother felt imprisonment.
ELEAZ. Pity, great pity! would it lay in me
To give him liberty!
ISA. It does.
ELEAZ. In me!
Free him, your mother queen, and cardinal too!
In me! alas! not me; no, no; in you:
Yet, for I'll have my conscience white and pure,
Here, madam, take this ring; and if my name
Can break down castle-walls and open gates,
Take it, and do't; fetch them all forth,—and yet
'Tis unfit you should go.
HORTEN. That happy office I'll execute myself.
ELEAZ. Will you? Would I

Stood gracious in their sight! Well, go,
Do what you will: Hortenzo, if this charm
Unbinds them, here 'tis: lady, you and I
Aloof will follow him, and when we meet
Speak for me, for I'll kiss Philippo's feet.

HORTEN. I shall be proud to see all reconcil'd.
[Exit.

ELEAZ. Alas, my lord! why true; go, go.

ISA. Make haste, dear love.

ELEAZ. Hortenzo is a man
Compos'd of sweet proportion; has a foot
A leg, a hand, a face, an eye, a wit,
The best, Hortenzo, in the Spanish court.
Oh! he's the nonpareil.

ISA. Your tongue had wont
To be more sparing in Hortenzo's praise.

ELEAZ. Ah! I may curse his praises, rather ban
Mine own nativity: why did this colour
Dart in my flesh so far! Oh! would my face
Were of Hortenzo's fashion; else would yours
Were as black as mine is.

ISA. Mine like yours, why?

ELEAZ. Hark!
I love you; yes, 'faith, I said this, I love you;
I do; leave him!

ISA. Damnation, vanish from me!

ELEAZ. Coy!
Were you as hard as flint, oh! you should yield
Like soften'd wax; were you as pure as fire,

I'd touch you; yes, I'll taint you: see you this,
I'll bring you to this lure.
ISA. If I want hands
To kill myself before thou dost it, do.
ELEAZ. I'll cut away your hands. Well, my desire
Is raging as the sea, and mad as fire.
Will you!
ISA. Torment me not, good devil.
ELEAZ. Will you?
ISA. I'll tear mine eyes out if they tempt thy lust.
ELEAZ. Do.
ISA. Touch me not; these knives——
ELEAZ. Ah, ah: kill yourself,
Because I jest with you! I wrong Hortenzo.
Settle your thoughts, 'twas but a trick to try
That which few women have, true constancy.
ISA. If then my speeches taste of gall——
ELEAZ. Nay, faith,
You are not bitter; no; you should have rail'd,
Have spit upon me, spurn'd me; you are not bitter:
Why, do you think that I'd nurse a thought,
To hurt your honour? If that thought had brains
I'd beat them out. But come: by this Hortenzo
Is fast.
ISA. Hah! fast?
ELEAZ. Aye, fast in Philip's arms;
Wrestling together for the price of love;
By this they're on the way: I'll be your guard;

Come follow me; I'll lead you in the van,
[*Aside.*] Where thou shalt see four chins upon one chain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter HORTENZO, QUEEN MOTHER, CARDINAL, *and* PHILIP, *chained by the necks.* ZARACK *and* BALTAZAR *busy about fastening* HORTENZO.

HORTEN. You damned ministers of villany,
Sworn to damnation by the book of hell;
You maps of night, you element of devils,
Why do you yoke my neck with iron chains?

BALT. Many do borrow chains, but you have this,
Gratis, for nothing.

CARD. Slaves, unbind us!

BOTH. No. [*Exeunt the two Moors.*

PHIL. I am impatient; veins, why crack you not,
And tilt your blood into the face of heaven,
To make red clouds, like ensigns in the sky,
Displaying a damn'd tyrant's cruelty!
Yet can I laugh in my extremest pangs
Of blood and spirit, to see the cardinal
Keep rank with me; and my vile mother queen,
To see herself where she would have me seen.
Good fellowship i'faith.

HORTEN. And I can tell,
True misery loves a companion well.

PHIL. Thou left'st me to the mercy of a Moor,

That hath damnation dy'd upon his flesh;
'Twas well; thou, mother, didst unmotherly
Betray thy true son to false bastardy;
Thou left'st me then, now thou art found and stay'd,
And thou who didst betray me art betray'd.
A plague upon you all!

CARD. Thou cursest them,
Whom I may curse: first, may I curse myself,
Too credulous of loyalty and love;
Next may I curse the Moor, more than a devil;
And last thy mother, mother of all evil.

Q. MO. All curses and all crosses light on thee!
What need I curse myself when all curse me.
I have been deadly impious I confess,
Forgive me, and my sin will seem the less.
This heavy chain which now my neck assaults,
Weighs ten times lighter than my heavy faults.

PHIL. Hortenzo, I commend myself to thee;
Thou that art near'st, stand'st furthest off from me.

HORTEN. That mould of hell, that Moor, has chain'd me here;
'Tis not myself, but Isabel I fear.

Enter ELEAZAR, ISABELLA, ZARACK, *and* BALTAZAR.

ELEAZ. It's strange!
Will not Prince Philip come with Hortenzo?

ZAR. He swears he'll live and die there.

ELEAZ. Marry, and shall. [*Aside.*
I pray persuade him, you, to leave the place.

A prison! why it's hell. Alas, here they be!
Hah! they are they i'faith; see, see, see, see!

ALL. Moor, devil, toad, serpent!

ELEAZ. Oh, sweet airs, sweet voices!

ISA. Oh, my Hortenzo!

ELEAZ. Do not these birds sing sweetly, Isabella?
Oh! how their spirits would leap aloft and spring,
Had they their throats at liberty to sing!

PHIL. Damnation dog thee!

CARD. Furies follow thee!

Q. MO. Comets confound thee!

HORTEN. And hell swallow thee!

ELEAZ. Sweeter and sweeter still. Oh, [illegible]!
Why there's no music like to misery.

ISA. Hast thou betray'd me thus?

ELEAZ. Not I, not I.

PHIL. Sirrah! hedge-hog!

ELEAZ. Hah! I'll hear thee presently.

ISA. Hear me then, hell-hound; slaves, unchain
my love,
Or by——

ELEAZ. By what? Is't not rare walking here?
Methinks this stage shews like a tennis-court;
Does it not Isabel? I'll shew thee how.
Suppose that iron chain to be the line,
The prison doors the hazard, and their heads,
Scarce peeping o'er the line, suppose the balls:
Had I a racket now of burnish'd steel,
How smoothly could I bandy every ball
Over this globe of earth, win set, and all.

PHIL. How brisk the villain jets in villany.
ELEAZ. Prating! he's proud because he wears a chain:
Take it off, Baltazar, and take him hence,
[*They unbind him.*
PHIL. And whither then, you dog?
ISA. Pity my brother.
ELEAZ. Pity him! no; away! I come, do come.
PHIL. I pray thee kill me: come.
ELEAZ. I hope to see
Thy own hands do that office. Down with him!
PHIL. Is there another hell?
2 MOORS. Try, try; [*They thrust him into the dungeon*] he's gone.
ELEAZ. So him next, her next, and next him; and then——
ALL. Worse than damnation! fiend, monster of men!
ELEAZ. Why, when? Down, down!
CARD. Slave, as thou thrust'st me down
Into this dungeon, so sink thou to hell.
Q. MO. Amen, amen.
ELEAZ. Together so; and you.
ISA. O pity my Hortenzo!
HORTEN. Farewell, my Isabel! my life, adieu!
ALL. Mischief and horror, let the Moor pursue!
ELEAZ. A concert! that amain; play that amain;
Amain, amain. No; so soon fallen asleep!
Nay, I'll not lose this music; sirrah, sirrah,
Take thou a drum, a trumpet thou; and hark,

Mad them with villainous sounds.

ZAR. Rare sport; let's go.

[*Exeunt Zarack and Baltazar.*

ELEAZ. About it: music will do well in woe.
How like you this?

ISA. Set my Hortenzo free,
And I'll like any thing.

ELEAZ. A fool, a fool!
Hortenzo free! why look you; he free! no;
Then must he marry you; you must be queen,
He in a manner king; these dignities,
Like poison, make men swell; this ratsbane honour,
Oh, 'tis so sweet! they'll lick it till all burst:
He will be proud; and pride, you know, must fall.
Come, come, he shall not; no, no, 'tis more meet
To keep him down safe standing on his feet.

ISA. Eleazar!

ELEAZ. Mark! the imperial chair of Spain
Is now as empty as a miser's alms:
Be wise, I yet dare sit in't; it's for you,
If you will be for me; there's room for two.
Do meditate; muse on't: its best for thee
To love me, live with me, and lie with me.

ISA. Thou know'st I'll first lie in the arms of death.
My meditations are how to revenge
Thy bloody tyrannies. I fear thee not,
Inhuman slave! but to thy face defy
Thy lust, thy love, thy barbarous villany.

ELEAZ. Zarack!

Enter ZARACK.

ZAR. My lord.

ELEAZ. Where's Baltazar?

ZAR. A drumming.

ELEAZ. I have made them rave, and curse, and so—guard her!

Your court shall be this prison; guard her, slaves,
With open eyes: defy me! see my veins
Stretch'd* out, being over-heated with my blood,
Boiling in wrath! I'll tame you.

ISA. Do, do!

ELEAZ. Hah!

I will—and once more fill a kingdom's throne.
Spain, I'll new mould thee: I will have a chair
Made all of dead men's bones; and the ascents
Shall be the heads of Spaniards set in ranks:
I will have Philip's head, Hortenzo's head,
Mendoza's head, thy mother's head, and this;
This head, that is so cross, I'll have't.
The scene wants actors; I'll fetch more, and clothe it
In rich Cothurnal pomp: a tragedy
Ought to be grave, graves this shall beautify.
Moor, execute to th' life my dread commands;
Vengeance awake! thou hast much work in hand.

[*Exit.*

ZAR. I'm weary of this office and this life;
It is too thirsty, and I would your blood
Might 'scape the filling out. By heaven I swear,
I scorn these blows and his rebukes to bear.

* *Struck't out*, in the old editions.

ISA. O Zarack! pity me! I love thee well;
Love deserves pity; pity Isabel!
ZAR. What would you have me do?
ISA. To kill this Moor.
ZAR. I'll cast an eye of death upon my face,—
I'll be no more his slave; swear to advance me,
And by yon setting sun this hand, and this,
Shall rid you of a tyrant.
ISA. By my birth,
No Spaniard's honour'd place shall equal thine.
ZAR. I'll kill him then.
ISA. And Baltazar.
ZAR. And he.
ISA. I pray thee first fetch Philip and Hortenzo
Out of that hell; they two will be most glad
To aid thee in this execution.
ZAR. My Lord Philippo and Hortenzo rise!
Your hands; [*He helps them out of the dungeon.*] so;
talk to her: at my return,
This sword shall reek with blood of Baltazar. [*Exit.*
PHIL. Three curses (like three commendations
To their souls) I send: thy tortur'd brother
Does curse the cardinal, the Moor, thy mother.
ISA. Curse not at all! dear souls, revenge is hot,
And boils in Zarack's brains; the plot is cast
Into the mould of hell: you freemen are:
Zarack will kill the Moor and Baltazar.
HORTEN. How can that relish?
ISA. Why, I'll tell you how:
I did profess, aye, and protested too,

I lov'd him well; what will not sorrow do!
Then he profess'd, aye, and protested too
To kill them both; what will not devils do!

PHIL. Then I profess, aye, and protest it too,
That here's for him; what will not Philip do!

HORTEN. See, where he comes.

Enter the two MOORS.

BALT. Zarack, what do I see?
Hortenzo and Philippo! who did this?

ZAR. I, Baltazar.

BALT. Thou art half damn'd for it;
I'll to my lord.

ZAR. I'll stop you on your way;
Lie there, thy tongue shall tell no tales to-day.
[*Stabs him.*

PHIL. Nor thine to-morrow, this revenge was well; [*Stabs him.*
By this time both the slaves shake hands in hell.

ISA. Philippo and Hortenzo, stand you still?
What! dote you both? Cannot you see your play?
Well fare a woman then to lead the way.
Once rob the dead; put the Moors' habits on,
And paint your faces with the oil of hell:
So, waiting on the tyrant——

PHIL. Come, no more,
'Tis here and here: room there below—stand wide!
Bury them well since they so godly died.

HORTEN. Away then; fate now let revenge be plac'd.

PHIL. Here.

HORTEN. And here; a tyrant's blood doth sweetly taste. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter ELEAZAR, ALVERO, RODERIGO, CHRISTOFERO, *and other* LORDS.

ELEAZ. What, I imprison! Who?
ALL. Philip and Hortenzo.
ELEAZ. Philip and Hortenzo! ha, ha, ha.
ROD. Why laughs the Moor?
ELEAZ. I laugh because you jest:
Laugh at a jest. Who, I imprison them?
I prize their lives with weights, their necks with chains,
Their hands with manacles! do I all this?
Because my face is in night's colour dyed,
Think you my conscience and my soul is so?
Black faces may have hearts as white as snow;
And 'tis a general rule in moral rules,
The whitest faces have the blackest souls.
ALV. But touching my Hortenzo——
ELEAZ. Good old man,
I never touch'd him; do not touch me then
With thy Hortenzo.
CHRISTO. Where's Philip too?
ELEAZ. And where's Philippo too?
I pray, I pray, is Philip a tame Spaniard?
What, can I philip him hither, hither make him fly?
First, where's Hortenzo? Where's Philippo too?
ROD. And where is Isabel? She was with you.

ELEAZ. And where is Isabel? She was with me.

Enter PHILIP *and* HORTENZO *like Moors.*

And so are you; yet are you well, you see:
But in good time, see where their keepers come.
Come hither, Zarack; Baltazar, come hither:
Zarack, old Lord Alvero asks of thee
Where young Hortenzo is.

HORTEN. My lord, set free.

ELEAZ. Oh! is he so? Come hither, Baltazar:
Lord Christofero here would ask of thee,
Where Prince Philippo is.

PHIL. My lord, set free.

ELEAZ. Oh! is he so? Roderigo asketh me for Isabel.

PHIL. I say, my lord, she's free.

ELEAZ. Oh? is she so?

PHIL. Believe me, lords.

HORTEN. And me.

PHIL. I set Philippo——

HORTEN. I, Hortenzo free.

ELEAZ. My lords, because you shall believe me too,
Go to the castle, I will follow you.

ALV. Thanks to the mighty Moor; and for his fame,
Be more in honour than thou art in name:
But let me wish the other prisoners well,
The queen and cardinal: let all have right,
Let law absolve them, or dissolve them quite.

ELEAZ. Grave man, thy grey hairs paint out gravity;

Thy counsels wisdom, thy wit policy.
There let us meet, and with a general brain
Erect the peace of spirit, and of Spain.

ALV. Then will Spain flourish.

ELEAZ. Aye, when it is mine.

ROD. Oh, heavenly meeting!

ELEAZ. [*Aside.*] We must part in hell.

CHRISTO. True peace of joy. [*Exeunt.*

Manent ELEAZAR, PHILIP, *and* HORTENZO.

ELEAZ. 'Tis a dissembling knell;
Farewell, my lords! meet there! so, ha, ha, ha!
[*Draws his rapier.*
Now tragedy, thou minion of the night,
Rhamnusia's pew-fellow, to thee I'll sing
Upon a harp made of dead Spanish bones,
The proudest instrument the world affords;
When thou in crimson jollity shalt bathe
Thy limbs, as black as mine, in springs of blood
Still gushing from the conduit-head of Spain.
To thee, that never blushest, though thy cheeks
Are full of blood, O saint Revenge, to thee
I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
My bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,
The volume of all wounds that wound from me;
Mine is the stage, thine is the tragedy.
Where am I now? Oh! at the prison; true.
Zarack and Baltazar, come hither! see!
Survey my library! I study—I,
Whilst you two sleep; marry, 'tis villany.
Here's a good book, Zarack, behold it well,
It's deeply written, for 'twas made in hell:

Now, Baltazar, a better book for thee;
But, for myself, this, this, the best of all;
And therefore do I chain it every day,
For fear the readers steal the art away.
Where thou stand'st now there must Hortenzo hang,
Like Tantalus in a maw-eating pang.
There, Baltazar, must Prince Philip stand,
Like damn'd Prometheus; and to act his part,
Shall have a dagger sticking at his heart.
But in my room I'll set the cardinal,
And he shall preach repentance to them all.
Ha, ha, ha!

PHIL. Damnation tickles him; he laughs again.
Philip must stand there and bleed to death.
Well, villain, I only laugh to see
That we shall live to out-laugh him and thee.

ELEZA. Oh! fit, fit, fit! stay, a rare jest! rare jest!
Zarack, suppose thou art Hortenzo now;
I pray thee stand in passion of a pang,
To see, by thee, how quaintly he would hang.

HORTEN. [*Aside.*] I am Hortenzo; tut, tut, fear not man,
Thou lookest like Zarack.

ELEZA. Aye, Hortenzo,
He shall hang here i' faith; come, Zarack, come,
And, Baltazar, take thou Philippo's room:
First let me see you plac'd.

PHIL. We're plac'd. [*He fastens them.*]

ELEAZ. Slaves! ha, ha, ha!
You are but players, they must end the play;
How like Hortenzo and Philippo! ha!

Stand my two slaves! were they as black as you.
Well, Zarack, I'll unfix thee first of all,
Thou shalt help me to play the cardinal:
This iron engine on his head I'll clap,
Like a pope's mitre or a cardinal's cap;
Then manacle his hands, as thou dost mine;
So, so, I pray thee, Zarack, set him free,
That both of you may stand and laugh at me.

PHIL. 'Tis fine, i' faith; call in more company;
Alvero, Roderigo, and the rest!
Who will not laugh at Eleazar's jest?

ELEAZ. What! Zarack! Baltazar!

PHIL. Ah! anon, anon;
We have not laugh'd enough, it's but begun.
[*Knocking.*

Who knocks?

ELEAZ. Unmanacle my hands I say.

PHIL. Then shall we mar our mirth, and spoil the play. [*Knocking again.*

Who knocks?

ALV. [*Within.*] Alvero.

PHIL. Let Alvero in.

ELEAZ. And let me out.

Enter all below.

PHIL. I thank you for that flout;
To let Alvero in, and let you out.

ELEAZ. Villains! slaves! am not I your lord, the Moor,
And Eleazar?

Q. MO. And the devil of hell;

And more than that, and Eleazar too.

ELEAZ. And devil's dam, what do I here with you?

Q. MO. My tongue shall torture thee.

ELEAZ. I know thee then;
All women's tongues are tortures unto men.

Q. MO. Spaniards, this was the villain; this is he,
Who through incitements of alluring lust,
And glory, which makes silly women proud
And men malicious, did incense my spirit
Beyond the limits of a woman's mind
To wrong myself, and that lord cardinal;
And that which sticks more near unto my blood,
He that was nearest to my blood, my son,
To dispossess him of his right by wrong:
Oh! that I might embrace him on this breast,
Which did enclose him when he first was born:
No greater happiness can heaven show'r upon me,
Than to circle in these arms of mine
That son, whose royal blood I did defame
To crown with honour an ambitious Moor.

PHIL. Thus then thy happiness is complete;
[*Embraces her.*
Behold thy Philip ransom'd from that prison,
In which the Moor had cloistered him.

HORTEN. And here's Hortenzo.

ELEAZ. Then am I betrayed and cozen'd
In my own designs; I did contrive
Their ruin; but their subtle policy
Hath blasted my ambitious thoughts. Villains!
Where's Zarack? Where's Baltazar?

What have you done with them?

PHIL. They're gone to Pluto's kingdom, to provide
A place for thee, and to attend thee there;
But, lest they should be tir'd with too long
Expecting hopes; come, brave spirits of Spain!
This is the Moor, the actor of these evils;
Thus thrust him down to act among the devils.
[*Stabs him.*

ELEAZ. And am I thus dispatch'd!
Had I but breath'd the space of one hour longer,
I would have fully acted my revenge:
But oh! now pallid death bids me prepare,
And haste to Charon for to be his fare.
I come, I come: but ere my glass is run,
I'll curse you all; and cursing end my life.
May'st thou, lascivious queen, whose damn'd charms
Bewitch'd me to the circle of thy arms,
Unpity'd die, consum'd with loathed lust,
Which thy venerous mind hath basely nurs'd!
And for you, Philip, may your days be long,
But clouded with perpetual misery!
May thou, Hortenzo, and thy Isabel,
Be fetch'd alive by furies into hell,
There to be damn'd for ever. Oh! I faint;
Devils, come claim your right, and when I am
Confin'd within your kingdom, then shall I
Out-act you all in perfect villany. [*Dies.*

PHIL. Take down his body while his blood streams forth;
His acts are past, and our last act is done.

Now do I challenge my hereditary right
To the royal Spanish throne, usurp'd by him,
In which, in all your sights, I thus do plant myself.
Lord Cardinal, and you the queen my mother,
I pardon all those crimes you have committed.

Q. Mo. I'll now repose myself in peaceful rest,
And fly unto some solitary residence,
Where I'll spin out the remnant of my life
In true contrition for my past offences.

PHIL. And now, Hortenzo, to close up your wound,
I here contract my sister unto thee,
With comic joy to end a tragedy.
And for the barbarous Moor, and his black train,
Let all the Moors be banished from Spain.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut nectar, Ingenium. At London. Imprinted for John Flasket, and are to be sold in Paule's Church Yard, at the signe of the Blacke Beare, 1606.

This poem, founded on the story of Hero and Leander, as related by Musæus, was projected by Marlowe, who, however, only lived to finish the first and second Sestyads, and to commence the third. The part completed by Marlowe was published in 1598, and was reprinted, with a continuation by George Chapman in 1600, and again in 1606 and 1637. Sir Egerton Bridges almost entirely reprinted it in his *Restituta*, and a complete edition forms No. VIII. of the *Select Early English Poets*. Another continuation of Marlowe's unfinished poem was written by Henry Petowe, and published in 1598.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST SESTYAD.

Hero's description, and her loves;
The Fane of Venus, where he moves
His worthy love-suit, and attains;
Whose bliss the wrath of Fates restrains,
For Cupid's grace to Mercury:
Which tale the author doth imply.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE FIRST SESTYAD.

On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoin'd by Neptune's might:
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair;
And offer'd as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments was of lawn,
The lining, purple silk, with gilt stars drawn,
Her wide sleeves green, and border'd with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reach'd to the ground beneath.
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she pass'd,
When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast.

And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble stone,
Which, light'ned by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silver'd, used she;
And branch'd with blushing coral to the knee;
Where sparrows perch'd, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which, as she went, would cherup through the hills
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pin'd,
And looking in her face was stricken blind.
But this is true; so like was one the other,
As he imagin'd Hero was his mother:
And oftentimes into her bosom flew;
About her naked neck his bare arms threw;
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rock, there took his rest.
So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft:
Therefore in sign her treasure suffer'd wrack,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.

Amorous LEANDER, beautiful and young,
(Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung)

Dwelt at Abydos, since him dwelt there none,
For whom succeeding times may greater moan.
His dangling tresses, that were never shorn,
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allur'd the vent'rous youth of Greece,
To hazard more than for the golden fleece.
Fair Cynthia wish'd his arms might be her sphere;
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand;
Jove might have sipp'd out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpass'd
The white of Pelops' shoulder; I could tell ye,
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly;
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint,
That runs along his back; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men;
Much less of powerful gods: let it suffice,
That my slack Muse sings of Leander's eyes.
Those orient cheeks and lips exceeding his,
That leap'd into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
Enamour'd of his beauty had he been;
His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
That in the vast uplandish country dwelt;
The barbarous Thracian soldier, mov'd with nought,
Was mov'd with him, and for his favour sought.

Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire;
A pleasant smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally;
And such as knew he was a man, would say,
"Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
Why art thou not in love? and lov'd of all?
Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall."

The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis, kept a solemn feast;
Thither resorted many a wander'd guest,
To meet their loves: such as had none at all,
Came lovers home from this great festival.
For every street like to a firmament,
Glister'd with breathing stars, who where they went,
Frighted the melancholy earth which deem'd
Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seem'd,
As if another Phaëton had got
The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.
But far above the loveliest, Hero shin'd,
And stole away the enchanted gazer's mind;
For, like sea nymphs' inveigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers by.
Nor that night-wand'ring, pale, and wat'ry star,
(When yawning dragons draw her whirling car,
From Latmos' mount up to the gloomy sky,
Where, crown'd with blazing light and majesty,

She proudly sits,) more overrules the flood
Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.
Even as when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,
Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,
Incens'd with savage heat, gallop amain
From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain;
So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
And all that view'd her were enamour'd on her.
And as in fury of a dreadful fight,
Their fellows being slain, or put to flight,
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead strooken,
So at her presence all surpris'd and tooken,
Await the sentence of her scornful eyes;
He whom she favours, lives; the other dies.
There might you see one sigh; another rage;
And some, their violent passions to assuage,
Compile sharp satires; but, alas, too late:
For faithful love will never turn to hate.
And many seeing great princes were denied,
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast-day, O cursed day and hour!
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
As after chanc'd, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none;
The walls were of discolour'd jasper stone,
Wherein was Proteus carv'd; and over head
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other wine from grapes outwrung.

Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
The town of Sestos call'd it Venus' glass:
There might you see the gods in sundry shapes,
Committing heady riots, incest, rapes:
For know, that underneath this radiant flower
Was Danae's statue in a brazen tower:
Jove slily stealing from his sister's bed,
To dally with Idalian Ganymede:
And for his love Europa bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the rainbow in a cloud.
Blood-quaffing Mars, heaving the iron net,
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set:
Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy;
Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy,
That now is turn'd into a cypress tree,
Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood;
There Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood,
Kneel'd to the ground, veiling her eyelids close;
And modestly they open'd as she rose:
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head;
And thus Leander was enamoured.
Stone still he stood, and evermore he gaz'd,
Till with the fire, that from his countenance blaz'd,
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook:
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overrul'd by fate.

When two are stripp'd long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win.
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

He kneel'd; but unto her devoutly pray'd:
Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said:
"Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him:"
And as she spake those words, came somewhat near him.
He started up; she blush'd as one asham'd;
Wherewith Leander much more was inflam'd.
He touch'd her hand; in touching it she trembled;
Love deeply grounded, hardly is dissembled.
These lovers parled by the touch of hands;
True love is mute: and oft amazed stands.
Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled,
The air with sparks of living fire was spangled;
And Night deep-drench'd in misty Acheron,
Heav'd up her head, and half the world upon,
Breath'd darkness forth; (dark night is Cupid's day)
And now begins Leander to display
Love's holy fire, with words, with sighs, and tears,
Which like sweet music enter'd Hero's ears:
And yet at every word she turn'd aside,
And always cut him off, as he replied.

At last, like to a bold, sharp sophister,
With cheerful hope thus he accosted her:

"Fair creature, let me speak without offence:
I would my rude words had the influence
To lead thy thoughts as thy fair looks do mine;
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.
Be not unkind and fair; mis-shapen stuff
Are of behaviour boisterous and rough.
O shun me not; but hear me ere you go:
God knows, I cannot force love, as you do.
My words shall be as spotless as my youth,
Full of simplicity and naked truth.
This sacrifice, whose sweet perfume descending
From Venus' altar to your footsteps bending,
Doth testify that you exceed her far,
To whom you offer, and whose nun you are.
Why should you worship her? Her you surpass,
As much as sparkling diamonds flaring glass.
A diamond set in lead his worth retains;
A heavenly nymph, belov'd of human swains,
Receives no blemish; but oftimes more grace;
Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
Base in respect of thee, divine and pure,
Dutiful service may thy love procure;
And I in duty will excel all other,
As thou in beauty dost exceed Love's mother.
Nor heaven, nor thou, were made to gaze upon;
As heaven preserves all things, so save thou one
A stately builded ship, well-rigg'd and tall,
The ocean maketh more majestical.

Why vow'st thou then to live in Sestos here,
Who on Love's seas more glorious wouldst appear?
Like untun'd golden strings all women are,
Which long time lie untouch'd, will quickly jar.
Vessels of brass, oft handled, brightly shine;
What difference betwixt the richest mine
And basest mould, but use? For both, not us'd,
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abus'd,
When misers keep it; being put to loan,
In time it will return us two for one.
Rich robes themselves and others do adorn;
Neither themselves nor others, if not worn.
Who builds a palace, and rams up the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate:
Ah! simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish,
Lone women like to empty houses perish.
Less sins the poor rich man, that starves himself,
In heaping up a mass of drossy pelf,
Than such as you: his golden earth remains,
Which after his decease some other gains;
But this fair gem, sweet in the loss alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none;
Or if it could, down from the enamell'd sky,
All heaven would come to claim this legacy;
And with intestine broils the world destroy,
And quite confound Nature's sweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We human creatures should enjoy that bliss.
One is no number; maids are nothing then,
Without the sweet society of men.

Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou be,
Though never-singing Hymen couple thee.
Wild savages, that drink of running springs,
Think water far excels all earthly things:
But they, that daily taste neat wines, despise it:
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,
Compar'd with marriage, had you tried them both,
Differs as much as wine and water doth.
Base bullion for the stamp's sake we allow;
Even so for men's impression do we you.
By which alone our reverend fathers say,
Women receive perfection every way.
This idol, which you term virginity,
Is neither essence subject to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior sense,
Nor hath it any place of residence
Nor is't of earth, or mould celestial,
Or capable of any form at all.
Of that which hath no being, do not boast;
Things that are not at all, are never lost.
Men foolishly do call it virtuous,
What virtue is it, that is born with us?
Much less can honour be ascrib'd thereto:
Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we do.
Believe me, Hero, honour is not won,
Until some honourable deed be done.
Seek you, for chastity, immortal fame;
And know that some have wrong'd Diana's name?
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot?

But you are fair, ah me! so wondrous fair,
So young, so gentle, and so debonair,
As Greece will think, if thus you live alone,
Some one or other keeps you as his own.
Then, Hero, hate me not, nor from me fly,
To follow swiftly blasting infamy.
Perhaps thy sacred priesthood makes thee loath:
Tell me, to whom mad'st thou that heedless oath?"

"To Venus," answer'd she; and, as she spake,
Forth from those two translucent cisterns brake
A stream of liquid pearl, which down her face
Made milk-white paths, whereon the gods might trace
To Jove's high court. He thus replied: "The rites
In which Love's beauteous empress most delights,
Are banquets, Doric music, midnight revel,
Plays, masks, and all that stern age counteth evil.
Thee as a holy idiot doth she scorn;
For thou, in vowing chastity, hast sworn
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Committ'st a sin far worse than perjury,
Even sacrilege against her deity,
Through regular and formal purity.
To expiate which sin, kiss, and shake hands:
Such sacrifice as this Venus demands."

Thereat she smil'd, and did deny him so,
As but thereby, yet might he hope for mo;
Which makes him quickly reinforce his speech,
And her in humble manner thus beseech:

"Though neither gods nor men may thee deserve,
Yet for her sake, whom you have vow'd to serve,
Abandon fruitless cold virginity,
The gentle Queen of Love's sole enemy.
Then shall you most resemble Venus' nun,
When Venus' sweet rites are perform'd and done.
Flint-breasted Pallas joys in single life;
But Pallas and your mistress are at strife.
Love, Hero, then, and be not tyrannous;
But heal the heart that thou hast wounded thus;
Nor stain thy youthful years with avarice:
Fair fools delight to be accounted nice.
The richest corn dies, if it be not reap'd;
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept."
These arguments he us'd, and many more;
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.
Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war;
Women are won when they begin to jar.
Thus having swallow'd Cupid's golden hook,
The more she striv'd, the deeper was she strook.
Yet evilly feigning anger, strove she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.
So having paus'd awhile, at last she said,
"Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?
Ah me! such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the orator."
With that Leander stoop'd, to have embrac'd her,
But from his spreading arms away she cast her,
And thus bespake him: "Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.

Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
Far from the town, (where all is whist and still,
Save that the sea, playing on yellow sand,
Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus,
In silence of the night to visit us,)
My turret stands, and there, God knows, I play
With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.
A dwarfish beldam bears me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night, that might be better spent,
In vain discourse and apish merriment:
Come thither!" As she spake this, her tongue tripp'd;
For unawares, *Come thither*, from her slipp'd;
And suddenly her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eyes through anger rang'd;
And like a planet moving several ways
At one self instant, she poor soul, essays,
Loving, not to love at all, and every part
Strove to resist the motions of her heart.
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such
As might have made Heaven stoop to have a touch,
Did she uphold to Venus, and again
Vow'd spotless chastity, but all in vain:
Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings;
Her vows above the empty air he flings:
All deep enrag'd, his sinewy bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went;
Wherewith she stricken, look'd so dolefully,
As made Love sigh to see his tyranny.

And as she wept, her tears to pearl he turn'd,
And wound them on his arm, and for her mourn'd;
Then towards the palace of the Destinies,
Laden with languishment and grief, he flies,
And to those stern nymphs humbly made request,
Both might enjoy each other, and be bless'd;
But with a ghastly dreadful countenance,
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance,
They answer'd Love, nor would vouchsafe so much
As one poor word, their hate to him was such.
Hearken, awhile, and I will tell you why:

Heaven's winged herald, Jove-born Mercury,
The self-same day that he asleep had laid
Enchanted Argus, spied a country maid,
Whose careless hair, instead of pearl to' adorn it,
Glister'd with dew, as one that seem'd to scorn it:
Her breath, as fragrant as the morning rose;
Her mind pure, and her tongue untaught to glose:
Yet proud she was, for lofty Pride that dwells
In tow'red courts, is oft in shepherds' cells;
And too, too well the fair vermilion knew,
And silver tincture of her cheeks, that drew
The love of every swain: on her this god
Enamour'd was, and with his snaky rod
Did charm her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while upon the hillock down he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech her fancy to assay,

Till in his twining arms he lock'd her fast,
And then he woo'd with kisses, and at last,
As shepherds do, her on the ground he laid
And tumbling on the grass, he often stray'd
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eye those parts, which no eye should behold:
And like an insolent commanding lover,
Boasting his parentage, would needs discover
The way to new Elisium: but she,
Whose only dower was her chastity,
Having striv'n in vain, was now about to cry,
And crave the help of shepherds that were nigh.
Herewith he stay'd his fury; and began
To give her leave to rise; away she ran:
After went Mercury, who us'd such cunning,
As she, to hear his tale, left off her running;
(*Maids are not won by brutish force and might,*
But speeches full of pleasure and delight;)
And knowing Hermes courted her, was glad,
That she such loveliness and beauty had,
As could provoke his liking; yet was mute;
And neither would deny, nor grant his suit.
Still vow'd he love; she, wanting no excuse
To feed him with delays, as women use,
Or thirsting after immortality,
(*All women are ambitious naturally,*)
Impos'd upon her lover such a task,
As he ought not perform, nor yet she ask.
A draught of flowing nectar she requested,
Wherewith the king of gods and men is feasted.

He, ready to accomplish what she will'd,
Stole some from Hebe; (Hebe Jove's cup fill'd)
And gave it to his simple rustic love,
Which being known, (as what is hid from Jove?)
He inly storm'd, and wax'd more furious
Than for the fire filch'd by Prometheus;
And thrust him down from Heaven; he, wand'ring here,
In mournful terms, with sad and heavy cheer,
Complain'd to Cupid; Cupid, for his sake,
To be reveng'd on Jove did undertake;
And those on whom Heaven, earth, and Hell relies,
I mean the adamantine Destinies,
He wounds with love, and forc'd them equally
To doat upon deceitful Mercury.
They offer'd him the deadly fatal knife,
That shears the slender thread of human life;
At his fair feather'd feet the engines laid,
Which the earth from ugly Chaos' den upweigh'd:
These he regarded not; but did intreat
That Jove, usurper of his father's seat,
Might presently be banish'd into Hell,
And aged Saturn in Olympus dwell,
They granted what he crav'd; and once again
Saturn and Ops begun their golden reign.
Murder, rape, war, and lust, and treachery,
Were with Jove clos'd in Stygian empery.
But long this blessed time continued not;
As soon as he his wished purpose got,
He, reckless of his promise, did despise
The love of the' everlasting Destinies.

They, seeing it, both love and him abhorr'd,
And Jupiter unto his place restor'd.
And, but that Learning, in despite of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heaven gate,
And to the seat of Jove itself advance,
Hermes had slept in Hell with Ignorance.
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and Poverty should always kiss;
And to this day is every scholar poor;
Gross gold from them runs headlong to the boor.
Likewise the angry Sisters, thus deluded,
To venge themselves on Hermes, have concluded
That Midas' brood shall sit in Honour's chair,
To which the Muses' sons are only heir:
And fruitful wits, that inaspiring are,
Shall discontent run into regions far;
And few great lords in virtuous deeds shall joy,
But be surpris'd with every garish toy:
And still enrich the lofty servile clown,
Who with encroaching guile keeps learning down.
Then muse not Cupid's suit no better sped,
Seeing in their loves the Fates were injured.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND SESTYAD.

Hero of love takes deeper sense,
And doth her love more recompense:
Their first night's meeting, where sweet kisses
Are th' only crowns of both their blisses.
He swims to' Abydos and returns:
Cold Neptune with his beauty burns;
Whose suit he shuns, and doth aspire
Hero's fair tower, and his desire.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE SECOND SESTYAD.

By this, sad Hero, with love unacquainted,
Viewing Leander's face fell down and fainted.
He kiss'd her, and breath'd into her lips,
Wherewith, as one displeas'd, away she trips;
Yet as she went, full often look'd behind,
And many poor excuses did she find
To linger by the way, and once she stay'd,
And would have turn'd again, but was afraid,
In offering parley, to be counted light:
So on she goes, and in her idle flight,
Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to train Leander therewithal.
He, being a novice, knew not what she meant,
But stay'd, and after her a letter sent;
Which joyful Hero answer'd in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort
Wherein the liberal Graces lock'd their wealth,
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
Wide open stood the door; he need not climb;
And she herself, before th' appointed time,
Had spread the board, with roses strew'd the room,
And oft look'd out, and mus'd he did not come.—

At last he came; O who can tell the greeting
These greedy lovers had at their first meeting!
He ask'd—she gave—and nothing was denied;
Both to each other quickly were affied:
Look how their hands, so were their hearts united,
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
When like desires and like affections meet;
For from the earth to heaven is Cupid rais'd,
Where fancy is in equal balance peis'd*)
Yet she this rashness suddenly repented,
And turn'd aside, and to herself lamented:
As if her name and honour had been wrong'd,
By being possess'd of him for whom she long'd;
Aye, and she wish'd, albeit not from her heart,
That he would leave her turret and depart.
The mirthful god of amorous pleasure smil'd
To see how he this captive nymph beguil'd:
For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
And kept it down that it might mount the higher.—
Now wax'd she jealous, lest his love abated,
Fearing her own thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore unto him hastily she goes,
And, like light Salmacis, her body throws
Upon his bosom, where with yielding eyes
She offers up herself a sacrifice,
To slake his anger, if he were displeas'd:
O what god would not therewith be appeas'd?
Like Æsop's cock, this jewel he enjoy'd,
And as a brother with his sister toy'd,

* From the French verb. *peser*.

Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her favour and goodwill had won.
But know you not that creatures wanting sense,
By nature have a mutual appetence;
And wanting organs to advance a step,
Mov'd by Love's force, unto each other leap?
Much more in subjects having intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit Leander, rude in love and raw,
Long dallying with Hero, nothing saw
That might delight him more, yet he suspected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
Therefore unto his body hers he clung,
She, fearing on the rushes to be flung,
Striv'd with redoubled strength; the more she striv'd,
The more a gentle pleasing heat reviv'd,
Which taught him all that elder lovers know,
And now the same 'gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plain terms, yet cunningly, he'd crave it,
(Love always makes those eloquent that have it.)
She with a kind of granting, put him by it,
And ever, as he thought himself most nigh it,
Like to the tree of Tantalus she fled,
And seeming lavish, sav'd her maidenhead.
Ne'er king more sought to keep his diadem,
Than Hero this inestimable gem.
Above our life we love a steadfast friend,
Yet when a token of great worth we send,
We often kiss it, often look thereon,
And stay the messenger that would be gone;

No marvel then, though Hero would not yield
So soon to part from what she dearly held.
Jewels being lost are found again, this never,
'Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever.

Now had the Morn espied her lover's steeds,
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,
And red for anger that he stay'd so long,
All headlong throws herself the clouds among.
And now Leander, fearing to be miss'd,
Embrac'd her suddenly, took leave, and kiss'd;
Long was he taking leave, and loth to go,
And kiss'd again, as lovers use to do;
Sad Hero wrung him by the hand and wept,
Saying, "let your vows and promises be kept."
Then standing at the door, she turn'd about,
As loth to see Leander going out.—
And now the sun, that through th' horizon peeps,
As pitying these lovers, downward creeps.
So that in silence of the cloudy night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight,
But what the secret trusty night conceal'd,
Leander's amorous habit soon reveal'd;
With Cupid's myrtle was his bonnet crown'd,
About his arms the purple riband wound,
Wherewith she wreath'd her largely spreading hair;
Nor could the youth abstain, but he must wear
The sacred ring wherewith she was endow'd,
When first religious chastity she vow'd:

Which made his love through Sestos to be known,
And thence unto Abydos sooner blown
Than he could sail, for incorporeal fame,
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter than the wind, whose tardy plumes
Are reeking water and dull earthly fumes.
Home when he came, he seem'd not to be there,
But like exiled air thrust from his sphere,
Set in a foreign place, and straight from thence,
Alcides-like, by mighty violence,
He would have chas'd away the swelling main,
That him from her unjustly did detain.
Like as the sun in a diameter,
Fires and inflames objects removed far,
And heateth kindly, shining lat'rally;
So beauty sweetly quickens when 'tis nigh,
But being separated and remov'd,
Burns where it cherish'd, murders where it lov'd.
Therefore e'en as an index to a book,
So to his mind was young Leander's look.
O none but gods have power their love to hide!
Affection by the count'nance is descried;
The light of hidden fire itself discovers,
And love that is conceal'd betrays poor lovers.
His secret flame apparently was seen,—
Leander's father knew where he had been,
And for the same mildly rebuk'd his son,
Thinking to quench the sparkles new begun.
But love resisted once grows passionate,
And nothing more than counsel lovers hate;

For as a hot proud horse highly disdains
To have his head controll'd, but breaks the reins,
Spits forth his ringled bit, and with his hoofs
Checks the submissive ground; so he that loves,
The more he is restrain'd, the worse he fares;
What is it now but mad Leander dares?
"O Hero! Hero!" thus he cried full oft,
And then he got him to a rock aloft,
Where having spied her tower, long star'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toiling Hellespont
To part in twain, that he might come and go,
But still the rising billows answer'd, No.
With that he stripp'd him to the ivory skin,
And crying, "Love, I come," leap'd lively in,
Whereat the sapphire-visag'd god grew proud,
And made his cap'ring Triton sound aloud.
Imagining that Ganymede, displeas'd,
Had left the heavens, therefore on him he seiz'd.
Leander striv'd, the waves about him wound,
And pull'd him to the bottom, where the ground
Was strew'd with pearl, and in low coral groves,
Sweet singing mermaids sported with their loves
On heaps of heavy gold, and took great pleasure
To spurn in careless sort the shipwreck treasure.
For here the stately azure palace stood,
Where kingly Neptune and his train abode.
The lusty god embrac'd him, call'd him love,
And swore he never should return to Jove.
But when he knew it was not Ganymede,
For under water he was almost dead,

He heav'd him up, and looking on his face,
Beat down the bold waves with his triple mace,
Which mounted up, intending to have kiss'd him,
And fell in drops like tears because they miss'd him.
Leander being up, began to swim,
And looking back, saw Neptune follow him.
Whereat aghast, the poor soul 'gan to cry,
" O let me visit Hero ere I die."
The god put Helle's bracelet on his arm,
And swore the sea should never do him harm.
He clapp'd his plump cheeks, with his tresses play'd,
And smilingly wantonly his love betray'd;
He watch'd his arms, and as they open'd wide
At every stroke, betwixt them he would slide,
And steal a kiss, and then run out and dance,
And as he turn'd cast many a lustful glance,
And threw him gaudy toys to please his eye,
And dive into the water, and there pry
Upon his breast, his thighs, and every limb,
And up again, and close beside him swim,
And talk of love; Leander made reply,
" You are deceiv'd, I am no woman, I;"
Thereat smil'd Neptune, and then told a tale,
How that a shepherd sitting in a vale,
Play'd with a boy so lovely, fair and kind,
As for his love both earth and heaven pin'd,
That of the cooling river durst not drink,
Lest water-nymphs should pull him from the brink.
And when he sported in the fragrant lawns,
Goat-footed satyrs, and up-starting fawns

Would steal him thence. Ere half his tale was
done,
"Aye me," Leander cried, "th' enamour'd sun
That now should shine on Thetis' glassy bower,
Descends upon my radiant Hero's tower,
O that these tardy arms of mine were wings!"
And as he spake, upon the waves he springs.
Neptune was angry that he gave no ear,
And in his heart revenging malice bare:
He flung at him his mace, but as it went,
He call'd it in, for love made him repent.
The mace returning back his own hand hit,
As meaning to be 'veng'd for darting it.
When this fresh bleeding wound Leander view'd,
His colour went and came, as if he rued
The grief that Neptune felt. In gentle breasts
Relenting thoughts, remorse and pity rests;
And who have hard hearts and obdurate minds,
But vicious, hare-brain'd and illiterate hinds?
The god seeing him with pity to be mov'd,
Thereon concluded that he was belov'd.
(Love is too full of faith, too credulous,
With folly and false hope deluding us;)
Wherefore Leander's fancy to surprise,
To the rich ocean for gifts he flies.
'Tis wisdom to give much, a gift prevails
When deep persuading oratory fails.

By this Leander being near the land,
Cast down his weary feet, and felt the sand.

Breathless albeit he were, he rested not,
Till to the solitary tower he got:
And knock'd and call'd, at which celestial noise,
The longing heart of Hero much more joys
Than nymphs and shepherds, when the timbrel rings,
Or crooked dolphin, when the sailor sings.
She stay'd not for her robes, but straight arose,
And drunk with gladness to the door she goes,
Where seeing a naked man, she screech'd for fear,
(Such sights as this to tender maids are rare.)
And ran into the dark herself to hide:
(Rich jewels in the dark are soonest spied.)
Unto her was he led, or rather drawn
By those white limbs which sparkled through the
lawn.
The nearer that he came, the more she fled,
And, seeking refuge, slipt into her bed;
Whereon Leander sitting, thus began,
Through numbing cold, all feeble, faint and wan.

"If not for love, yet love! for pity's sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosom take;
At least vouchsafe these arms some little room,
Who, hoping to embrace thee, cheerly swum.
This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow."
Herewith affrighted, Hero shrunk away,
And in her lukewarm place Leander lay;
Whose lively heat, like fire from heaven fet,
Would animate gross clay, and higher set

The drooping thoughts of base-declining souls,
Than dreary Mars' carousing nectar bowls.
His hands he cast upon her like a snare,—
She, overcome with shame and sallow fear,
Like chaste Diana, when Acteon spied her,
Being suddenly betray'd, div'd down to hide her.
And as her silver body downward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her own mind thought herself secure,
O'ercast with dim and darksome coverture;
And now she lets him whisper in her ear,
Flatter, entreat, promise, protest and swear;
Yet ever as he greedily essay'd
To touch those dainties, she the harpy play'd,
And every limb did, as a soldier stout,
Defend the fort, and keep the foeman out.
For though the rising ivory mount he scal'd,
Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
Much like a globe, (a globe may I term this,
By which love sails to regions full of bliss,)
Yet there with Sysiphus he toil'd in vain,
Till gentle parley did the truce obtain.
* Even as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth and oft flutters with her wing,
She trembling strove; this strife of hers, like that
Which made the world, another world begat

* The Editor of the *Select Early English Poets* has judiciously transposed this couplet from its situation in the old editions, after the words "*means to prey,*" where it is clearly out of place.

Of unknown joy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yield herself she sought.
Seeming not won, yet won she was at length:
In such wars women use but half their strength.
Leander now, like Theban Hercules,
Enter'd the orchard of th' Hesperides;
Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but he
That pulls or shakes it from the golden tree.
Wherein Leander on her quivering breast,
Breathless spoke something, and sigh'd out the rest;
Which so prevail'd, as he, with small ado,
Enclosed her in his arms and kiss'd her too:
And every kiss to her was as a charm,
And to Leander as a fresh alarm:
So that the truce was broke, and she, alas,
Poor silly maiden at his mercy was.
Love is not full of pity, as men say,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.

And now she wish'd this night were never done,
And sigh'd to think upon th' approaching sun;
For much it griev'd her that the bright day-light,
Should know the pleasure of this blessed night,
And then, like Mars and Ericine, display
Both in each other's arms chain'd as they lay.
Again—she knew not how to frame her look,
Or speak to him, who in a moment took
That which so long, so charily she kept;
And fain by stealth away she would have crept,

HERO AND LEANDER.

And to some corner secretly have gone,
Leaving Leander in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the sudden clung her so about,
That mermaid-like unto the floor she slid;
One half appear'd, the other half was hid.
Thus near the bed she blushing stood upright,
And from her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twilight break, which through the air,
As from an orient cloud, glimps'd here and there;
And round about the chamber this false morn
Brought forth the day before the day was born.
So Hero's ruddy cheek Hero betray'd,
And her all naked to his sight display'd:
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took,
Than Dis, on heaps of gold fixing his look.—
By this Apollo's golden harp began
To sound forth music to the Ocean,
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing car prepar'd,
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaring beams mock'd ugly Night,
Till she, o'ecome with anguish, shame and rage,
Dang'd down to hell her loathsome carriage.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD SESTYAD.

Leander to the envious light
Resigns his night-sports with the night,
And swims the Hellespont again.
Thence the daily sovereign
Of customs and religious rites
Appears, reproving his delights,
Since nuptial honours he neglected;
Which straight he vows shall be effected.—
Fair Hero, left devirginate,
Weighs, and with fury wails her state:
But with her love and woman wit
She argues, and approveth it.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE THIRD SESTYAD*.

NEW light gives new directions, fortunes new,
To fashion our endeavours that ensue.
More harsh, at least more hard, more grave and high
Our subject runs, and our stern *Muse* must fly.
Love's edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Those thoughts, joys, longings, that before became

* It has generally been supposed that Marlowe wrote the first and second sestyads, and a portion of the third: that portion is stated in a note to Warton, on the authority of Mr. Malone, to be about one hundred lines. Mr. Malone's opinion probably originated in the circumstance, that in the collection entitled "England's Parnassus," the passage describing Ceremony, beginning at the 105th line, is given to Chapman; for in a note appended to the copy of the poem in the British Museum signed E. M., I suppose Edmund Malone, that circumstance is stated as a reason for assigning a portion of the third sestyad to Marlowe, but certainly does not warrant any such conclusion. Indeed in the same collection two other extracts from this sestyad, commencing at the 35th and 60th lines are also given to Chapman; which would be sufficient to justify me in attributing the whole of the third sestyad to him, independently of the evidence afforded by the style, which can leave little doubt that Marlowe wrote no part of it.

High unexperienc'd blood, and maids' sharp plights,
Must now grow staid, and censure the delights,
That being enjoy'd ask judgment; now we praise,
As having parted: evenings crown the days.

And now, ye wanton Loves, and young Desires,
Pied Vanity, the mint of strange attires!
Ye lisping Flatteries, and obsequious Glances,
Relentful Musics, and attractive Dances!
And you detested Charms constraining love!
Shun Loves' stol'n sports by that these lovers prove.

By this the Sovereign of Heaven's golden fires,
And young Leander, lord of his desires,
Together from their lovers' arms arose:
Leander into Hellespontus throws
His Hero-handled body, whose delight
Made him disdain each other *epithite*.
And as amidst th' enamour'd waves he swims,
The god of gold of purpose gilt his limbs,
That this word *gilt*, including double sense,
The double guilt of his incontinence
Might be express'd, that had no stay t' employ
The treasure which the love-god let him joy
In his dear Hero, with such sacred thrift,
As had beseem'd so sanctified a gift:
But, like a greedy vulgar prodigal,
Would on the stock dispend, and rudely fall
Before his time, to that unblessed blessing,
Which for Lust's plague doth perish with possessing.

Joy graven in sense, like snow in water wastes;
Without preserve of virtue, nothing lasts.
What man is he, that with a wealthy eye,
Enjoys a beauty richer than the sky,
Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,
With damask eyes, the ruby blood doth peep,
And runs in branches through her azure veins,
Whose mixture and first fire his love attains;
Whose both hands limit both love's deities,
And sweeten human thoughts like Paradise;
Whose disposition silken is and kind,
Directed with an earth-exempted mind;
Who thinks not Heaven with such a love is given?
And who like earth would spend that dower of Heaven
With rank desire to joy it all at first?
What simply kills our hunger, quencheth thirst,
Clothes but our nakedness, and makes us live,
Praise doth not any of her favours give:
But what doth plentifully minister
Beauteous apparel and delicious cheer,
So order'd that it still excites desire,
And still gives pleasure freeness to aspire;
The palm of Bounty, ever moist preserving:
To Love's sweet life this is the courtly carving.
Thus Time and all-states-ordering Ceremony
Had banish'd all offence: Time's golden thigh
Upholds the flow'ry body of the earth,
In sacred harmony, and every birth
Of men, audacious, makes legitimate,
Being us'd aright; *the use of time is fate.*

Yet did the gentle flood transfer, once more,
This prize of love home to his father's shore;
Where he unlades himself of that false wealth
That makes few rich; treasures compos'd by stealth:
And to his sister, kind Hermione,
Who on the shore kneel'd praying to the sea
For his return, he all Love's goods did show,
In Hero seised for him, in him for Hero.

His most kind sister all his secrets knew,
And to her, singing, like a shower he flew,
Sprinkling the earth, that to their tombs took in
Streams dead for love, to leave his ivory skin,
Which yet a snowy foam did leave above,
As soul to the dead water that did love;
And from thence did the first white roses spring,
(For love is sweet and fair in every thing,)
And all the sweeten'd shore, as he did go,
Was crown'd with od'rous roses, white as snow.
Love-blest Leander was with love so filled,
That love to all that touch'd him he instilled.
And as the colours of all things we see,
To our sight's powers communicated be;
So to all objects that in compass came
Of any sense he had, his senses' flame
Flow'd from his parts with force so virtual,
It fir'd with sense things mere insensual.

Now, with warm baths and odours comforted,
When he lay down he kindly kiss'd his bed,

As consecrating it to Hero's right,
And vow'd thereafter. that whatever sight
Put him in mind of Hero, or her bliss,
Should be her altar to prefer a kiss.

Then laid he forth his late enriched arms,
In whose white circle Love writ all his charms,
And made his characters sweet Hero's limbs,
When on his breast's warm sea she sideling swims.
And as those arms, held up in circle, met,
He said, " See, sister, Hero's carcanet!
Which she had rather wear about her neck,
Than all the jewels that do Juno deck."

But as he shook, with passionate desire,
To put in flame his other secret fire,
A music so divine did pierce his ear,
As never yet his ravish'd sense did hear;
When suddenly a light of twenty hues,
Brake through the roof, and like the rainbow views
Amaz'd Leander: in whose beams came down
The goddess Ceremony, with a crown
Of all the stars; and Heaven with her descended:
Her flaming hair to her bright feet extended,
By which hung all the bench of deities;
And in a chain, compact of ears and eyes,
She led Religion; all her body was
Clear and transparent as the purest glass,
For she was all presented to the sense:
Devotion, Order, State, and Reverence,

Her shadows were; Society, Memory;
All which her sight made live, her absence die.
A rich disparent pentacle she wears,
Drawn full of circles and strange characters:
Her face was changeable to every eye;
One way look'd ill, another graciously;
Which while men view'd, they cheerful were and holy;
But looking off, vicious and melancholy.
The snaky paths to each observed law,
Did policy in her broad bosom draw;
One hand a mathematic crystal sways,
Which gathering in one line a thousand rays
From her bright eyes, Confusion burns to death,
And all estates of men distinguisheth.
By it Morality, and Comeliness,
Themselves in all their sightly figures dress.
Her other hand a laurel rod applies,
To beat back Barbarism and Avarice,
That followed, eating earth and excrement
And human limbs; and would make proud ascent
To seats of gods, were Ceremony slain;
The Hours and Graces bore her glorious train;
And all the sweets of our society
Were spher'd and treasur'd in her bounteous eye.
Thus she appear'd, and sharply did reprove
Leander's bluntness in his violent love;
Told him how poor was substance without rites,
Like bills unsign'd; desires without delights;
Like meats unseason'd; like rank corn that grows
On cottages, that none or reaps or sows:

Not being with civil forms confirm'd and bounded,
For human dignities and comforts founded:
But loose and secret all their glories hide;
Fear fills the chamber, Darkness decks the bride.

She vanish'd, leaving pierc'd Leander's heart
With sense of his unceremonious part,
In which with plain neglect of nuptial rites
He close and flatly fell to his delights:
And instantly he vow'd to celebrate
All rites pertaining to his married state.
So up he gets, and to his father goes,
To whose glad ears he doth his vows disclose:
The nuptials are resolv'd with utmost power,
And he at night would swim to Hero's tower,
From whence he meant to Sestos' forked bay
To bring her covertly, where ships must stay,
Sent by her father, thoroughly rigg'd and mann'd,
To waft her safely to Abydos' strand.—
There leave we him; and with fresh wing pursue
Astonish'd Hero, whose most wished view
I thus long have forborne, because I left her
So out of count'nance, and her spirits bereft her.
To look on one abash'd is impudence,
When of slight faults he hath too deep a sense.—
Her blushing *het** her chamber: she look'd out,
And all the air she purpled round about;
And after it a foul black day befell,
Which ever since a red morn doth foretell,

*i. e. heated.

And still renews our woes for Hero's woe;
And foul it prov'd, because it figur'd so
The next night's horror; which prepare to hear;
I fail, if it profane your daintiest ear.

* Then now most strangely-intellectual fire,
That proper to my soul hast power t' inspire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy unsphered flame visit'st the springs
Of spirits immortal! Now (as swift as Time
Doth follow motion) find th' eternal clime
Of his free soul, whose living subject stood
Up to the chin in the Pierean flood,
And drunk to me half this Musean story,
Inscribing it to deathless memory:
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,
That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep!
Tell it how much his late desires I tender,
(If yet it know not) and to light surrender
My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die
To loves, to passions, and society!

Sweet Hero left upon her bed alone,
Her maidenhead,—her vows,—Leander gone,
And nothing with her but a violent crew
Of new-come thoughts, that yet she never knew,
E'en to herself a stranger was; much like
Th' Iberian city† that War's hand did strike

* Chapman's address to the spirit of Marlowe.

† Cadix. The expedition against it sailed June 1, 1596; and was under the joint command of Essex, and Lord Howard, the

By English force in princely *Esser'* guide*,
When Peace assur'd her towers had fortified;
And golden-finger'd India had bestow'd
Such wealth on her, that strength and empire flow'd
Into her turrets; and her virgin waist
The wealthy girdle of the sea embrac'd:
Till our Leander, that made Mars his Cupid,
For soft love-suits, with iron thunders chid:
Swum to her towns, dissolv'd her virgin zone;
Led in his power, and made Confusion
Run through her streets amaz'd, that she suppos'd
She had not been in her own walls enclos'd:
But rapt by wonder to some foreign state,
Seeing all her issue so disconsolate:
And all her peaceful mansions possess'd
With war's just spoil, and many a foreign guest
From every corner driving an enjoyer,
Supplying it with power of a destroyer.
So far'd fair Hero in th' expugned fort
Of her chaste bosom; and of every sort
Strange thoughts possess'd her, ransacking her breast,
For that which was not there, her wonted rest!
She was a mother straight, and bore with pain
Thoughts that spake straight, and wish'd their mother slain;
She hates their lives, and they their own and hers;
Such strife still grows where sin the race prefers.

High Admiral of England; assisted by the councils and presence of Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir F. Vere, Sir George Carew, and Sir Conyers Clifford.

* *guide* for *guidance*.

Love is a golden bubble, full of dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extremes.
She mus'd how she could look upon her sire,
And not show that without, that was intire*.
For as a glass is an inanimate eye,
And outward forms embraceth inwardly:
So is the eye an animate glass, that shows
In-forms without us; and as Phœbus throws
His beams abroad, though he in clouds be closed,
Still glancing by them till he find opposed
A loose and rorid vapour that is fit
T' event his searching beams, and useth it
To form a tender twenty-coloured eye,
Cast in a circle round about the sky;
So when our fiery soul, our body's star
(That ever is in motion circular)
Conceives a form, in seeking to display it
Through all our cloudy parts, it doth convey it
Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this event uncourtly Hero thought,
Her inward guilt would in her looks have wrought:
For yet the world's stale cunning she resisted,
To bear foul thoughts, yet forge what looks she listed,
And held it for a very silly sleight
To make a perfect metal counterfeit,
Glad to disclaim herself, proud of an art,
That makes the face a pandar to the heart.

* i. e. within.

Those be the painted moons, whose lights profane
Beauty's true heaven, at full still in their wane;
Those be the lapwing faces that still cry,
" Here 'tis!" when that they vow is nothing nigh.
Base fools! when every Moorish fool can teach
That which men think the height of human reach.
But custom, that the apoplexy is
Of bedrid nature, and lives led amiss,
And takes away all feeling of offence,
Yet braz'd not Hero's brow with impudence;
And this she thought most hard to bring to pass,
To seem in count'nance other than she was,
As if she had two souls; one for the face,
One for the heart, and that they shifted place
As either list to utter, or conceal
What they conceiv'd: or as one soul did deal
With both affairs at once, keeps and ejects
Both at an instant contrary effects:
Retention and ejection in her powers
Being acts alike: for this one vice of ours,
That forms the thought, and sways the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our utterance.

These, and more grave conceits toil'd Hero's spirits:
For though the light of her discoursive wits,
Perhaps might find some little hole to pass
Through all these worldly cinctures; yet, alas!
There was a heavenly flame encompass'd her;
Her goddess,—in whose fane she did prefer
Her virgin vows, from whose impulsive sight
She knew the black shield of the darkest night

Could not defend her, nor wit's subtlest arts:
This was the point pierc'd Hero to the heart;
Who heavy to the death, with a deep sigh,
And hand that languish'd, took a robe was nigh,
Exceeding large, and of black cyprus made,
In which she sate, hid from the day in shade,
E'en over head and face down to her feet;
Her left hand made it at her bosom meet,
Her right hand lean'd on her heart-bowing knee,
Wrapp'd in unshapeful folds: 'twas death to see:
Her knee staid that, and that her falling face;
Each limb help'd other to put on disgrace.
No form was seen, where form held all her sight:
But like an embryon that saw never light;
Or like a scorched statue made a coal
With three-wing'd lightning; or a wretched soul
Muffled with endless darkness, she did sit:
The night had never such a heavy spirit.
Yet might a penetrating eye well see,
How fast her clear tears melted on her knee
Through her black veil, and turn'd as black as it,
Mourning to be her tears: then wrought her wit
With her broke vow,—her goddess' wrath,—her fame,—
All tools that enginous despair could frame:
Which made her strew the floor with her torn hair,
And spread her mantle piece-meal in the air.
Like Jove's son's club, strong passion struck her down,
And with a piteous shriek enforc'd her swoon:

Her shriek, made with another shriek ascend
The frighted matron that on her did tend:
And as with her own cry her sense was slain,
So with the other it was call'd again.
She rose and to her bed made forced way,
And laid her down e'en where Leander lay:
And all this while the red sea of her blood
Ebb'd with Leander: but now turn'd the flood,
And all her fleet of spirits came swelling in,
With crowd* of sail, and did hot fight begin
With those severe conceits, she too much mask'd,
And here Leander's beauties were embark'd.
He came in swimming, painted all with joys,
Such as might sweeten hell: his thought destroys
All her destroying thoughts: she thought she felt
His heart in hers: with her contentions melt,
And chide her soul that it could so much err,
To check the true joys he deserv'd in her.
Her fresh heat blood cast figures in her eyes,
And she suppos'd she saw in Neptune's skies
How her star wander'd, wash'd in smarting brine
For her love's sake, that with immortal wine
Should be embath'd, and swim in more heart's-ease,
Than there was water in the Sestian seas.
Then said her Cupid-prompted spirit, "Shall I
Sing means to such delightsome harmony?
Shall slick-tongued Fame patch'd up with voices rude,
The drunken bastard of the multitude,

* *child*, edit. 1606.

Begot when father Judgment is away,
And gossip-like, says, because others say,
Takes news as if it were too hot to eat,
And spits it slavering forth for dog-fees meat
Make me for forging a fantastic vow,
Presume to bear what makes grave matrons bow?
Good vows are never broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were bad: vows are but seeds,
And good deeds fruits; even those good deeds that grow
From other stocks than from th' observed vow.
That is a good deed that prevents a bad:
Had I not yielded, slain myself I had.
Hero Leander is, Leander Hero:
Such virtue love hath to make one of two.
If then Leander did my maidenhead get,
Leander being myself, I still retain it:
We break chaste vows when we live loosely ever,
But bound as we are, we live loosely never.
Two constant lovers being join'd in one,
Yielding to one another, yield to none.
We know not how to vow, till love unblind us,
And vows made ignorantly never bind us;—
Too true it is, that when 'tis gone men hate
The joys as vain they took in love's estate:
But that's since they have lost the heavenly light,
Should show them way to judge of all things right.
When life is gone, death must implant his terror,
As death is foe to life, so love to error.
Before we love, how range we through this sphere,
Searching the sundry fancies hunted here!

Now with desire of wealth transported quite
Beyond our free humanity's delight:
Now with ambition climbing falling towers,
Whose hope to scale, our fear to fall devours:
Now rapt with pastimes, pomp, all joys impure;
In things without us, no delight is sure.
But love, with all joys crown'd, within doth sit;
O goddess, pity love, and pardon it!"
Thus spake she weeping: but her goddess' ear
Burn'd with too stern a heat, and would not hear.
Aye me! hath heaven's straight fingers no more graces,
For such a Hero, than for homeliest faces?
Yet she hop'd well, and in her sweet conceit
Weighing her arguments, she thought them weight:
And that the logic of Leander's beauty,
And them together, would bring proofs of duty.
And if her soul, that was a skilful glance
Of Heaven's great essence, found such imperance
In her love's beauties, she had confidence
Jove lov'd him too, and pardon'd her offence,
Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,
It supples rigour, and it lessens sin.
Thus, her sharp wit, her love, her secrecy,
Trooping together, made her wonder why
She should not leave her bed, and to the temple;
Her health, said she must live; her sex, dissemble.
She view'd Leander's place, and wished he were
Turn'd to his place, so his place were Leander.
"Aye me!" said she, "that love's sweet life and sense
Should do it harm! my Love had not gone hence,

Had he been like his place. O blessed place!
Image of constancy! Thus my love's grace
Parts no where, but it leaves something behind
Worth observation: he renowns his kind.
His motion is like Heaven's, orbicular:
For where he once is, he is ever there.
This place was mine; Leander, now 'tis thine,
Thou being myself,—then it is double mine:
Mine, and Leander's mine, Leander's mine.
O, see what wealth it yields me, nay, yields him:
For I am in it, he for me doth swim.
Rich, fruitful love, that doubling self estates
Elixir-like contracts, though separates.
Dear place! I kiss thee, and do welcome thee,
As from Leander ever sent to me."

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH SESTYAD.

Hero, in sacred habit deck'd,
Doth private sacrifice effect.
Her scarf's description wrought by Fate.
Ostents, that threaten her estate.
The strange, yet physical events,
Leander's counterfeit presents.
In thunder, Cyprides descends,
Presaging both the lovers' ends:
Ecte, the goddess of Remorse,
With vocal and articulate force
Inspires Leucote, Venus' swan,
T' excuse the beauteous Sestian.
Venus, to wreak her rites' abuses,
Creates the monster Eronusis;
Enflaming Hero's sacrifice,
With lightning darted from her eyes:
And thereof springs the painted beast,
That ever since taints every breast.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE FOURTH SESTYAD.

Now from Leander's place she rose, and found
Her hair and rent robe scatter'd on the ground:
Which taking up, she every piece did lay
Upon the altar; where in youth of day
She us'd t' exhibit private sacrifice:
Those would she offer to the deities
Of her fair Goddess, and her powerful son,
As relics of her late-felt passion:
And in that holy sort she vow'd to end them;
In hope her violent fancies, that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her love's holy fire,
As they should in the flames she meant t' inspire.
Then put she on all her religious weeds,
That deck'd her in her secret sacred deeds:
A crown of icicles, that sun nor fire
Could ever melt, and figur'd chaste desire.
A golden star shin'd in her naked breast,
In honour of the queen-light of the east.
In her right hand she held a silver wand,
On whose bright top Peristera did stand,
Who was a nymph, but now transform'd a dove,
And in her life was dear in Venus' love:

And for her sake she ever since that time
Choos'd doves to draw her coach through Heav'n's
blue clime:
Her plenteous hair in curled billows swims
On her bright shoulder: her harmonious limbs
Sustain'd no more but a most subtile veil,
That hung on them, as it durst not assail
Their different concord: for the weakest air
Could raise it swelling from her beauties fair;
Nor did it cover, but adumbrate only
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a bless'd eye
Might see, as it did shadow, fearfully,
All that all-love-deserving paradise:
It was as blue as the most freezing skies;
Near the sea's hue, for thence her goddess came:
On it a scarf she wore of wondrous frame;
In midst whereof she'd wrought a virgin's face,
From whose each cheek a fiery blush did chase
Two crimson flames, that did two ways extend,
Spreading the ample scarf to either end,
Which figur'd the division of her mind,
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclin'd,
And stood not resolute to wed Leander;
This serv'd her white neck for a purple sphere,
And cast itself at full breadth down her back,
There since the first breath that begun the wrack
Of her free quiet from Leander's lips,
She wrought a sea in one flame full of ships:
But that one ship where all her wealth did pass,
Like simple merchants' goods, Leander was:

For in that sea she naked figur'd him :
Her diving needle taught him how to swim,
And to each thread did such resemblance give,
For joy to be so like him it did live.
Things senseless live by art, and rational die
By rude contempt of art and industry.
Scarce could she work but in her strength of thought,
She fear'd she prick'd Leander as she wrought :
And oft would shriek so, that her guardian, frighted,
Would staring haste, as with some mischief cited.
They double life that dead things' grief sustain :
They kill that feel not their friends' living pain.
Sometimes she fear'd he sought her infamy;
And then as she was working of his eye,
She thought to prick it out to quench her ill,
But as she prick'd, it grew more perfect still.
Trifling attempts no serious acts advance ;
The fire of love is blown by dalliance.
In working his fair neck she did so grace it,
She still was working her own arms t' embrace it :
That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seen
Above the stream, and with a pure sea green
She did so quaintly shadow every limb,
All might be seen beneath the waves to swim.

In this conceited scarf she wrought beside
A moon in change, and shooting stars did glide
In number after her with bloody beams,
Which figur'd her affects in their extremes,
Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body,
And did her thoughts running on change imply ;

For maids take more delights, when they prepare,
And think of wives' states, than when wives they are.
Beneath all these she wrought a fisherman,
Drawing his nets from forth that ocean;
Who drew so hard, ye might discover well,
The toughen'd sinews in his neck did swell:
His inward strains drave out his blood-shot-eyes,
And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise:
Yet was of nought but of a serpent sped,
That in his bosom flew, and stung him dead;
And this by Fate into her mind was sent,
Not wrought by mere instinct of her intent.
All the scarf's other end her hand did frame,
Near the fork'd point of the divided flame,
A country virgin keeping of a vine,
Who did of hollow bulrushes combine
Snares for the stubble-loving grasshopper,
And by her lay her scrip that nourish'd her.
Within a myrtle shade she sat and sung,
And tufts of waving reeds about her sprung;
Where lurk'd two foxes, that while she applied
Her trifling snares, their thieveries did divide;
One to the vine, another to her scrip,
That she did negligently overslip:
By which her fruitful vine, and wholesome fare,
She suffer'd spoil'd*, to make a childish snare.—
These ominous fancies did her soul express,
And every finger made a prophetess,
To show what death was hid in Love's disguise,
And make her judgment conquer destinies.

* i.e. *to be* spoil'd.

O what sweet forms fair ladies' souls do shroud,
Were they made seen, and forced through their blood;
If through their beauties, like rich work through lawn,
They would set forth their minds with virtues drawn,
In letting graces from their fingers fly,
To still their *eyass* thoughts with industry:
That their plied wits in number'd silks might sing
Passion's huge conquest, and their needles leading
Affection prisoner through their own built cities,
Pinion'd with stories and Arachnean dities.

Proceed we now with Hero's sacrifice;
She odours burn'd, and from their smoke did rise
Unsavoury fumes, that air with plagues inspir'd,
And then the consecrated sticks she fir'd.
On whose pale flame an angry spirit flew,
And beat it down still as it upward grew.
The virgin tapers that on th' altar stood,
When she inflamed them burned as blood:
All sad ostents of that too near success,
That made such moving beauties motionless.
Then Hero wept, but her affrighted eyes
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice;
Shut them, and inwards for Leander look'd,
Search'd her soft bosom, and from thence she pluck'd
His lovely picture: which when she had view'd,
Her beauties were with all Love's joys renew'd;
The odours sweeten'd, and the fires burn'd clear,
Leander's form left no ill object there.
Such was his beauty, that the force of light,
Whose knowledge teacheth numbers infinite,

The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had plac'd in it to make it known.
Art was her daughter, and what human wits
For study lost, intomb'd in drossy spirits.
After this accident, which for her glory
Hero could not but make a history,
Th' inhabitants of Sestos and Abydos
Did every year, with feasts propitious,
To fair Leander's picture sacrifice:
And they were persons of especial price,
That were allow'd it, as an ornament
T' enrich their houses; for the continent
Of the strange virtues all approv'd it held:
For even the very look of it repell'd
All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature
In those diseases that no herbs could cure:
The wolfy sting of Avarice it would pull,
And make the rankest miser bountiful.
It kill'd the fear of thunder and of death:
The discords, that conceits engendereth
'Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease:
The flames of love it quench'd, and would increase:
Held in a prince's hand, it would put out
The dreadful'st comet: it would ease all doubt
Of threaten'd mischiefs: it would bring asleep
Such as were mad: it would enforce to weep
Most barbarous eyes: and many more effects
This picture wrought, and sprung Leandrian sects,
Of which was Hero first: for he whose form,
Held in her hand, clear'd such a fatal storm,

From hell she thought his person would defend her,
Which night and Hellespont would quickly send her.
With this confirm'd, she vow'd to banish quite
All thought of any check to her delight:
And in contempt of silly bashfulness,
She would the faith of her desires profess:
Where her religion should be policy,—
To follow love with zeal her piety:
Her chamber her cathedral church should be,
And her Leander her chief deity!
For in her love these did the gods forego;
And though her knowledge did not teach her so,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart
Did greatest hold in her self greatest part,
That she did make her god; and 'twas less naught
To leave gods in profession and in thought,
Than in her love and life: for therein lies
Most of her duties, and their dignities;
And rail the brain-bald world at what it will,
That's the grand atheism that reigns in it still!—
Yet singularity she would use no more,
For she was singular too much before;
But she would please the world with fair pretext;
Love would not leave her conscience perplext.
Great men that will have less do for them still,
Must bear them out, though th' acts be ne'er so ill.
Meanness must pander be to Excellence;
Pleasure atones Falsehood and Conscience:
Dissembling was the worst, thought Hero then,
And that was best, now she must live with men.

O virtuous love! that taught her to do best
When she did worst, and when she thought it least.
Thus would she still proceed in works divine,
And in her sacred state of priesthood shine,
Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,
As if therein she did Jove's thunders hold;
And need not fear those menaces of error,
Which she at others threw with greatest terror.
O lovely Hero! nothing is thy sin,
Weigh'd with those foul faults other priests are in!
That having neither faiths, nor works, nor beauties,
T' engender any 'scuse for slubber'd duties;
With as much count'nance fill their holy chairs,
And sweat denouncements 'gainst profane affairs,
As if their lives were cut out by their places,
And they the only fathers of the graces.

Now as with settled mind she did repair
Her thoughts to sacrifice her ravish'd hair,
And her torn robe, which on the altar lay,
And only for Religion's fire did stay;
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In such a volly as the world did threaten,
Given Venus as she parted th' airy sphere,
Descending now to chide with Hero here:
When suddenly the Goddess' waggoners,
The swans and turtles that, in coupled pheres,
Through all worlds' bosoms draw her influence,
Lighted in Hero's window, and from thence
To her fair shoulders flew the gentle doves,—
Graceful Ædone that sweet pleasure loves,

And ruff-foot Chreste with the tufted crown,—
Both which did kiss her, though their Goddess frown.
The swans did in the solid flood her glass
Proin their fair plumes, of which the fairest was
Jove-lov'd-Leucote, that pure brightness is;
The other bounty-loving Dapsilis.
All were in Heaven, now they with Hero were;
But Venus' looks brought wrath, and urged fear.
Her robe was scarlet, black her head's attire,
And through her naked breast shin'd streams of fire,
As when the rarified air is driven
In flashing streams, and opes the darken'd heaven.
In her white hand a wreath of yew she bore,
And breaking the icy wreath sweet Hero wore,
She forc'd about her brows her wreath of yew,
And said, "Now, minion! to thy fate be true,
Though not to me; endure what this portends!
Begin where lightness will, in shame it ends.
Love makes thee cunning; thou art current now,
By being counterfeit: thy broken vow
Deceit with her pied garters must rejoin,
And with her stamp thou count'nances must coin:
Coyness, and pure deceits for purities,
And still a maid will seem in cozen'd eyes,
And have an antic face to laugh within,
While thy smooth looks make men digest thy sin.
But since thy lips, (least thought forsworn,) forswore,
Be never virgin's vow worth trusting more."

When Beauty's dearest did her Goddess hear,
Breathe such rebukes 'gainst that she could not clear;

Dumb sorrow spake aloud in tears and blood,
That from her grief-burst veins, in piteous flood,
From the sweet conduits of her favor fell.
The gentle turtles did with moans make swell
Their shining gorges: the white black-ey'd swans
Did sing as woful Epicedians,
As they would straightways die: when Pity's queen,
The goddess Ecte, that had ever been
Hid in a wat'ry cloud near Hero's cries,
Since the first instant of her broken eyes,
Gave bright Leucote voice, and made her speak,
To ease her anguish, whose swoln breast did break
With anger at her Goddess, that did touch
Hero so near for that she us'd so much.
And thrusting her white neck at Venus, said—
"Why may not amorous Hero seem a maid
Though she be none, as well as you suppress
In modest cheeks your inward wantonness?
How often have we drawn you from above,
T' exchange with mortals rites for rites in love?
Why in your priest then call you that offence,
That shines in you, and is your influence?"
With this the Furies stopp'd Leucote's lips,
Enjoin'd by Venus; who with rosy whips
Beat the kind bird. Fierce lightning from her eyes
Did set on fire fair Hero's sacrifice,
(Which was her torn robe, and inforced hair;)
And the bright flame became a maid most fair
For her aspéct: her tresses were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts, set all on fire,

Struggled in pants, and could not get releas'd:
Her arms were all with golden pincers dress'd,
And twenty fashion'd knots, pullies, and brakes,
And all her body girt with painted snakes.
Her down parts in a scorpion's tail combin'd,
Freckled with twenty colours; pied wings shin'd
Out of her shoulders; cloth had never dye,
Nor sweeter colours never viewed eye,
In scorching Turkey, Cares*, Tartary,
Than shin'd about this sp'rit notorious;
Nor was Arachne's web so glorious.
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot;
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.
Her name was Eronusus. Venus flew
From Hero's sight, and at her chariot drew
This wondrous creature to so steep a height,
That all the world she might command with sleight
Of her gay wings: and then she bade her haste,—
Since Hero had dissembled, and disgrac'd
Her rites so much,—and every breast infect
With her deceits; she made her architect
Of all dissimulation, and since then
Never was any trust in maids nor men.
O it spighted
Fair Venus' heart to see her-most-delighted,
And one she choos'd for temper of her mind,
To be the only ruler of her kind,
So soon to let her virgin race be ended.
Not simply for the fault a whit offended,

* *Cares*, or *Kareis*, a town of European Turkey, situate on Mount Athos.

But that in strife for chasteness with the Moon,
Spiteful Diana bade her show but one
That was her servant vow'd, and liv'd a maid;
And now she thought to answer that upbraid,
Hero had lost her answer: who knows not
Venus would seem as far from any spot
Of light demeanour, as the very skin
'Twixt Cynthia's brows? *Sin is asham'd of Sin.*
Up Venus flew, and scarce durst up for fear
Of Phœbe's laughter, when she pass'd her sphere:
And so most ugly clouded was the light,
That day was hid in day; night came ere night,
And Venus could not through the thick air pierce,
Till the day's king, God of undaunted verse,
Because she was so plentiful a theme,
To such as wore his laurel anademe:
Like to a fiery bullet made descent,
And from her passage those fat vapours rent,
That being not thoroughly rarified to rain,
Melted like pitch as blue as any vein;
And scalding tempests made the earth to shrink
Under their fervor, and the world did think
In every drop a torturing spirit flew,
It pierc'd so deeply, and it burn'd so blue.

Betwixt all this and Hero, Hero held
Leander's picture, as a Persian shield:
And she was free from fear of worst success;—
The more ill threats us, we suspect the less:—
As we grow hapless, violence subtle grows,
Dumb, deaf, and blind, and comes when no man knows.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH SESTYAD.

Day doubles her accustom'd date,
As loth the night, incens'd by fate,
Should wrack our lover; Hero's plight,
Longs for Leander, and the night:
Which, ere her thirsty wish recovers,
She sends for two betrothed lovers,
And marries them, that, with their crew
Their sports and ceremonies due,
She covertly might celebrate,
With secret joy, her own estate.
She makes a feast, at which appears
The wild nymph Teras, that still bears
An ivory lute, tells ominous tales,
And sings at solemn festivals.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE FIFTH SESTYAD.

Now was bright Hero weary of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in Leander's stay.
Sol, and the soft-foot Hours hung on his arms,
And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harms:
That day Aurora double grace obtain'd
Of her love Phœbus; she his horses rein'd,
Sat on his golden knee, and as she list
She pull'd him back; and as she pull'd, she kiss'd
To have him turn to bed; he lov'd her more,
To see the love Leander Hero bore.
Examples profit much; ten times in one,
In persons full of note, good deeds are done.

Day was so long, men walking fell asleep;
The heavy humours that their eyes did steep
Made them fear mischiefs. The hard streets were beds
For covetous churls, and for ambitious heads,
That spite of Nature would their business ply:
All thought they had the falling epilepsy,
Men grovell'd so upon the smother'd ground,
And pity did the heart of Heaven confound.

The Gods, the Graces, and the Muses came
Down to the Destinies, to stay the frame
Of the true lovers' deaths, and all world's tears:
But death before had stopp'd their cruel ears.
All the celestials parted mourning then,
Pierc'd with our human miseries more than men.
Ah! nothing doth the world with mischief fill,
But want of feeling one another's ill.

How few do it!

With their descent the day grew something fair,
And cast a brighter robe upon the air.
Hero, to shorten time with merriment,
For young Alcmane and bright Mya sent,
Two lovers that had long crav'd marriage dues
At Hero's hands: but she did still refuse,
For lovely Mya was her consort vow'd
In her maid state, and therefore not allow'd
To amorous nuptials: yet fair Hero now
Intended to dispense with her cold vow,
Since hers was broken, and to marry her:
The rites would pleasing matter minister
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.—
They came; sweet music usher'd th' odorous way,
And wanton air in twenty sweet forms danc'd
After her fingers; beauty and love advanc'd
Their ensigns in the downless rosy faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the graces.
For all these Hero made a friendly feast,
Welcom'd them kindly, did much love protest,

Winning their hearts with all the means she might,
That when her fault should chance t' abide the light,
Their loves might cover or extenuate it,
And high in her worst fate make pity sit.

She married them, and in the banquet came
Borne by the virgins: Hero strove to frame
Her thoughts to mirth. Aye me! but hard it is
To imitate a false and forced bliss.
Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face,
Nor hath constrained laughter any grace.
Then laid she wine on cares to make them sink;
Who fears the threats of fortune let him drink.

To these quick nuptials enter'd suddenly
Admired Teras with the ebon thigh;
A nymph that haunted the green Sestian groves,
And would consort soft virgins in their loves,
At gaysome triumphs, and on solemn days
Singing prophetic elegies and lays:
And fing'ring of a silver lute, she tied
With black and purple scarfs by her left side.
Apollo gave it, and her skill withal,
And she was term'd his dwarf, she was so small:
Yet great in virtue, for his beams inclos'd
His virtues in her: never was propos'd
Riddle to her, or augury, strange or new,
But she resolv'd it: never slight tale flew
From her charm'd lips, without important sense,
Shown in some grave succeeding consequence.

This little sylvan, with her songs and tales,
Gave such estate to feasts and nuptials,
That though ofttimes she forewent tragedies,
Yet for her strangeness still she pleas'd their eyes;
And for her smallness they admir'd her so,
They thought her perfect born, and could not grow.

All eyes were on her: Hero did command
An altar deck'd with sacred state should stand
At the feast's upper end, close by the bride,
On which the pretty nymph might sit espied.
Then all were silent; every one so hears,
As all their senses climb'd into their ears:
And first this amorous tale, that fitted well
Fair Hero and the nuptials, she did tell:

THE TALE OF TERAS.

Hymen, that now is god of nuptial rites,
And crowns with honour love and his delights,
Of Athens was; a youth so sweet of face,
That many thought him of the female race:
Such quick'ning brightness did his clear eyes dart,
Warm went their beams to his beholder's heart.
In such pure leagues his beauties were combin'd,
That there your nuptial contracts first were sign'd.
For as proportion, white and crimson, meet
In beauty's mixture, all right clear, and sweet,
The eye responsible, the golden hair,
And none is held without the other, fair:

All spring together, all together fade;
Such intermix'd affection should invade
Two perfect lovers: which being yet unseen,
Their virtues and their comforts copied been
In beauty's concord, subject to the eye,
And that, in Hymen, pleas'd so matchlessly,
That lovers were esteem'd in their full grace,
Like form and colour mix'd in Hymen's face;
And such sweet concord was thought worthy then
Of torches, music, feasts, and greatest men:
So Hymen look'd, that e'en the chastest mind
He mov'd to join in joys of sacred kind:
For only now his chin's first down consorted
His head's rich fleece, in golden curls contorted;
And as he was so lov'd, he lov'd so too,
So should best beauties, bound by nuptials, do.

Bright Eucharis, who was by all men said
The noblest, fairest, and the richest maid
Of all th' Athenian damsels, Hymen lov'd
With such transmission, that his heart remov'd
From his white breast to hers; but her estate,
In passing his, was so interminate
For wealth and honour, that his love durst feed
On nought but sight and hearing, nor could breed
Hope of requital, the grand prize of love;
Nor could he hear or see, but he must prove
How his rare beauty's music would agree
With maids in consort: therefore robbed he

His chin of those some few first fruits it bore,
And clad in such attire as virgins wore,
He kept them company, and might right well,
For he did all but Eucharis excel
In all the fair of beauty: yet he wanted
Virtue to make his own desires implanted
In his dear Eucharis; *for women never*
Love beauty in their sex, but envy ever.
His judgment yet, that durst not suit address,
Nor past due means, presume of due success,
Reason gat fortune in the end to speed
To his best prayers: but strange it seem'd indeed,
That fortune should a chaste affection bless:
Preferment seldom graceth bashfulness.
Nor grac'd it Hymen yet; but many a dart,
And many an am'rous thought, enthrall'd his heart,
Ere he obtain'd her; and he sick became,
Forc'd to abstain her sight, and then the flame
Raged in his bosom. O what grief did fill him!
Sight made him sick, and want of sight did kill him.
The virgins wonder'd where Diætia stayed,
For so did Hymen term himself a maid:
At length with sickly looks he greeted them:
'Tis strange to see 'gainst what an extreme stream
A lover strives; poor Hymen look'd so ill,
That as in merit he increased still,
By suffering much, so he in grace decreas'd.
Women are most won, when men merit least:

If Merit look not well, Love bids stand by;
Love's special lesson is to please the eye.
And Hymen soon recovering all he lost,
Deceiving still these maids, but himself most,
His love and he with many virgin dames,
Noble by birth, noble by beauty's flames,
Leaving the town with songs and hallow'd lights,
To do great Ceres Eleusina rites
Of zealous sacrifice, were made a prey
To barbarous rovers that in ambush lay,
And with rude hand enforc'd their shining spoil,
Far from the darken'd city, tir'd with toil.
And when the yellow issue of the sky
Came trooping forth, jealous of cruelty
To their bright fellows of this under heaven,
Into a double night they saw them driven;
A horrid cave, the thieves' black mansion,
Where, weary of the journey they had gone,
Their last night's watch, and drunk with their sweet gains,
Dull Morpheus enter'd, laden with silken chains
Stronger than iron, and bound the swelling veins
And tired senses of these lawless swains.
But when the virgins' lights thus dimly burn'd,
O what a hell was heaven in! how they mourn'd
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle forms
Into the shapes of sorrow! golden storms
Fell from their eyes: as when the sun appears,
And yet it rains, so show'd their eyes their tears.

And as when funeral dames watch a dead corse,
Weeping about it, telling with remorse
What pains he felt, how long in pain he lay,
How little food he eat, what he would say;
And then mix mournful tales of others' deaths,
Smothering themselves in clouds of their own breaths;
At length, one cheering other, call for wine,—
The golden bowl drinks tears out of their eyne,
As they drink wine from it; and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieve their woes:
So cast these virgins' beauties mutual rays,
One lights another, face the face displays;
Lips by reflection kiss'd, and hands hands shook,
E'en by the whiteness each of other took.

But Hymen now us'd friendly Morpheus' aid,
Slew every thief, and rescued every maid.
And now did his enamour'd passion take
Heart from his hearty deed, whose worth did make
His hope of bounteous Eucharis more strong;
And now came Love with Proteus, who had long
Juggled the little god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,
To win Love's stay with him, and make him love him;
And when he saw no strength of sleight could move him
To make him love, or stay, he nimbly turn'd
Into Love's self, he so extremely burn'd.
And thus came Love with Proteus and his power,
T' encounter Eucharis: first like the flower,

That Juno's milk did spring—the silver lily,
He fell on Hymen's hand, who straight did spy
The bounteous Godhead, and with wondrous joy
Offer'd it Eucharis. She wondrous coy
Drew back her hand: the subtle flower did woo it,
And drawing it near, mix'd so you could not know it.
As two clear tapers mix in one their light,
So did the lily and the hand their white:
She view'd it; and her view the form bestows
Amongst her spirits: for as colour flows
From superficies of each thing we see,
E'en so with colours forms emitted be:
And where love's form is, love is; love is form;
He enter'd at the eye, his sacred storm
Rose from the hand, love's sweetest instrument:
It stirr'd her blood's sea so, that high it went,
And beat in bashful waves 'gainst the white shore
Of her divided cheeks; it rag'd the more,
Because the tide went 'gainst the haughty wind
Of her estate and birth: and as we find,
In fainting ebbs, the flowery Zephyr hurls
The green hair'd Hellespont, broke in silver curls,
'Gainst Hero's tower; but in his blast's retreat,
The waves obeying him, they after beat,
Leaving the chalky shore a great way pale,
Then moist it freshly with another gale:
So ebb'd and flow'd in Eucharis's face,
Coyness and love striv'd which had greatest grace:
Virginity did fight on coyness' side,
Fear of her parents' frowns, and female pride

Lothing the lower place, more than it loves
The high contents desert and virtue moves.
With love fought Hymen's beauty and his valure,*
Which scarce could so much favour yet allure
To come to strike, but fameless idle stood,
Action is fiery valour's sovereign good.
But love once enter'd, wish'd no greater aid
Than he could find within; thought, thought betray'd;
The brib'd, but incorrupted garrison,
Sung *Io Hymen;* there those songs begun,
And Love was grown so rich with such a gain,
And wanton with the ease of his free reign,
That he would turn into her roughest frowns
To turn them out; and thus he Hymen crowns
King of his thoughts, man's greatest empery:
This was his first brave step to deity.

Home to the mourning city they repair,
With news as wholesome as the morning air,
To the sad parents of each saved maid:
But Hymen and his Eucharis had laid
This plot, to make the fame of their delight
Round as the moon at full, and full as bright.

Because the parents of chaste Eucharis
Exceeding Hymen's so, might cross their bliss;
And as the world rewards deserts, that law
Cannot assist with force, so when they saw

* *valure*—worth.

Their daughter safe, take 'vantage of their own,
Praise Hymen's valour much, nothing bestown,
Hymen must leave the virgins in a grove
Far off from Athens, and go first to prove,
If to restore them all with fame and life,
He should enjoy his dearest as his wife.
This told to all the maids; the most agree:
The riper sort knowing what 'tis to be
The first mouth of a news so far deriv'd,
And that to hear and bear news brave folks liv'd,
As being a carriage special hard to bear
Occurrents, these occurrents being so dear,
They did with grace protest, they were content
T' accost their friends with all their compliment,
For Hymen's good: but to incur their harm,
There he must pardon them. This wit went warm
To Adolesche's brain, a nymph born high,
Made all of voice and fire, that upwards fly:
Her heart and all her forces' nether train,
Climb'd to her tongue, and thither fell her brain,
Since it could go no higher: and it must go,
All powers she had, even her tongue did so.
In spirit and quickness she much joy did take,
And lov'd her tongue, only for quickness' sake,
And she would haste and tell. The rest all stay;
Hymen goes one, the nymph another way:
And what became of her I'll tell at last:—
Yet take her visage now:—moist lipp'd, long fac'd,
Thin like an iron wedge, so sharp and tart,
As 'twere of purpose made to cleave Love's heart.

Well were this lovely beauty rid of her.
And Hymen did at Athens now prefer
His welcome suit, which he with joy aspir'd:
A hundred princely youths with him retir'd
To fetch the nymphs: chariots and music went,
And home they came: Heaven with applauses rent.
The nuptials straight proceed, whilst all the town,
Fresh in their joys, might do them most renown.
First gold-lock'd Hymen did to church repair,
Like a quick off'ring burn'd in flames of hair.
And after, with a virgin firmament,
The godhead-proving bride attended went
Before them all, she look'd in her command,
As if form-giving Cypria's silver hand
Gript all their beauties, and crush'd out one flame;
She blush'd to see how beauty overcame
The thoughts of all men. Next before her went
Five lovely children, deck'd with ornament
Of her sweet colours, bearing torches by,
For light was held a happy augury
Of generation, whose efficient right
Is nothing else but to produce to light.
The odd disparent number they did choose,
To show the union married loves should use,
Since in two equal parts it will not sever,
But the midst holds one to rejoin it ever,
As common to both parts: men therefore deem,
That equal number gods do not esteem,
Being authors of sweet peace and unity,
But pleasing to th' infernal empery,

Under whose ensigns Wars and Discords fight,
Since an even number you may disunite
In two parts equal, nought in middle left,
To reunite each part from other reft:
And five they hold in most especial prize,
Since 'tis the first odd number that doth rise
From the two foremost numbers' unity,
That odd and even are; which are two and three,
For one no number is: but thence doth flow
The powerful race of number. Next did go
A noble matron, that did spinning bear
A housewife's rock and spindle, and did wear
A wether's skin, with all the snowy fleece,
To imitate that e'en the daintiest piece,
And noblest born dame should industrious be;
That which does good disgraceth no degree.

And now to Juno's temple they are come,
Where her grave priest stood in the marriage room:
On his right arm did hang a scarlet veil,
And from his shoulders to the ground did trail,
On either side, ribbands of white and blue;
With the red veil he hid the bashful hue
Of the chaste bride, to show the modest shame,
In coupling with a man, should grace a dame.
Then took he the disparent silks, and tied
The lovers by the waists, and side to side,
In token that thereafter they must bind
In one self sacred knot each other mind.

Before them on an altar he presented
Both fire and water, which was first invented,
Since to ingenerate every human creature,
And every other birth produc'd by nature,
Moisture and heat must mix; so man and wife
For human race must join in nuptial life.
Then one of Juno's birds, the painted jay,
He sacrific'd, and took the gall away;
All which he did behind the altar throw,
In sign no bitterness of hate should grow,
'Twixt married loves, nor any least disdain.
Nothing they spake, for 'twas esteemed too plain
For the most silken mildness of a maid,
To let a public audience hear it said
She boldly took the man: and so respected
Was bashfulness in Athens, it erected
To chaste Agneia, which is shamefacedness,
A sacred temple, holding her a goddess.—
And now to feasts, masks, and triumphant shows,
The shining troops return'd, e'en till earth's throes
Brought forth with joy the thickest part of night,
When the sweet nuptial song that us'd to cite
All to their rest, was by Phemonœ sung:
First Delphian prophetess, whose graces sprung
Out of the Muses:—well she sung before
The bride into her chamber, at which door
A matron and a torch-bearer did stand:
A painted box of comfits in her hand
The matron held; and so did other some
That compass'd round the honour'd nuptial room.

The custom was that every maid did wear,
During her maidenhead, a silken sphere
About her waist, above her inmost weed,
Knit with Minerva's knot, and that was freed
By the fair bridegroom on the marriage night,
With many ceremonies of delight:
And yet eternis'd Hymen's tender bride,
To suffer it dissolv'd, so sweetly cry'd.
The maids that heard, so lov'd and did adore her,
They wish'd with all their hearts to suffer for her.
So had the matrons, that with comfits stood,
About the chamber, such affectionate blood,
And so true feeling of her harmless pains,
That every one a shower of comfits rains.
For which the bride-youths scrambling on the ground,
In noise of that sweet hail her cries were drown'd.
And thus bless'd Hymen joy'd his gracious bride,
And for his joy was after deified.
The saffron mirror by which Phœbus' love,
Green Tellus, decks her, now he held above
The cloudy mountains: and the noble maid,
Sharp-visag'd Adolesche, that was stray'd
Out of her way, in hasting with her news,
Not till this hour th' Athenian turrets views;
And now brought home by guides, she heard by all,
That her long kept occurrents would be stale,
And how fair Hymen's honours did excel
Far those rare news, which she came short to tell.

To hear her dear tongue robb'd of such a joy,
Made the well-spoken nymph take such a toy*,
That down she sunk: when lightning from above,
Shrunk her lean body, and for mere free love,
Turn'd her into the pied-plum'd Psittacus,
That now the parrot is surnam'd by us,
Who still with counterfeit confusion prates
Nought but news common to the common'st mates.—
This told, strange Teras touch'd her lute, and sung
This ditty, that the torchy evening sprung.

EPITHALAMION TERATOS.

Come, come, dear Night! Love's mart of kisses!
  Sweet close of his ambitious line,
The fruitful summer of his blisses,
  Love's glory doth in darkness shine.
O come, soft rest of cares! come, Night!
  Come, naked virtue's only tire,
The reaped harvest of the light,
  Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire.
    Love calls to war,—
      Sighs his alarms,
    Lips his swords are,
      The field his arms.

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand
  On glorious Day's outfacing face:
And all thy crowned flames command,
  For torches to our nuptial grace.

* Sudden humour, or fancy.

Love calls to war,—
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

No need have we of factious Day,
To cast, in envy of thy peace,
Her balls of discord in thy way:
Here Beauty's day doth never cease,
Day is abstracted here,
And varied in a triple sphere.
Hero, Alcmane, Mya, so outshine thee,
Ere thou come here let Thetis thrice refine thee.
Love calls to war,—
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

The evening star I see;
Rise, youths! the evening star
Helps Love to summon war,
Both now embracing be.
Rise, youths! Love's right claims more than banquets; rise!
Now the bright marygolds, that deck the skies,
Phœbus' celestial flowers, that, contrary
To his flowers here, ope when he shuts his eye,
And shuts when he doth open, crown your sports:
Now love in night, and night in love exhorts
Courtship and dances: all your parts employ,
And suit Night's rich expansure with your joy;

Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes:
Rise, youths! Love's right claims more than banquets; rise!

Rise, virgins! let fair nuptial loves infold
Your fruitless breasts: the maidenheads ye hold
Are not your own alone, but parted are,
Part in disposing them your parents' share,
And that a third part is: so must you save
Your loves a third, and you your thirds must have.
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes:
Rise, youths! Love's right claims more than banquets; rise!

Herewith the amorous spirit, that was so kind
To Teras' hair, and comb'd it down with wind,
Still as it, comet-like, brake from her brain,
Would needs have Teras gone, and did refrain
To blow it down: which staring up, dismay'd
The timorous feast, and she no longer stay'd;
But bowing to the bridegroom and the bride,
Did like a shooting exhalation glide
Out of their sights: the turning of her back
Made them all shriek, it look'd so ghastly black.
O hapless Hero! that most hapless cloud
Thy soon succeeding tragedy foreshow'd.—
Thus all the nuptial crew to joys depart,
But much wrung Hero stood Hell's blackest dart:
Whose wound because I grieve so to display,
I use digressions thus t'increase the day.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH SESTYAD.

Leucote flies to all the winds,
And from the Fates their outrage blinds,
That Hero and her love may meet.
Leander, with Love's complete fleet
Mann'd in himself, puts forth to seas,
When straight the ruthless Destinies,
With Até, stir the winds to war
Upon the Hellespont: their jar
Drowns poor Leander. Hero's eyes,
Wet witnesses of his surprise,
Her torch blown out: grief casts her down
Upon her love, and both doth drown.
In whose just ruth the God of Seas
Transforms them to th' Acanthides.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE SIXTH SESTYAD.

No longer could the Day nor Destinies
Delay the Night, who now did frowning rise
Into her throne; and at her humorous breasts,
Visions and Dreams lay sucking: all men's rests
Fell like the mists of death upon their eyes,
Day's too long darts so kill'd their faculties.
The winds yet, like the flowers, to cease began;
For bright Leucote, Venus' whitest swan,
That held sweet Hero dear, spread her fair wings,
Like to a field of snow, and message brings
From Venus to the Fates, t' entreat them lay
Their charge upon the winds their rage to stay,
That the stern battle of the seas might cease,
And guard Leander to his love in peace.
The Fates consent, (aye me! dissembling Fates)
They show'd their favours to conceal their hates,
And draw Leander on, lest seas too high
Should stay his too obsequious destiny:
Who like a fleering slavish parasite,
In warping profit or a traiterous sleight,
Hoops round his rotten body with devotes,
And pricks his descant face full of false notes;

Praising with open throat, and oaths as foul
As his false heart, the beauty of an owl;
Kissing his skipping hand with charmed skips,
That cannot leave, but leaps upon his lips
Like a cock-sparrow, or a shameless quean
Sharp at a red lipp'd youth, and nought doth mean
Of all his antic shows, but doth repair
More tender fawns, and takes a scatter'd hair
From his tame subject's shoulder; whips and calls
For every thing he lacks; creeps 'gainst the walls
With backward humblesse, to give needless way:
Thus his false fate did with Leander play.

First to black Eurus flies the white Leucote,
(Born 'mongst the negroes in the Levant sea,
On whose curl'd head the glowing sun doth rise)
And shows the sovereign will of Destinies,
To have him cease his blasts,—and down he lies.
Next, to the fenny Notus course she holds,
And found him leaning with his arms in folds
Upon a rock, his white hair full of showers,
And him she chargeth by the fatal powers,
To hold in his wet cheeks his cloudy voice.
To Zephyr then that doth in flowers rejoice:
To snake-foot Boreas next she did remove,
And found him tossing of his ravish'd love,
To heat his frosty bosom hid in snow;
Who with Leucote's sight did cease to blow.—
Thus all were still to Hero's heart's desire,
Who with all speed did consecrate a fire

Of flaming gums, and comfortable spice,
To light her torch, which in such curious price
She held, being object to Leander's sight,
That nought but fires perfum'd must give it light.
She lov'd it so, she griev'd to see it burn,
Since it would waste and soon to ashes turn:
Yet if it burn'd not, 'twere not worth her eyes,
What made it nothing, gave it all the prize.
Sweet torch! true glass of our society;
What man does good, but he consumes thereby?
But thou wert lov'd for good, held high, given show:
Poor virtue loath'd for good, obscur'd, held low.
Do good, be pined, be deedless good, disgrac'd:
Unless we feed on men, we let them fast.
Yet Hero with these thoughts her torch did spend;
When bees make wax, Nature doth not intend
It shall be made a torch; but we that know
The proper virtue of it, make it so,
And when 'tis made, we light it: nor did Nature
Propose one life to maids, but each such creature
Makes by her soul the best of her true state,
Which without love is rude, disconsolate,
And wants Love's fire to make it mild and bright,
Till when, maids are but torches wanting light.
Thus 'gainst our grief, not cause of grief we fight;
The right of nought is glean'd, but the delight.
Up went she, but to tell how she descended,
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended.
She was the rule of wishes, sum and end,
For all the parts that did on love depend:

Yet cast the torch his brightness further forth;
But what shines nearest best, holds truest worth.
Leander did not through such tempests swim
To kiss the torch, although it lighted him:
But all his powers in her desires awaked,
Her love and virtues cloth'd him richly naked.
Men kiss but fire that only shows pursue,—
Her torch and Hero, figure show and virtue.

Now at opposed Abydos nought was heard
But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,
Slain for the nuptials; cracks of falling woods;
Blows of broad axes; pourings out of floods.
The guilty Hellespont was mix'd and stain'd
With bloody torrents, that the shambles rain'd;
Not arguments of feast, but shows that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followed.
More blood was spilt, more honours were address'd,
Than could have graced any happy feast;
Rich banquets, triumphs, every pomp employs
His sumptuous hand: no miser's nuptial joys.
Air felt continual thunder with the noise
Made in the general marriage violence:
And no man knew the cause of this expense,
But the two hapless lords, Leander's sire,
And poor Leander, poorest where the fire
Of credulous love made him most rich surmis'd:
As short was he of that himself so priz'd,
As is an empty gallant full of form,
That thinks each look an act, each drop a storm,

That falls from his brave breathings; most brought up
In our metropolis, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feasts; and much palm bears,
For his rare judgment in th' attire he wears:
Hath seen the hot Low-Countries, not their heat,
Observes their rampires and their buildings yet;
And, for your sweet discourse with mouths, is heard
Giving instructions with his very beard:
Hath gone with an ambassador, and been
A great man's mate in travelling, even to Rhene,
And then puts all his worth in such a face,
As he saw brave men make, and strives for grace
To get his news forth: as when you descry
A ship, with all her sail contends to fly
Out of the narrow Thames with winds unapt,
Now crosseth here, then there, then this way rapt,
And then hath one point reach'd; then alters all,
And to another crooked reach doth fall
Of half a birdbolt's shoot; keeping more coil
Than if she danc'd upon the Ocean's toil:
So serious is his trifling company,
In all his swelling ship of vacantry.
And so short of himself in his high thought,
Was our Leander in his fortunes brought,
And in his fort of love that he thought won,
But otherwise, he scorns comparison.

O sweet Leander! Thy large worth I hide
In a short grave; ill favour'd storms must chide

Thy sacred favour; I, in floods of ink
Must drown thy graces, which white papers drink,
E'en as thy beauties did the foul black seas.
I must describe the hell of thy decease,
That heaven did merit: yet I needs must see
Our painted fools and cockhorse peasantry
Still, still usurp, with long lives, loves, and lust,
The seats of virtue; cutting short as dust
Her dear bought issue; ill, to worse converts,
And tramples in the blood of all deserts.

Night close and silent now goes fast before
The captains and the soldiers to the shore,
On whom attended the appointed fleet
At Sestos' bay, that should Leander meet,
Who feign'd he in another ship would pass:
Which must not be, for no one mean there was
To get his love home, but the course he took.
Forth did his beauty for his beauty look,
And saw her through her torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the sun a face of gold,
Form'd in strong thoughts, by that tradition's force,
That says a god sits there and guides his course.
His sister was with him, to whom he shew'd
His guide by sea: and said, "Oft have you view'd
In one heaven many stars, but never yet
In one star many heavens till now were met.
See, lovely sister! see, now Hero shines,
No heaven but her appears: each star repines,

And all are clad in clouds, as if they mourn'd,
To be by influence of earth out-burn'd.
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth virtue's train,
Still to be constant in hell's blackest reign:
Though even the gods themselves do so entreat them
As they did hate, and earth, as she would eat them."

Off went his silken robe, and in he leap'd,
Whom the kind waves so licorously cleap'd,
Thick'ning for haste, one in another so,
To kiss his skin, that he might almost go
To Hero's tower, had that kind minute lasted.
But now the cruel Fates with Até hasted
To all the winds, and made them battle fight
Upon the Hellespont, for either's right
Pretended to the windy monarchy.
And forth they brake, the seas mix'd with the sky,
And toss'd distress'd Leander, being in hell,
As high as heaven: *bliss not in height doth dwell.*
The Destinies sate dancing on the waves,
To see the glorious winds with mutual braves
Consume each other. O true glass, to see
How ruinous ambitious statists be
To their own glories! Poor Leander cried
For help to sea-born Venus; she denied,—
To Boreas, that for his Attheia's sake,
He would some pity on his Hero take,
And for his own love's sake, on his desires:
But Glory never blows cold Pity's fires.

Much greater powers than Neptune's gave.
They lov'd Leander so, in groans they bra
When they came near him; and such spa
'Twixt one another, loath to issue on,
That in their shallow furrows earth was sh
And the poor lover took a little breath:
But the curst Fates sat spinning of his dea
On every wave, and with the servile winds
Tumbled them on him. And now Hero fi
By that she felt, her dear Leander's state,
She wept and pray'd for him to every Fate
And every wind that whipp'd her with he
About the face, she kiss'd and spake it fair
Kneel'd to it, gave it drink out of her eyes
To quench his thirst: but still their cruelt
E'en her poor torch envied, and rudely be
The 'bating flame from that dear food it e
Dear, for it nourish'd her Leander's life,
Which, with her robe she rescued from the
But silk too soft was, such hard hearts to l
And she, dear soul, e'en as her silk, faint,
Could not preserve it: out, O out it went.
Leander still call'd Neptune, that now rent

His brackish curls, and tore his wrinkled face,
Where tears in billows did each other chase,
And burst with ruth ;—he hurl'd his marble mace
At the stern Fates ; it wounded Lachesis
That drew Leander's thread, and could not miss
The thread itself, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full, and quite did sunder it.
The more kind Neptune rag'd, the more he rased
His love's life's fort, and kill'd as he embrac'd.
Anger doth still his own mishap increase ;
If any comfort live, it is in peace.
O thievish Fates, to let blood, flesh, and sense,
Build two fair temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poison'd influence.
Though souls' gifts starve, the bodies are held dear
In ugliest things ; sense-sport preserves a bear,
But here nought serves our turns: O Heaven and earth,
How most most wretched is our human birth !—
And now did all the tyrannous crew depart,
Knowing there was a storm in Hero's heart,
Greater than they could make, and scorn'd their smart.
She bow'd herself so low out of her tower,
That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her hour,
With searching the lamenting waves for him ;
Like a poor snail, her gentle supple limb
Hung on her turret's top, so most downright,
As she would dive beneath the darkness quite,
To find her jewel :—jewel !—her Leander,
A name of all earth's jewels pleas'd not her
Like his dear name ; " Leander, still my choice,
Come nought but my Leander ! O, my voice,

Turn to Leander! Henceforth be all sounds,
Accents, and phrases, that show all griefs' wounds,
Analyz'd in Leander. O black change!
Trumpets, do you with thunder of your *clange*,
Drive out this change's horror—my voice faints:
Where all joy was, now shriek out all complaints."
Thus cried she; for her mix'd soul could tell
Her love was dead: and when the morning fell
Prostrate upon the weeping earth for woe,
Blushes, that bled out of her cheeks, did show,
Leander brought by Neptune, bruis'd and torn,
With cities' ruins he to rocks had worn;
To filthy usuring rocks, that would have blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.
She saw him, and the sight was much, much more
Than might have serv'd to kill her; should her store
Of giant sorrows speak?—Burst,—die,—bleed,
And leave poor plaints to us that shall succeed.
She fell on her Love's bosom, hugg'd it fast,
And with Leander's name she breath'd her last!

Neptune for pity in his arms did take them,
Flung them into the air, and did awake them
Like two sweet birds, surnam'd th' Acanthides,
Which we call Thistle-warps, that near no seas
Dare ever come, but still in couples fly,
And feed on thistle tops, to testify
The hardness of their first life in their last;
The first, in thorns of love, that sorrows past:
And so most beautiful their colours show,
As none (so little) like them; her sad brow

A sable velvet feather covers quite,
E'en like the forehead cloth* that in the night,
Or when they sorrow, ladies us'd to wear:
Their wings, blue, red, and yellow, mix'd appear;
Colours, that as we construe colours, paint
Their states to life;—the yellow shows their saint,
The dainty Venus, left them; blue, their truth;
The red and black, ensigns of death and ruth.
And this true honour from their love-death sprung,
THEY WERE THE FIRST THAT EVER POET SUNG†.

* The forehead cloth was a bandage used to prevent wrinkles.

† "Chapman," says a former editor of this poem, "alludes to the 'Hero and Leander' of Musæus the grammarian, which he here, as well as in the title to his rare translation of that poem (12mo. 1616), ascribes to the traditionary Musæus, the son of Linus. The mistake, however, is not to be regretted, since it produced the above most poetical close to this sweet song."

The following song, which is quoted in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," has been ascribed to Shakespeare on the authority of the publisher of a collection of small poems, entitled, "The Passionate Pilgrim, and Sonnets to sundry notes of music, by William Shakespeare: London, printed for W. Jaggard, 1599." Jaggard, however, is not an authority to be relied upon, for although his collection contains many of Shakespeare's genuine productions, it also includes several pieces which are not his. In an enlarged edition, published in 1602, he added two pieces written by Thomas Heywood, who complains of the circumstance in his "Apology for Actors." Izaak Walton ascribes it to Marlowe under the character of "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe;" and England's Helicon contains a poem "In imitation of C. Marlowe," beginning thus, "Come live with me and be my dear." This imitation was written by Sir Walter Raleigh, who also wrote "The Nymph's Reply," to Marlowe's song. Marlowe himself quotes the first line of his song in the 'Jew of Malta,' Act iv. Scene 4.

SONG.

"Come, live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That grove or valley, hill or field,
Or wood and steepy mountain yield.

Where we will sit on rising rocks,
  And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
  Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Pleas'd will I make thee beds of roses,
  And twine a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and rural kirtle,
  Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A jaunty gown of finest wool,
  Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
And shoes lin'd choicely for the cold,
  With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
  With coral clasps, and amber studs;
If these, these pleasures can thee move,
  To live with me, and be my love."

"England's Parnassus" contains many quotations from Marlowe. In addition to those extracted from the works now collected, we find the following description:—

"I walk along a stream for pureness rare,
Brighter than sun-shine; for it did acquaint
The dullest sight with all the glorious prey,
That in the pebble-paved channel lay.
No molten chrystal, but a richer mine;
Even Nature's rarest alchymy ran there,
Diamonds resolv'd, and substance more divine,
Through whose bright gliding current might appear

A thousand naked nymphs, whose ivory shine
Enamelling the bands, made them more dear
Than ever was that glorious palace gate,
Where the day shining sun in triumph sat.
Upon this brim, eglantine and rose,
The tamorisk, olive, and the almond tree,
As kind companions in one union grows,
Folding their twining arms, as oft we see
Turtle-taught lovers either other close,
Lending to dullness feeling sympathy;
And as a costly vallance o'er a bed,
So did their garland tops the brook o'erspread;
Their leaves that differed both in shape and show
(Though all were green) yet difference such in green
Like to the checkered bent of Iris bow,
Prided the running main as it had been."

Four lines which appear familiar to us, although we cannot recollect from what source they are derived, are contained in the same collection, and are ascribed to Marlowe. They are not extracted from any of the plays in the present edition.

—— The rites
In which Love's beauteous empress most delights,
Are banquets, Doric music, midnight revelling,
Plays, masks and all that stern age counteth evil.

CERTAIN

OF

OVID'S ELEGIES:

BY

C. MARLOWE.

Certaine of Ovid's Elegies, by C. Marlowe. At Middleborgh. 8vo. [no date.]

Marlowe's translations from Ovid are seldom to be met with. A small edition of twenty-five copies was lately printed for private circulation, and from it the present reprint has been taken.

ELEGIES.

Amorum, lib. I. Elegia 1.

Quemadmodum a Cupidine, pro bellis amoris scribere coactus sit.

We which were Ovid's five books, now are three,
For these before the rest preferreth he:
If reading five thou 'plain'st of tediousness,
Two ta'en away, the labour will be less;
With muse uprear'd, I meant to sing of arms,
Choosing a subject fit for fierce alarms:
Both verses were alike till Love (men say)
Began to smile and take one foot away.
Rash boy, who gave thee power to change a line?
We are the Muses' prophets, none of thine.
What, if thy mother take Diana's bow,
Shall Dian fan when love begins to glow?
In woody groves is 't meet that Ceres reign,
And quiver bearing Dian till the plain?
Who set the fair tress'd son in battle 'ray,
While Mars doth take the Aonion harp to play?
Great are thy kingdoms, over strong and large,
Ambitious imp! why seek'st thou further charge?
Are all things thine? the Muses' Tempe thine?
Then scarce can Phœbus say, this harp is mine.

When in this work first verse I trod aloft,
I slack'd my muse, and made my number soft:
I have no mistress nor no favorite,
Being fittest matter for a wanton wit.
Thus I complain'd, but love unlock'd his quiver,
Took out the shaft, ordain'd my heart to shiver,
And bent his sinewy bow upon his knee,
Saying, Poet here's a work beseeming thee.
Oh, woe is me! he never shoots but hits,
I burn, love in my idle bosom sits:
Let my first verse be six, my last five feet;
Farewell stern war, for blunter poets meet!
Elegian muse, that warblest amorous lays,
Girt my shine brow, with seabank myrtle praise!

C. MARLOWE.

AMORUM, LIB. I. ELEGIA 3.

Ad amicum.

I ask but right, let her that conqu'd me late,
Either love, or cause that I may hate;
I crave too much—would she but let me love her;
Love knows with such like prayers I daily move her.
Accept him that will serve thee all his youth,
Accept him that will love thee with spotless truth.
If lofty titles cannot cause me to be thine,
That am descended but of knightly line;
(Soon may you plough the little lands I have;
I gladly grant my parents given to save;)
Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muses may,
And Cupid who hath mark'd me for thy prey;

My spotless life, which but to gods gives place,
Naked simplicity, and modest grace.
I love but one, and he I love change never,
If men have faith, I'll live with thee for ever.
The years that fatal destiny shall give
I'll live with thee, and die, or thou shalt grieve.
Be thou the happy subject of my books
That I may write things worthy thy fair looks.
By verses horned Io got her name;
And she to whom in shape of Bull love came;
And she that on a feign'd Bull swam to land,
Griping his false horns with her virgin hand.
So likewise we will through the world be rung,
And with my name shall thine be always sung.

Amorum, lib. I. Elegia 5.

Corinnæ concubitus.

In summer's heat, and mid-time of the day,
To rest my limbs, upon a bed I lay;
One window shut, the other open stood,
Which gave such light, as twinkles in a wood,
Like twilight glimpse at setting of the sun
Or night being past, and yet not day begun;
Such light to shamefaced maidens must be shown
Where they sport, and seem to be unknown:
Then came Corinna in a long loose gown,
Her white neck hid with tresses hanging down,
Resembling fair Semiramis going to bed,
Or Lais of a thousand lovers spread,
I snatch'd her gown being thin, the harm was small,
Yet striv'd she to be covered therewithal,

And striving thus as one that would be cast,
Betrayed herself, and yielded at the last.
Stark naked as she stood before mine eye,
Not one wen in her body could I spy.
What arms and shoulders did I touch and see,
How apt her breasts were to be press'd by me.
How smooth a belly, under her waist saw I,
How large a leg, and what a lusty thigh.
To leave the rest, all pleas'd me passing well,
I cling'd her fair white body, down she fell,
Judge you the rest, being tired she bade me kiss;
Jove send me more such afternoons as this!

C. MARLOWE.

AMORUM, LIB. III. ELEGIA 14.

Ad amicum si peccatura est, ut occulte peccet.

Seeing thou art fair, I bar not thy false playing,
But let not me poor soul wit of thy straying.
Nor do I give thee counsel to live chaste,
But that thou would'st dissemble when 'tis past.
She hath not trod awry that doth deny it;
Such as confess have lost their good names by it.
What madness is't to tell night-sports by day,
Or hidden secrets openly to bewray,
The strumpet with the stranger will not do,
Before the room be clear, and door put-to.
Will you make shipwreck of your honest name?
And let the world be witness of the same.
Be more advis'd; walk as a puritan,
And I shall think you chaste do what you can.
Slip still, only deny it when 'tis done,
And before people immodest speeches shun.

The bed is for lascivious toyings meet,
There use all toys, and tread shame under feet;
When you are up and dress'd, be sage and grave,
And in the bed hide all the faults you have.
Be not asham'd to strip you being there;
And mingle thighs, mine ever yours to bear,
There in your rosy lips my tongue intomb,
Practise a thousand sports when there you come,
Forbear no wanton words you there would speak,
And with your pastime, let the bedstead creak.
But with your robes, put on an honest face,
And blushes—and seem as you were full of grace.
Deceive all, let me err, and think I'm right,
And like a wittol, think thee void of slight.
Why see I lines so oft received and given;
This bed, and that by tumbling made uneven?
Like one start up, your hair, toss'd and displac'd,
And with a wanton's tooth, your neck new raz'd?
Grant this, that what you do I may not see,
If you weigh notill speeches, yet weigh me.
My soul fleets when I think what you have done,
And through every vein doth cold blood run.
Then thee whom I must love I hate in vain,
And would be dead, but dying with thee remain.
I'll not sift much, but hold thee soon excus'd,
Say but thou wert injuriously accus'd;
Though while the deeds be doing you be took
And I see when you ope the two-leav'd book;
Swear I was blind, yield not if you be wise,
And I will trust your words more than mine eyes.

From him that yields, the garland is quickly got,
Teach but your tongue to say, I did it not;
And being justified by two words think
The cause acquits you not, but I that wink.

Amorum, lib. I. Elegia 15.

Ad invidos, quod fama Poetarum sit perennis.

Envy, why carpest thou my time is spent so ill?
And term'st our works fruits of an idle quill,
Or that unlike the line from whence I come,
War's dusty honors are refus'd being young,
Nor that I study not the brawling laws,
Nor set my voice to sale in every cause.
Thy scope is mortal, mine eternal fame,
That all the world might ever chaunt my name.
Homer shall live while Tenedos stands and Ide,
Or to the sea swift Simois shall slide.
Ascreus lives, while grapes with new wine swell,
Or men with crooked sickles corn down fell.
For ever lasts high Sophocles' proud vein
With sun and moon Eratus shall remain.
While bondmen cheat, fathers hoard, bawds whorish
And strumpets flatter, shall Menander flourish.
Rude Ennius, and Plautus full of wit,
Are both in Fame's eternal legend writ.
What age of Varro's name shall not be told,
And Jason's Argos, and the fleece of gold?
Lofty Lucretius shall live that hour,
That nature shall dissolve this earthly bower.
Enæas' war and Tityrus shall be read,
While Rome of all the conquering world is head.

Till Cupid's bow, and fiery shafts be broken,
Thy verses sweet Tibullus shall be spoken.
And Gallus shall be known from East to West,
So shall Lycoris whom he loved best.
Therefore when flint and iron wear away,
Verse is immortal and shall [not] decay.
Let kings give place to verse and kingly shows,
The banks o'er which gold-bearing Tagus flows.
Let base conceited wits admire vile things,
Fair Phœbus lead me to the Muses' springs.
About my head be quivering myrtle wound,
And in sad lovers' heads let me be found.
The living, not the dead, can envy bite,
For after death all men receive their right.
Then though death rocks my bones in funeral fire,
I'll live, and as he pulls me down mount higher.

Amorum, lib. I. Elegia 13.

Ad Aurorum, ne properet.

Now on the sea from her old love comes she
That draws the day from heaven's cold axletree.
Aurora whither slid'st thou down again?
And birds from Memnon yearly shall be slain.
Now in her tender arms I sweetly bide,
If ever now well lies she by my side,
The air is cold, and sleep is sweetest now,
And birds send forth shrill notes from every bough.
Whither run'st thou, that men and women love not?
Hold in thy rosy horses that they move not.
Ere thou rise, stars teach seamen where to sail,
But when thou com'st, they of their courses fail.

Poor travellers though tired, rise at thy sight,
And soldiers arm their ready hands for fight.
The painful hind by thee to field is sent;
Slow oxen early in the yoke are pent.
Thou cous'nest boys of sleep, and dost betray them
To pedants that with cruel lashes pay them.
Thou mak'st the surety to the lawyer run,
That with one word hath nigh himself undone.
The lawyer and the client both do hate thy view,
Both whom thou raisest up to toil anew.
By thy means women of their rest are barr'd,
Thou set'st their labouring hands to spin and card.
This could I bear, but that the wench should rise,
Who can endure, save him with whom none lies?
How oft wish'd I night would not give thee place,
Nor morning stars shun thy uprising face.
How oft that either wind, would break thy coach,
Or steeds might fall, forc'd with thick clouds approach.
Whither go'st thou, hateful nymph? Memnon the elf,
Receiv'd his cole-black colour from thyself.
Say that thy love with Cephalus were not known,
Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not shown.
Would Tithon might but talk of thee awhile,
Not one in heaven should be more base and vile.
Thou leav'st his bed, because he's faint through age,
And early mountest thy hateful carriage:
But had'st thou in thine arms some Cephalus,
Then would'st thou cry, stay night and run not thus.
Punish ye me, because years make him wane,
I did not bid thee wed an aged swain.

The moon sleeps with Endymion every day,
Thou art as fair as she, then kiss and play.
Jove that thou should'st not haste but wait his leisure,
Made two nights one to finish up his pleasure.
I chide no more, she blush'd, and therfore heard me,
Yet linger'd not the day, but morning scar'd me.

Amorum, lib. II. Elegia 4.

Quod amet mulieres, cujuscunque formæ sint.

I mean not to defend the scapes of any,
Or justify my vices being many;
For I confess, if that might merit favour
Here I display my lewd and loose behaviour.
I loathe, yet after that I loathe I run:
Oh, how the burden irks, that we should shun.
I cannot rule myself but where love please,
And driven like a ship upon rough seas,
No one face likes me best, all faces move,
A hundred reasons makes me ever love.
If any eye me with a modest look,
I blush, and by that blushful glass am took,
And she that's coy I like, for being no clown,
Methinks she should be quick when she is down.
Though her sour looks a Sabine's brow resemble,
I think she'll do, but deeply can dissemble.
If she be learned, then for her skill I crave her,
If not, because she's simple I would have her.
Before Callimachus one prefers me far,
Seeing she likes my books, why should we jar?
Another rails at me, and that I write,
Yet would I be with her, if that I might:

Trips she, it likes me well, plods she, what than?
She would be nimbler lying with a man.
And when one sweetly sings, then straight I long,
To quaver on her lips even in her song;
Or if one touch the lute with art and cunning,
Who would not love those nimble hands for the
swift running?
And she I like that with a majesty,
Folds up her arms, and makes low courtesy,
To leave myself that am in love withal,
Some one of these might make the chastest fall.
If she be tall, she's like an Amazon,
And therefore fills the bed she lies upon:
If short, she lies the rounder to speak troth,
Both short and long please me for I love both:
If her white neck be shadow'd with black hair,
Why so was Leda's, yet was Leda fair.
Yellow-tress'd is she, then on the morn think I,
My love alludes to every history:
A young wench pleaseth, and an old is good,
This for her looks, that for her womanhood,
Nay what is she, that any Roman loves,
But my ambitious ranging mind approves?

Amorum, lib. II. Elegia 10.

Ad Grecinum quod eodem tempore duas amet.

Grecinus (well I wot) thou told'st me once,
I could not be in love with two at once;
By thee deceiv'd, by thee surprised am I,
For now I love two women equally:

Both are well favoured, both rich in array,
Which is the loveliest it is hard to say:
This seems the fairest, so doth that to me,
This doth please me most, and so doth she,
Even as a boat toss'd by contrary wind
So with this love and that wavers my mind.
Venus why doublest thou my endless smart?
Was not one wench enough to grieve my heart?
Why add'st thou stars to heaven, leaves to green woods,
And to the deep vast sea fresh water floods?
Yet this is better far than lie alone,
Let such as be mine enemies have none;
Yea, let my foes sleep in an empty bed,
And in the midst their bodies largely spread:
But may soft love rouse up my drowsy eyes,
And from my mistress' bosom let me rise:
Let one wench cloy me with sweet love's delight,
If one can do't, if not, two every night.
Though I am slender, I have store of pith,
Nor want I strength, but weight to press her with:
Pleasure adds fuel to my lustful fire,
I pay them home with that they most desire:
Oft have I spent the night in wantonness,
And in the morn been lively ne'ertheless,
He's happy whom Love's mutual skirmish slays,
And to the gods for that death Ovid prays.
Let soldier chase his enemies amain,
And with his blood eternal honour gain,
Let merchants seek wealth with perjur'd lips,
And being wrecked, carouse the sea tir'd by their ships,

But when I die, would I might droop with doing,
And in the midst thereof, let my soul going,
That at my funerals some may weeping cry,
Even as he led his life, so did he die.

Amorum, lib. III. Elegia 6.

Quod ab amica receptus cum ea coire non potuit, conqueritur.

Either she was foul, or her attire was bad,
Or she was not the wench I wished t' have had;
Idly I lay with her, as if I lov'd her not,
And like a burden griev'd the bed that moved not;
Though both of us perform'd our true intent,
Yet could I not cast anchor where I meant;
She on my neck her ivory arms did throw,
That were as white as is the Scythian snow,
And eagerly she kiss'd me with her tongue,
And under mine, her wanton thigh she flung,
Yea, and she sooth'd me up, and called me sir,
And used all speech that might provoke and stir,
Yet like as if cold hemlock I had drunk,
It mocked me, hung down the head and sunk.
Like a dull cypher, or rude block I lay,
Or shade, or body was I, who can say?
What will my age do? age I cannot shun,
Seeing in my prime, my force is spent and done;
I blush, and being youthful, hot, and lusty,
I prove neither youth nor man, but old and rusty.
Pure rose she, like a nun to sacrifice,
Or one that with her tender brother lies,

Yet boarded I the golden Chie twice;
And Libas and the white cheek'd Pitho thrice.
Corinna craved it in a summer's night,
And nine sweet bouts had we before day light,
What, waste my limbs through some Thessalian
charms?
May spells and drugs do silly souls such harms?
With virgin wax hath some imbast my joints,
Had pierc'd my liver with sharp needle points?
Charms change corn to grass and make it die,
By charms are running springs and fountains dry;
By charms mast drops from oaks, from vines grapes fall,
And fruit from trees, when there's no wind at all.
Why not then might my sinews be enchanted,
And I grow faint as with some spirit haunted?
To this add shame, shame to perform it quail'd me,
And was the second cause why vigor fail'd me:
My idle thoughts delighted her no more
Than did the robe or garment which she wore,
Yet might her touch make youthful Pilius fire,
And Tithon livelier than his years require.
Even her I had, and she had me in vain,
What might I crave more if I ask again?
I think the great Gods, griev'd they had bestow'd,
This benefit, which lewdly I forslow'd:
I wish'd to be received in, and in I got me,
To kiss, I kiss'd, to lie with her she let me.
Why was I blest? why made king and refus'd it,
Chuf-like had I not gold and could not use it?
So in aspiring thrives he that told so much,
And lookes upon the fruits he cannot touch.

Hath any rose so from a fresh young maid,
As she might straight have gone to church and pray
Well, I believe she kiss'd not as she should,
Nor us'd the slight nor cunning which she could;
Huge oaks, hard adamants might she have mov'd,
And with sweet words cause deaf rocks to have lov'
Worthy she was to move both gods and men,
But neither was I man, ne lived then.
Can deaf ears take delight, when Phemius sings,
Or Thamyris in curious painted things?
What sweet thought is there, but I had the same,
And one gave place still as another came.
Yet notwithstanding like one dead it lay,
Drooping more than a rose pull'd yesterday:
Now when he should not jet, he bolts upright,
And craves his task, and seeks to be at fight,
Lie down with shame, and see thou stir no more,
Seeing now thou would'st deceive me as before:
Thou cozend'st me, by thee surpris'd am I,
And bide great hurt with endless infamy.
Nay more, the wench did not disdain a whit,
To take it in her hand and play with it.
But when she saw it would by no means stand,
But still dropp'd down, regarding not her hand,
Why mock'st thou me she cried, or being ill,
Who bade the lie down here against thy will?
Either thou'rt witched with blood of frogs new dea
Or jaded cam'st thou from some other's bed.
With that her loose gown on from me she cast her
In skipping out her naked feet much grac'd her,

And lest her maid should know of this disgrace,
To cover it spilt water in the place.

Amorum. lib. I. Elegia 2.

Quod primo amore correptus, in triumphum duci se a Cupidine patiatur.

What makes my bed seem hard seeing it is so soft?
Or why slips down the coverlet so oft?
Although the nights be long I sleep not through,
My sides are sore with tumbling to and fro.
Were love the cause it's like I should descry him,
Or lies he close and shoots where none can spy him?
'Twas so he struck me with a tender dart,
'Tis cruel love turmoils my captive heart.
Yielding or striving do we give him might,
Let's yield, a burden easily borne is light.
I saw a brandish'd fire increase in strength,
Which being not shak'd, I saw it die at length.
Young oxen newly yok'd are beaten more,
Than oxen which have drawn the plough before:
And rough jades' mouths with stubborn bits are torn,
But manag'd horses' heads are lightly borne.
Unwilling lovers, love doth more torment,
Than such as in their bondage feel content.
Lo I confess, I am thy captive I,
And hold my conquer'd hands for thee to tie.
What need'st thou war, I sue to thee for grace
With arms to conquer armless men is base.
Yoke Venus' Doves, put myrtle on thy hair,
Vulcan will give thee chariots rich and fair:

The people thee applauding, thou shalt stand,
Guiding the harmless pigeons with (thy) hand.
Young men and women shalt thou lead as thrall,
So will thy triumphs seem magnifical;
I, lately caught, will have a new made wound,
And captive like be manacled and bound,
Good meaning shame, and such as seek loves wra
Shall follow thee, their hands tied at their back.
Thee all shall fear, and worship as a king
Io, triumphing shall thy people sing.
Smooth speeches, fear and rage shall by thee ride,
Which troops have always been on Cupid's side:
Thou with these soldiers conquer'st gods and men.
Take these away where is thy honor then?
Thy mother shall from heaven applaud this show,
And on their faces heaps of roses strow,
With beauty of thy wings, thy fair hair gilded,
Ride golden love in chariots richly builded.
Unless I err, full many shalt thou burn,
And give words infinite at every turn.
In spite of thee, forth will thy arrows fly,
A scorching flame burns all the standers by.
So having conquer'd Ind, was Bacchus hue,
Thee pompous birds and him two tigers drew;
Then seeing I grace thy shew in following thee,
Forbear to hurt thyself in spoiling me.
Behold thy kinsman Cæsar's prosperous hands,
Who guards thee conquered with his conquering hand

EPIGRAMS AND ELEGIES,

BY

JOHN DAVIES AND CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

Epigrammes and Elegies, by J. D. and C. M. At Middleborough. 8vo. [no date.]

These productions are ascribed to Davies and Marlowe, but as it is impossible to determine with accuracy the portions belonging to each, and as moreover the volume is extremely rare it has been thought best to reprint the whole.

EPIGRAMMATA PRIMA.

Ad Musam.

Fly merry Muse unto that merry town,
Where thou may'st plays, revels and triumphs see,
The house of fame and theatre of renown,
Where all good wits and spirits love to be.

Fall in between their hands, that love and praise thee,
And be to them a laughter and a jest:
But as for them which scorning shall approve thee,
Disdain their wits, and think thine own the best.

But if thou find any so gross and dull,
That think I do to private taxing lean:
Bid him go hang for he is but a gull,
And knows not what an epigram does mean.
  Which taxeth under a particular name,
  A general vice which merits public blame.

Of a Gull. 2.

Oft in my laughing rhymes, I name a gull,
But this new term will many questions breed,

Therefore at first I will express at full,
Who is a true and perfect gull indeed.

A gull is he who fears a velvet gown,
And when a wench is brave, dares not speak to he
A gull is he which traverseth the town,
And is for marriage known a common wooer.

A gull is he, which while he proudly wears,
A silver hilted rapier by his side,
Indures the lies, and knocks about the ears,
Whilst in his sheath, his sleeping sword doth bide.

A gull is he which wears good handsome clothes,
And stands in presence stroking up his hair,
And fills up his imperfect speech with oaths,
But speaks not one wise word throughout the year:
  But to define a gull in terms precise,
  A gull is he which seems, and is not wise.

In Rufum. 3.

Rufus the Courtier, at the theatre,
Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,
Doth either to the stage himself transfer,
Or through a grate, doth shew his double face.

For that the clamorous fry of Inns of court,
Fills up the private rooms of greater price,
And such a place where all may have resort,
He in his singularity doth despise.

Yet doth not his particular humour shun
The common stews and brothels of the town,
Though all the world in troops do thither run,
Clean and unclean, the gentle and the clown:
Then why should Rufus in his pride abhor,
A common seat, that loves a common whore.

In Quintum. 4.

Quintus the Dancer useth evermore,
His feet in measure, and in rule to move,
Yet on a time he called his mistress whore,
And thought with that sweet word to win her love;
Oh had his tongue like to his feet been taught,
It never would have uttered such a thought.

In Plurimos. 5.

Faustinus, Sextus, Cinna, Ponticus,
With Gella, Lesbia, Thais, Rhodope,
Rode all to Staines for no cause serious,
But for their mirth, and for their lechery.

Scarce were they settled in their lodging, when
Wenches, with wenches, men with men fell out;
Men with their wenches, wenches with their men,
Which straight dissolves, this ill assembled rout.

But since the devil brought them thus together,
To my discoursing thoughts it is a wonder,
Why presently as soon as they came thither,
The self same devil did them part asunder.
Doubtless it seems it was a foolish devil
That thus did part them, ere they did some evil.

In Titum. 6.

Titus the brave and valorous young gallant,
Three years together in this town had been,
Yet my Lord Chancellor's tomb he hath not seen,
Nor the new water-work, nor the elephant:
I cannot tell the cause without a smile,
He hath been in the Counter all this while.

In Faustum. 7.

Faustus not lord, nor knight, nor wise, nor old,
To every place about the town doth ride,
He rides into the fields, plays to behold,
He rides to take boat at the water-side;
He rides to Pauls, he rides to th' ordinary,
He rides unto the house of bawdry too:
Thither his horse so often doth him carry,
That shortly he will quite forget to go.

In Katum. 8.

Kate being pleased, wish'd that her pleasure could
Endure as long as a buff jerkin would:
Content thee Kate, although thy pleasure wasteth,
Thy pleasure's place like a buff jerkin lasteth:
For no buff jerkin hath been oftener worn,
Nor hath more scrapings or more dressings borne.

In Librum. 9.

Liber doth vaunt how chastely he hath liv'd,
Since he hath been in town seven years and more,
For that he swears he hath four only swiv'd,
A maid, a wife, a widow and a whore:

Then Liber thou hast swiv'd all womenkind,
For a fifth sort I know thou canst not find.

In Medontem. 10.

Great Captain Medon wears a chain of gold,
Which at five hundred crowns is valued,
For that it was his grandsire's chain of old,
When great king Henry Bullogne conquered.
And wear it Medon, for it may ensue,
That thou by virtue of this massy chain,
A stronger town than Bullogne may'st subdue,
If wise men's saws be not reputed vain.
For what said Philip king of Macedon?
There is no castle so well fortified,
But if an ass laden with gold come on,
The guard will stoop, and gates fly open wide.

In Gellam. 11.

Gella, if thou dost love thyself, take heed,
Lest thou my rhymes, unto thy lover read,
For straight thou grinn'st, and then thy lover seeth,
Thy canker-eaten gums and rotten teeth.

In Quintum. 12.

Quintus his wit infused into his brain,
Misliked the place, and fled into his feet,
And there it wanders up and down the streets,
Dabbled in the dirt, and soaked in the rain.
Doubtless his wit intends not to aspire,
Which leaves his head to travel in the mire.

In Severum. 13.

The puritan Severus oft doth read,
This text that doth pronounce vain speech a sin,
That thing defiles a man that doth proceed
From out the mouth, not that which enters in.
Hence is it, that we seldom hear him swear,
And thereof like a Pharisee he vaunts,
But he devours more capons in a year,
Than would suffice a hundred protestants.
And sooth those sectaries are gluttons all,
As well the thread-bare cobbler as the knight,
For those poor slaves which have not wherewithal,
Feed on the rich, till they devour them quite.
And so like Pharaoh's kine, they eat up clean,
Those that be fat, yet still themselves be lean.

In Leucam. 14.

Half English words, with fustian terms among,
Much like the burthen of a northern song.

In Faustum. 16.

That youth saith Faustus hath a lion seen,
Who from a dicing house comes moneyless,
But when he lost his hair, where had he been,
I doubt me he had seen a lioness.

In Cosmum. 17.

Cosmus hath more discoursing in his head,
Than Jove, when Pallas issued from his brain,
And still he strives to be delivered,
Of all his thoughts at once, but all in vain:
For as we see at all the playhouse doors,
When ended is the play, the dance and song,
A thousand townsmen, gentlemen, and whores,
Porters and serving-men together throng:
So thoughts of drinking, thriving, wenching, war,
And borrowing money, raging in his mind,
To issue all at once so forward are,
As none at all can perfect passage find.

In Flaccum. 18.

The false knave Flaccus once a bribe I gave,
The more fool I to bribe so false a knave,
But he gave back my bribe, the more fool he,
That for my folly, did not cozen me.

In Cineam. 19.

Thou dogged Cineas hated like a dog,
For still thou grumblest like a mastiff dog,
Compar'st thyself to nothing but a dog,
Thou say'st thou art as weary as a dog,
As angry, sick, and hungry as a dog,
As dull and melancholy as a dog,
As lazy, sleepy, and as idle as a dog;
But why dost thou compare thee to a dog?
In that, for which all men despise a dog?
I will compare thee better to a dog.
Thou art as fair and comely as a dog,
Thou art as true and honest as a dog,
Thou art as kind and liberal as a dog,
Thou art as wise and valiant as a dog:
  But Cineas I have oft heard thee tell,
  Thou art as like thy father as may be,
  'Tis like enough, and 'faith I like it well,
  But I am glad thou art not like to me.

In Gerontem. 20.

Geron's mouldy memory corrects,
Old Holinshed our famous chronicler,
With moral rules, and policy collects,
Out of all actions done these fourscore year.
  Accounts the time of every old event,
  Not from Christ's birth, nor from the Prince's reign
  But from some other famous accident,
  Which in men's general notice doth remain.

The siege of Bulogne, and the plagy sweat,
The going to saint Quintin's and New-haven,
The rising in the North, the frost so great,
That cart-wheel prints on Thames' face were seen.
  The fall of money, and burning of Paul's steeple,
  The blazing star, and Spaniard's overthrow:
  By these events notorious to the people,
  He measures times, and things forepast doth show.
But most of all, he chiefly reckons by,
A private chance, the death of his curst wife:
  This is to him the dearest memory,
  And th' happiest accident of all his life.

In Marcum. 21.

When Marcus comes from Mins, he still doth swear
By, come a seven, that all is lost and gone,
But that's not true, for he hath lost his hair
Only for that, he came too much at one.

In Ciprium. 22.

The fine youth Cyprius is more terse and neat,
Than the new garden of the old Temple is,
And still the newest fashion he doth get,
And with the time doth change from that to this,
He wears a hat now of the flat crown-block,
The treble ruffs, long cloak, and doublet French:
He takes tobacco, and doth wear a lock,
And wastes more time in dressing than a wench.

Yet this new-fangled youth, made for these tin
Doth above all, praise old Gascoigne's rhymes.

In Cineam. 23.

When Cineas comes amongst his friends in morni
He slyly looks who first his cap doth move:
Him he salutes, the rest so grimly scorning,
As if for ever they had lost his love.
I knowing how it doth the humour fit,
Of this fond gull to be saluted first:
Catch at my cap, but move it not a whit:
Which perceiving he seems for spite to burst.
But Cineas, why expect you more of me,
Than I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quality,
For vault, and dance, and fence and rhyme I can:
You keep a whore at your own charge men tell
Indeed friend (Cineas) therein you excel me.

In Gallum. 24.

Gallus hath been this summer-time in Friesland,
And now returned he speaks such warlike words,
As if I could their English understand,
I fear me they would cut my throat like swords.
He talks of counterscarps and casamates,
Of parapets, of curteneys and pallisadoes,
Of flankers, ravelings, gabions he prates,
And of false brayes and sallies and scalados:
But to requite such gulling terms as these,
With words of my profession I reply;

I tell of foorching, vouchers and counterpleas,
Of withernams, essoines, and champarty :
So neither of us understanding either,
We part as wise as when we came together.

In Dicium. 25.

Audacious painters have nine worthies made,
But poet Decius more audacious far,
Making his mistress march with men of war,
With title of tenth worthy doth her lade ;
Methinks that gull did use his terms as fit,
Which termed his love a giant for her wit.

In Gellam. 26.

If Gella's beauty be examined,
She hath a dull dead eye, a saddle nose,
An ill-shaped face, with morphew overspread,
And rotten teeth which she in laughing shows.
Briefly, she is the filthiest wench in town,
Of all that do the art of whoring use ;
But when she hath put on her sattin gown,
Her out-lawn apron, and her velvet shoes,
Her green silk stockings, and her petticoat
Of taffeta, with golden fringe a-round ;
And is withal perfumed with civet hot,
Which doth her valiant stinking breath confound ;
Yet she with these additions is no more,
Then a sweet, filthy, fine, ill-favored whore.

In Syllam. 27

Sylla is often challenged to the field,
To answer like a gentleman his foes,
But when doth he his only answer yield,
That he hath livings and fair lands to loose:
Sylla, if none but beggars valiant were,
The king of Spain would put us all in fear.

In Syllam. 28.

Who dares affirm that Sylla dare not fight?
When I dare swear he dares adventure more,
Than the most brave, most all-daring wight,
That ever arms with resolution bore:
He that dare touch the most unwholesome whore
That ever was retired into the spital;
And dares court wenches standing at a door,

In Haywodum. 29.

Haywood which in epigrams did excel,
Is now put down since my light muse arose;
As buckets are put down into a well,
Or as a school-boy putteth down his hose.

In Dacum. 30.

Amongst the poets Dacus number'd is,
Yet could he never make an English rhyme,
But some prose speeches I have heard of his,
Which have been spoken many a hundred time.
  The man that keeps the elephant hath one,
  Wherein he tells the wonders of the beast;
  Another Banks pronounced long ago,
  When he his curtail's qualities express'd:
He first taught him that keeps the monuments
At Westminster, his formal tale to say,
And also him with puppets represents,
And also him which with the ape doth play;
  Though all his poetry be like to this,
  Amongst the poets numbered is.

In Priscum. 31.

When Priscus raised from low to high estate,
Rode through the street in pompous jollity,
Caius his poor familiar friend of late,
Bespake him thus, Sir, now you know not me:
  'Tis likely friend (quoth Priscus) to be so,
  For at this time myself I do not know.

In Brunum. 32

Brunus which thinks himself a fair sweet youth
Is thirty-nine years of age at least;
Yet was he never, to confess the truth,
But a dry starveling when he was at best.
  This gull was sick to shew his nightcap fine,
  And his wrought pillow overspread with lawn;
But hath been well since his grief's cause hath lien
At Trollop's by Saint Clement's church in pawn.

In Francum. 33.

When Francus comes to solace with his whore,
He sends for rods and strips himself stark naked;
For his lust sleeps, and will not rise before
By whipping of the wench it be awaked.
  I envy him not, but wish I had the power,

Of Tobacco. 36.

Homer of Moly, and Nepenthe sings,
Moly the Gods most sovereign herb divine;
Nepenthe Hekens drink with gladness brings,
Heart's grief expels, and doth the wits refine.
But this our age another world hath found,
From whence an herb of heavenly power is brought,
Moly is not so sovereign for a wound,
Nor hath Nepenthe so great wondes wrought.
It is tobacco, whose sweet substantial fume,
The hellish torment of the teeth doth ease,
By drawing down, and drying up the rheum,
The mother and the nurse of each disease.
It is tobacco which doth cold expel,
And clears the obstructions of the arteries,
And surfeits threat'ning death digesteth well,
Decocting all the stomach's crudities.
It is tobacco which hath power to clarify,
The cloudy mists before dim eyes appearing,
It is tobacco, which hath power to rarify
The thick gross humour which doth stop the hearing,
The wasting hectic and the quartan fever,
Which doth of physic make a mockery:
The gout it cures, and helps ill breaths for ever,
Whether the cause in teeth or stomach be:
And though ill breaths, were by it but confounded,
Yet that medicine it doth far excel,
Which by Sir Thomas Moore hath been propounded,
For this is thought a gentleman-like smell.

All our brave gallants in the t

In Crassum.

Crassus's lies are not pernicious
But pleasant fictions, hurtful un
But to himself, for no man cou
To tell for truth, that which for
  He swears that Caunt is thre
  And that the bridge at Paris
  Is of such thickness, length and
  That six-score arches can it s
He swears he saw so great a de
At Canterbury digged out of th
That would contain of wheat th
And that in Kent are twenty ye
  Of which the poorest every y
  Five thousand pound: these a
  So oft he hath recited to his
  That now himself persuades h
But why doth Crassus tell his li
Of bridges, towns, and things t
  He is a lawyer, and [illegible]

In Philonem. 38.

Philo the lawyer and the fortune-teller,
The school-master, the midwife and the bawd,
The conjurer, the buyer and the seller
Of painting which with breathing will be thaw'd,
  Doth practise physic, and his credit grows,
  As doth the ballad-singer's auditory,
  Which hath at Temple Bar his standing chose,
  And to the vulgar sings an ale-house story.
First stands a porter, then an oyster wife
Doth stint her cry, and stay her steps to hear him,
Then comes a cutpurse ready with a knife,
And then a country client passeth near him:
  There stands the constable, there stands the whore,
  And harkening to the song, mark not each other;
  There by the serjeant stands the debtor poor,
  And doth no more mistrust him than his brother:
Thus Orpheus to such hearers giveth music,
And Philo to such patients giveth physic.

Fuscum. 39.

Fuscus is free, and hath the world at will,
Yet in the course of life that he doth lead,
He's like a horse which turning round a mill,
Doth always in the self-same circle tread:
  First he doth rise at ten, and at eleven
  He goes to Gill's, where he doth eat till one;
  Then sees he a play till six, and sups at seven,
  And after supper, straight to bed is gone.

And there till ten next day he doth remain,
And then he dines, then sees a comedy;
And then he sups, and goes to bed again,
Thus round he runs without variety:
Save that sometimes he comes not to the play,
But falls into a whore-house by the way.

In Afrum. 40.

The small feast after, travels to the Burse
Twice every day the flying news to hear,
Which when he hath no money in his purse,
To rich men's tables he doth often bear:
He tells how Gronigen is taken in,
By the brave conduct of illustrious Vere;
And how the Spanish forces Breast would win,
But that they do victorious Norris fear.
No sooner is a ship at sea surprised,

In Paulum. 41.

By lawful mart, and by unlawful stealth,
Paul's in spite of envy fortunate,
Derives out of the oceans so much wealth,
As he may well maintain a lord's estate:
But on the land a little gulf there is,
Wherein he drowneth all the wealth of his.

In Licum. 42.

Lycus which lately is to Venice gone,
Shall if he do return, gain three for one:
But ten to one, his knowledge and his wit,
Will not be bettered or increased a whit.

In Publium. 43.

Publius, student at the common law,
Oft leaves his books, and for his recreation,
To Paris garden doth himself withdraw,
Where he is ravished with such delectation
As down amongst the bears and dogs he goes;
Where whilst he skipping cries to head, to head,
His sattin doublet and his velvet hose,
Are all with spittle from above be-spread.
When he is like his father's country hall,
Stinking with dogs, and muted all with hawks;
And rightly too on him this filth doth fall,
Which for such filthy sports his books forsakes;
Leaving old Plowden, Dyer and Brooke alone,
To see old Harry Hunkes and Sacarson.

In Syllam. 44.

When I this proposition had defended,
A coward cannot be an honest man,
Thou Sylla seemest forthwith to be offended,
And hold'st the contrary and swears he can:
But when I tell thee that he will forsake
His dearest friend, in peril of his life,
Thou then art chang'd and say'st thou didst mistake
And so we end our argument and strife:
Yet I think oft, and think I think aright,
Thy argument argues thou wilt not fight.

In Dacum. 45.

Dacus with some good colour and pretence,
Terms his love's beauty silent eloquence;
For she doth lay more colours on her face,
Than ever Tully used his speech to grace.

He thinks not of the war 'twixt France and Spain,
Whether it be for Europe good or ill,
Nor whether the empire can itself maintain
Against the Turkish power encroaching still;
Nor what great town in all the Netherlands,
The stars determine to besiege this spring,
Nor how the Scottish policy now stands,
Nor what becomes of the Irish mutining.
But he doth seriously bethink him whether
Of the gull'd people he be more esteem'd,
For his long cloak, or his great black feather,
By which each gull is now a gallant deem'd:
Or of a journey he deliberates,
To Paris garden cock-pit or the play;
Or how to steal a dog he meditates,
Or what he shall unto his mistress say:
Yet with these thoughts he thinks himself most fit
To be of counsel with a king for wit.

Ad Musam. 48.

Peace idle muse, have done! for it is time,
Since lousy Ponticus envies my fame,
And swears the better sort are much to blame
To make me so well known for ill rhyme:
Yet Banks his horse is better known than he,
So are the camels and the western hog,
And so is Lepidus' high painted dog:
Why doth not Ponticus their fames envy?
Besides this muse of mine, and the black feather,
Grew both together fresh in estimation,

Is my gross headed judge,

IGNOTO.

I LOVE thee not for sacred chastity.
Who loves for that? nor for thy sprightly wit:
I love thee not for thy sweet modesty,
Which makes thee in perfection's throne to sit.

I love thee not for thy enchanting eye,
Thy beauty ravishing perfection:
I love thee not for unchaste luxury,
Nor for thy body's fair proportion.

I love thee not for that my soul doth dance,
And leap with pleasure when those lips of thine,
Give musical and graceful utterance,
To some (by thee made happy) poet's line.

I love thee not for voice or slender small,
But wilt thou know wherefore? fair sweet for all.

'Faith wench! I cannot court thy sprightly eyes,
With the base viol placed between my thighs:
I cannot lisp, nor to some fiddle sing,
Nor run upon a high stretched minikin.

I cannot whine in puling elegies,
Intombing Cupid with sad obsequies:

Swearing by love, thou art m
Not I by cock, but shall te
Hark in thine ear, zounds
soundly.

Sweet wench I love thee, yet
Or shew my love as musky c
I'll not carouse a health to h
In this same bezzling drunke
And when all's quaff'd, eat u
In glory that I am thy servile
Nor will I wear a rotten Bou
As some sworn peasant to a f
Well-featured lass, thou know
Yet for thy sake I will not bo
To hang thy dirty silken shoe
Nor for thy love will I once g
Or some pied colours in my b
But by the chaps of hell to
I'll freely spend my thrice

THE

FIRST BOOK OF LUCAN,

TRANSLATED BY C. MARLOWE.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

TO HIS KIND AND TRUE FRIEND,

EDWARD BLOUNT.

BLOUNT: I purpose to be blunt with you, and out of my dulness to encounter you with a dedication in memory of that pure elemental wit Chr. Marlowe, whose ghost or genius is to be seen walk the churchyard in, at the least, three or four sheets. Methinks you should presently look wild now, and grow humorously frantic upon the taste of it. Well, lest you should, let me tell you: this spirit was sometime a familiar of your own, Lucan's first book translated; which, in regard of your old right in it, I have raised in the circle of your patronage. But stay now, Edward, if I mistake not, you are to accommodate yourself with some few instructions, touching the property of a patron, that you are not yet possessed of; and to study them for your better grace as our gallants do fashions. First, you must be proud and think you have merit enough in you, though you are never so empty; then when I bring you the book take physic, and keep state, assign me a time by your man to come again, and afore the day be sure to have changed your lodging; in the mean time sleep little, and sweat with the invention of some pitiful dry jest or two which you may happen to utter, with some little, or not at all, marking of your friends when you

have found a place for them to come in at: or if by chance something has dropped from you worth the taking up, weary all that come to you with the often repetition of it; censure scornfully enough, and somewhat like a traveller; commend nothing, lest you discredit your (that which you would seem to have) judgment. These things, if you can mould yourself to them, Ned, I make no question but they will not become you. One special virtue in our patrons of these days I have promised myself you shall fit excellently, which is to give nothing; yes, thy love I will challenge as my peculiar object both in this, and, I hope, many more succeeding offices: Farewell, I affect not the world should measure my thoughts to thee by a scale of this nature; leave to think good of me when I fall from thee.

Thine in all rights of perfect friendship,

THOM. THORPE.

THE

FIRST BOOK OF LUCAN,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

WARS worse then civil on Thessalian plains,
And outrage-strangling law and people strong,
We sing, whose conquering swords their own breasts launch'd,
Armies allied, the kingdom's league uprooted,
Th' affrighted world's force bent on public spoil,
Trumpets and drums, like deadly, threat'ning other,
Eagles alike display'd, darts answering darts.
Romans, what madness, what huge lust of war
Hath made barbarians drunk with Latin blood?
Now Babylon, (proud through our spoil) should stoop,
While slaughter'd Crassus' ghost walks unreveng'd.
Will ye wage war, for which you shall not triumph?
Aye me! O what a world of land and sea,
Might they have won whom civil broils have slain,
As far as Titan springs, where night dims heaven,—
Aye to the torrid zone where mid-day burns,
And where stiff winter, whom no spring resolves,
Fetters the Euxine sea with chains of ice!
Scythia and wild Armenia had been yok'd,

And they of Nilus' mouth (if there live any).
Rome, if thou take delight in impious war,
First conquer all the earth, then turn thy force
Against thyself: as yet thou want'st not foes,
That now the walls of houses half reafer'd (?) totter,
That rampiers fallen down, huge heaps of stone
Lye in our towns, that houses are abandon'd,
And few live that behold their ancient seats;
Italy many years hath lain untill'd
And choak'd with thorns; that greedy earth wants
hinds.
Fierce Pyrrhus! neither thou nor Hannibal
Art cause; no foreign foe could so afflict us;
These plagues arise from wreck of civil power.
But if for Nero (then unborn) the fates
Would find no other means, (and gods not slightly
Purchase immortal thrones; nor Jove joy'd heaven,

And with bright restless fire compass the earth,
Undaunted though her former guide be chang'd.
Nature, and every power shall give thee place,
What God it please thee be, or where to sway:
But neither chuse the north t'erect thy seat;
Nor yet the adverse reaking southern pole,
Whence thou should'st view thy Rome with squinting beams.
If any one part of vast heaven thou swayest,
The burden'd axles with force will bend;
The mid'st is best; that place is pure, and bright,
There Cæsar may'st thou shine and no cloud dim thee;
Then men from war shall bide in league and ease,
Peace through the world from Janus' fane shall fly,
And bolt the brazen gates with bars of iron.
Thou, Cæsar, at this instant art my god;
Thee if I invocate, I shall not need
To crave Apollo's aid, or Bacchus' help;
Thy power inspires the muse that sings this war.
The causes first I purpose to unfold,
Of these garboils, whence springs a long discourse,
And what made madding people shake off peace.
The fates are envious, high seats quickly perish,
Under great burdens falls are ever grievous;
Rome was so great it could not bear itself:
So when this world's compounded union breaks,
Time ends, and to old Chaos all things turn;
Confused stars shall meet, celestial fire
Fleet on the floods, the earth shoulder the sea,
Affording it no shore, and Phœbe's wain,

Chase Phœbus and enrag'd affect his place,
And strive to shine by day, and full of strife
Dissolve the engines of the broken world.
All great things crush themselves; such end the gods
Allot the height of honor; men so strong,
By land and sea, no foreign force could ruin.
O Rome! thyself art cause of all these evils,
Thyself thus shiver'd out to three men's shares;
Dire league of partners in a kingdom lasts not.
O faintly join'd friends with ambition blind,
Why join you force to share the world betwixt you!
While th' earth, the sea, and air, the earth sustains;
While Titan strives against the world's swift course;
Or Cynthia, night's queen, waits upon the day;
Shall never faith be found in fellow kings.
Dominion cannot suffer partnership;
This needs no foreign proof, nor far fet story:

Being conquered, we are plagu'd with civil war,
Swords share our empire; fortune, that made Rome
Govern the earth, the sea, the world itself,
Would not admit two lords: for Julia
Snatch'd hence by cruel fates with ominous howls,
Bare down to hell her son, the pledge of peace,
And all bands of that death presaging alliance.
Julia! had heaven given thee longer life
Thou had'st restrain'd thy headstrong husband's rage,
Yea and thy father too, and swords thrown down,
Made all shake hands as once the Sabines did;
Thy death broke amity and train'd to war
These captains emulous of each others glory.
Thou feard'st, great Pompey! that late deeds would dim
Old triumphs, and that Cæsar's conquering France,
Would dash the wreath thou wear'dst for pirates' wrack.
Thee war's use stir'd, and thoughts that always scorn'd
A second place; Pompey could bide no equal,
Nor Cæsar no superior; which of both
Had justest cause, unlawful 'tis to judge:
Each side had great partakers; Cæsar's cause
The gods abetted; Cato lik'd the other;
Both differ'd much; Pompey was struck in years,
And by long rest forgot to manage arms,
And being popular sought by liberal gifts,
To gain the light unstable commons' love,
And joy'd to hear his theatres applause;
He liv'd secure boasting his former deeds,
And thought his name sufficient to uphold him;

Like to a tall oak in a fruitful field,
Bearing old spoils and conquerors' monuments,
Who though his root be weak, and his own weight,
Keep him within the ground, his arms all bare,
His body (not his boughs) send forth a shade;
Though every blast it nod, and seem to fall,
When all the woods about stand bolt upright,
Yet he alone is held in reverence.
Cæsar's renown for war was less, he restless,
Shaming to strive but where he did subdue;
When ire or hope provok'd, heady, and bold
At all times charging home, and making havoc;
Urging his fortune, trusting in the gods,
Destroying what withstood his proud desires,
And glad when blood and ruin made him way:
So thunder which the wind tears from the clouds,
With crack of riven air and hideous sound,

Rome's greatest wits, was loath'd, and all the world
Ransack'd for gold, which breeds the world decay;
And then large limits had their butting lands;
The ground which Curius and Camillus till'd,
Was stretch'd unto the fields of hinds unknown;
Again, this people could not brook calm peace;
Them freedom without war might not suffice;
Quarrels were rife; greedy desire, still poor,
Did vile deeds; then 'twas worth the price of blood,
And deem'd renown to spoil their native town:
Force master'd right, the strongest govern'd all;
Hence came it that th' edicts were over-rul'd,
That laws were broke, tribunes with consuls strove,
Sale made of offices, and people's voices,
Bought by themselves and sold, and every year
Frauds and corruption in the field of Mars;
Hence interest and devouring usury sprang,
Faith's breach, and hence came war to most men welcome.
Now Cæsar overpast the snowy Alps;
His mind was troubled, and he aim'd at war,
And coming to the ford of Rubicon,
At night in dreadful vision fearful Rome,
Mourning appear'd, whose hoary hairs were torn,
And on her turret-bearing head dispers'd,
And arms all naked, who with broken sighs,
And staring, thus bespoke,—"what meanst thou Cæsar?
Whither goes my standard? Romans if ye be,
And bear true hearts, stay! hear!" this spectacle

My thought's sole goddess, aid
I hate thee not, to thee my cor
Cæsar is thine, so please it the
He, he afflicts Rome that mad
This said, he laying aside all le
Approach'd the swelling strean
sign,
Like to a lion of scorch'd deser
Who, seeing hunters, pauseth '
And kingly rage increase, then
His tail athwart his back, and c
With jaws wide open ghastly ro
(Albeit the Moor's light javelin
Sticks in his side) yet runs upon
In summer-time the purple Rub
Which issues from a small sprin
And creeps along the vales, divi
The bounds of Italy from Cisalp
But now the winter's wrath, and
Being three days old, enforc'd th
And frozen Alps thaw'd with res
The thunder-hoof'd horse, in a

Which being broke, the foot had easy passage.
As soon as Cæsar got unto the bank
And bounds of Italy; "Here! here!" saith he,
"An end of peace; here, end polluted laws!
Hence leagues and covenants! Fortune, thee I follow;
War and the destinies shall try my cause."
This said, the restless general through the dark,
(Swifter than bullets thrown from Spanish slings,
Or darts which Parthians backward shoot) march'd on,
And then (when Lucifer did shine alone,
And some dim stars) he Ariminum enter'd.
Day rose and view'd these tumults of the war.
Whether the gods, or blust'ring south were cause
I know not, but the cloudy air did frown;
The soldiers having won the market-place,
There spread the colours, with confused noise
Of trumpet's clang, shrill cornets, whistling fifes;
The people started; young men left their beds,
And snatch'd arms near their household gods hung up,
Such as peace yields; worm-eaten leathern targets,
Through which the wood peer'd, headless darts, old swords
With ugly teeth of black rust foully scarr'd:
But seeing white eagles, and Rome's flags well known,
And lofty Cæsar in the thickest throng,
They shook for fear, and cold benumm'd their limbs,
And muttering much, thus to themselves complain'd.
O walls unfortunate! too near to France,
Predestinate to ruin! all lands else

Have stable peace; here war's rage first begins;
We bide the first brunt, safer might we dwell,
Under the frosty bear, or parching east,
Waggons or tents, than in this frontier town.
We first sustain'd the uproars of the Gauls,
And furious Cymbrians and of Carthage Moors.
As oft as Rome was sack'd here 'gan the spoil.
Thus sighing whisper'd they, and none durst speak,
And shew their fear, or grief: but as the fields
When birds are silent thorough winter's rage,
Or sea far from the land, so all were wist.
Now light had quite dissolv'd the misty night,
And Cæsar's mind unsettled musing stood:
But gods and fortune prick'd him to this war,
Infringing all excuse of modest shame,
And labouring to approve his quarrel good.
The angry senate urging Gracchus' deeds,

Now, while their part is weak and fears, march hence!
Where men are ready, lingering ever hurts:
In ten years won'st thou France; Rome may be won
With far less toil, and yet the honor's more;
Few battles fought with prosperous success
May bring her down, and with her all the world;
Nor shalt thou triumph when thou com'st to Rome;
Nor capital be adorn'd with sacred bays;
Envy denies all; with thy blood must thou
Abide thy conquest past: the son decrees
T' expel the father; share the world thou can'st not;
Enjoy it all thou may'st." Thus Curio spake
And therewith Cæsar prone enough to war
Was so incensed as are Eleus' steeds
With clamors: who, though lock'd and chain'd in stalls,
Souse down the walls, and make a passage forth.
Straight summon'd he his several companies
Unto the standard: his grave look appeas'd
The wrestling tumult; and right hand made silence:
And thus he spake: "You that with me have borne
A thousand brunts, and tried me full ten years,
See how they quit our bloodshed in the north;
Our friend's death; and our wounds; our wintering
Under the Alps. Rome rageth now in arms
As if the Carthage Hannibal were near;
Cornets of horse are muster'd for the field;
Woods turn'd to ships; both land and sea against us:
Had foreign wars ill-thriv'd, or wrathful France,
Pursu'd us hither, how were we bestead
When coming conqueror Rome afflicts me thus?

Let come their leaders whom long peace hath quail'd;
Raw soldiers lately prest; and troops of gowns;
Babbling Marcellus; Cato whom fools reverence!
Must Pompey's followers with strangers' aid,
(Whom from his youth he brib'd) needs makes him
king?
And shall he triumph long before his time,
And having once got head still shall he reign?
What should I talk of men's corn reap'd by force,
And by him kept of purpose for a dearth.
Who sees not war sit by the quivering judge;
And sentence given in rings of naked swords,
And laws assail'd, and arm'd men in the senate.
'Twas his troop hemm'd in Milo being accus'd;
And now lest age might wain his state, he casts
For civil war, wherein through use he's known
To exceed his master, that arch-traitor Sylla.

My conquering eagles? say I merit nought,
Yet for long service done, reward these men,
And so they triumph; be't with whom ye will.
Whither now shall these old bloodless souls repair?
What seats for their deserts? what store of ground
For servitors to till? What colonies
To rest their bones? say Pompey, are these worse
Than pirates of Sicilia? they had houses.
Spread, spread these flags that ten years space have conquer'd!
Let's use our tried force; they that now thwart right,
In war will yeild to wrong: the gods are with us,
Neither spoil nor kingdom seek we by these arms,
But Rome, at thraldom's feet, to rid from tyrants."
This spoke, none answered but a murmuring buz
Th' unstable people made: their household gods
And love to Rome (though slaughter steel'd their hearts
And minds were prone) restrain'd them; but war's love
And Cæsar's awe dash'd all: then Lælius
The chief centurion crown'd with oaken leaves
For saving of a Roman citizen,
Stepp'd forth, and cry'd, "Chief leader of Rome's force,
So be, I may be bold to speak a truth;
We grieve at this thy patience and delay.
What! doubt'st thou us? even now when youthful blood
Pricks forth our lively bodies, and strong arms
Can mainly throw the dart, wilt thou indure

These purple grooms? that senate's tyranny?
Is conquest got by civil war so heinous?
Well, lead us then to Syrtes' desert shore;
Or Scythia; or hot Lybia's thirsty sands!
This hand, that all behind us might be quail'd,
Hath with thee past the swelling ocean;
And swept the foaming breast of Artic Rhene.
Love overrules my will; I must obey thee
Cæsar; he whom I hear thy trumpets charge,
I hold no Roman; by these ten blest ensigns
And all thy several triumphs, should'st thou bid me
Intomb my sword within my brother's bowels,
Or father's throat, or women's groaning womb,
This hand (albeit unwilling) should perform it,
Or rob the gods, or sacred temples fire:
These troops should soon pull down the church of
Jove,

And fates so bent, lest sloth and long delay
Might cross him, he withdrew his troops from France,
And in all quarters musters men for Rome.
They by Lemannus' nook forsook their tents;
They whom the Ligones foil'd with painted spears,
Under the rocks by crooked Vogesus;
And many came from shallow Isara,
Who running long, falls in a greater flood,
And ere he sees the sea looseth his name;
The yellow Ruthens left their garrisons;
Mild Atax glad it bears not Roman boats;
And frontier Varus that the camp is far,
Sent aid; so did Alcides' port, whose seas
Eat hollow rocks, and where the north-west wind,
Nor zephyr rules not, but the north alone
Turmoils the coast, and entrance forbids:
And others came from that uncertain shore,
Which is nor sea, nor land, but oftimes both,
And changeth as the ocean ebbs and flows;
Whether the sea roll'd always from that point,
Whence the wind blows, still forced to and fro;
Or that the wandering main follow the moon,
Or flaming Titan, feeding on the deep,
Pulls them aloft, and makes the surge kiss heaven;
Philosophers look you, for unto me,
Thou cause whate'er thou be whom God assigns,
This great effect, art hid. They came that dwell,
By Neme's fields and banks of Aturus,
Where Tarbels winding shores embrace the sea,
The Santons that rejoice in Cæsar's love,

Those of Bituriges and light Axon pikes;
And they of Rhene, and Leuca cunning darters,
And Sequana that well could manage steeds;
The Belgians apt to govern British cars;
Th' Averni too, which boldly feign themselves
The Roman's brethren, sprung of Illian race;
The stubborn Nervians stain'd with Cotta's blood;
And Vangions who like those of Sarmata,
Wear open slops: and fierce Batavians,
Whom trumpet's clang incites, and those that dwel
By Cynga's stream, and where swift Rhodanus,
Drives Araris to sea; they near the hills,
Under whose hoary rocks Gebenna hangs;
And Trevier, thou being glad that wars are past the
And you late shorn Ligurians, who were wont
In large spread hair to exceed the rest of France;
And where to Hesus, and fell Mercury,
They offer human flesh, and where it seems

Death brings long life. Doubtless these northern
men
Whom death the greatest of all fears affrights not,
Are blest by such sweet error; this makes them
Run on the sword's point and desire to die,
And shame to spare life which being lost is won;
You likewise that repulse the Caick foe,
March towards Rome; and you fierce men of Rhene
Leaving your country open to the spoil.
These being come, their huge power made him bold
To manage greater deeds; the bordering towns
He garrison'd; and Italy he fill'd with soldiers.
Vain fame increas'd true fear, and did invade
The peoples 'minds, and laid before their eyes
Slaughter to come, and swiftly bringing news
Of present war, made many lies and tales:
One swears his troops of daring horsemen fought,
Upon Mevania's plain, where bulls are graz'd;
Other that Cæsar's barbarous bands were spread
Along Nar flood that into Tiber falls,
And that his own ten ensigns, and the rest
March'd not entirely, and yet hid the ground,
And that he's much chang'd, looking wild and big,
And far more barbarous than the French, his vassals;
And that he lags behind with them of purpose,
Born betwixt the Alps and Rhene, which he hath
brought
From out their northern parts, and that Rome,
He looking on, by these men should be sack'd.
Thus in his fright did each man strengthen fame,

Their sway of flight carries the
That in chain'd troops break f
You would have thought their
Or dropping-ripe, ready to fall
So rush'd the inconsiderate mu
Thorough the city hurried hea
As if the only hope (that did r
To their afflictions) were t' aba
Look how when stormy Auster
Of Libian Syrtes rolls a monst
Which makes the mainsail fall
The pilot from the helm leaps i
And mariners, albeit the keel
Shipwreck themselves; even s
All rise in arms; nor could the
Keep back their sons, or won
bands.
They stay'd not either to pray
Their household gods restrain th
As loath to leave Rome whom t
Th' irrevocable people fly in tr

With citizens and captains, and would hold
The world (were it together) is by cowards
Left as a prey, now Cæsar doth approach:
When Romans are besieg'd by foreign foes,
With slender trench they escape night stratagems,
And sudden rampart rais'd of turf snatch'd up,
Would make them sleep securely in their tents.
Thou Rome at name of war run'st from thyself,
And wilt not trust thy city walls one night.
Well might these fear, when Pompey fear'd and fled.
Now evermore lest some one hope might ease
The common jangling minds, apparent signs arose,
Strange sights appear'd, the angry threat'ning gods
Fill'd both the earth and seas with prodigies;
Great store of strange and unknown stars were seen
Wandering about the north, and rings of fire
Fly in the air, and dreadful bearded stars,
And comets that presage the fall of kingdoms.
The flattering sky glitter'd in often flames,
And sundry fiery meteors blaz'd in heaven;
Now spearlike long; now like a spreading torch:
Lightning in silence, stole forth without clouds,
And from the northern climate snatching fire,
Blasted the Capitol: the lesser stars
Which wont to run their course through empty night
At noon-day muster'd; Phœbe having fill'd
Her meeting horns to match her brother's light,
Struck with the earth's sudden shadow waxed pale;
Titan himself thron'd in the midst of heaven,
His burning chariot plung'd in sable clouds,

Fierce mastiffs howl'd; the ves
The flame in Alba consecrate t
Parted in twain; and with a d
Rose like the Theban brother's
The earth went off her hinges;
Shook the old snow from off th
The ocean swell'd as high as S
Or Atlas head; their saints an
Sweat tears to shew the travail
Crowns fell from holy statues,
Defil'd the day, and wild beasts
Leaving the woods, lodge in th
Cattle were seen that mutter'd
Prodigious births with more an
Than nature gives, whose sigh
And dismal prophesies were spr
And they whom fierce Bellona'
To wound their arms, sing venge
Curling their bloody locks, how
Souls quiet and appeas'd sigh f
Clashing of arms was heard; i
Shrill voices shriek'd, and ghost

Fled; foul Erinnis stalk'd about the walls,
Shaking her snaky hair and crooked pine
With flaming top, much like that hellish fiend
Which made the stern Lycurgus wound his thigh,
Or fierce Agave mad; or like Megæra
That scar'd Alcides, when by Juno's task
He had before look'd Pluto in the face.
Trumpets were heard to sound; and with what noise
An armed battle joins, such and more strange
Black night brought forth in secret: Sylla's ghost
Was seen to walk, singing sad oracles,
And Marius' head above cold Tav'rone peering,
(His grave broke open) did affright the boors.
To these ostents (as their old custom was)
They call th' Etrurian augurs, amongst whom
The gravest Aruns, dwelt in forsaken Luna,
Well skill'd in pyromancy; one that knew
The hearts of beasts, and flights of wandering fowls;
First he commands such monsters nature hatch'd
Against her kind (the barren mules' loath'd issue)
To be cut forth and cast in dismal fires;
Then, that the trembling citizens should walk
About the city; then the sacred priests
That with divine lustration purg'd the walls,
And went round, in, and without the town.
Next, an inferior troop, in tuck'd-up vestures,
After the Gabine manner; then the nuns
And their veil'd matron, who alone might view
Minerva's statue; then they that keep and read

Sybilla's secret works, and wash'd their saint
In Almo's flood. Next learned augurs follow;
Apollo's soothsayers, and Jove's feasting priests;
The skipping Salii with shields like wedges;
And Flamins last, with network woollen veils.
While these thus in and out had circled Rome,
Look what the lightning blasted, Aruns takes
And it inters with murmurs dolorous,
And calls the place Bidental; on the altar
He lays a ne'er-yok'd bull, and pours down wine,
Then crams salt levin on his crooked knife;
The beast long struggled, as being like to prove
An awkward sacrifice, but by the horns
The quick priest pull'd him on his knees and slew him;
No vein sprung out but from the yawning gash,
Instead of red blood wallowed venomous gore.
These direful signs made Aruns stand amaz'd,
And searching farther for the god's displeasure,
The very colour scar'd him; a dead blackness
Ran through the blood, that turn'd it all to jelly,
And stain'd the bowels with dark loathsome spots;
The liver swell'd with filth; and every vein
Did threaten horror from the host of Cæsar;
A small thin skin contain'd the vital parts,
The heart stirr'd not and from the gaping liver
Squeez'd matter through the caul, the entrails 'peared,
And which (aye me!) ever pretendeth ill,
At that bunch where the liver is, appear'd
A knob of flesh, whereof one half did look
Dead and discolour'd; th' other lean and thin.

By these he seeing what mischiefs must ensue,
Cried out, " O gods! I tremble to unfold
What you intend, great Jove is now displeas'd,
And in the breast of this slain bull are crept,
Th' infernal powers. My fear transcends my words;
Yet more will happen than I can unfold:
Turn all to good, be augury vain, and Tages,
Th' art's master, false." Thus in ambiguous terms,
Involving all, did Aruns darkly sing.
But Figulus, more seen in heavenly mysteries,
Whose like Ægyptian Memphis never had
For skill in stars, and tuneful planeting,
In this sort spake. "The world's swift course is lawless,
And casual; all the stars at random rage:
Or if fate rule them, Rome! thy citizens
Are near some plague: what mischief shall ensue?
Shall towns be swallowed? shall the thickened air,
Become intemperate? shall the earth be barren?
Shall water be congeal'd and turn'd to ice?
O gods what death prepare ye? with what plague
Mean ye to rage? the death of many men
Meets in one period. If cold noisome Saturn
Were now exalted, and with blue beams shin'd,
Then Ganymede would renew Deucalion's flood,
And in the fleeting sea the earth be drench'd.
O Phœbus! should'st thou with thy rays now sing
The fell Nemean beast, th' earth would be fired,
And heaven tormented with thy chafing heat;
But thy fires hurt not: Mars, 'tis thou enflam'st
The threat'ning Scorpion with the burning tail

And first his cleyes.* Why art thou thus enrag'd?
Kind Jupiter hath low declined himself;
Venus is faint; swift Hermes retrograde;
Mars only rules the heaven; why do the planets
Alter their course, and vainly dim their virtue?
Sword-girt Orion's side glisters too bright.
War's rage draws near; and to the sword's strong hand
Let all laws yield, sin bear the name of virtue;
Many a year these furious broils let last!
Why should we wish the gods should ever end them?
War only gives us peace: O Rome continue,
The course of mischief, and stretch out the date
Of slaughter! only cruel broils make peace."
These sad presages were enough to scar
The quivering Romans, but worse things affright them;
As Mænas full of wine on Pindus raves,
So runs a matron through th' amazed streets,
Disclosing Phœbus' fury in this sort:
" Pean whither am I hail'd? where shall I fall?
Thus borne aloft I see Pangeus' hill,
With hoary top, and under Hemus' mount,
Philippi plains; Phœbus! what rage is this?
Why grapples Rome, and makes war, having no foes?
Whither turn I now? thou lead'st me toward th' east,
Where Nile augmenteth the Pelusian sea;
This headless trunk that lies on Nilus' sand
I know; now throughout the air I fly,
To doubtful Sirtes and dire Afric, where
A fury leads the Emathian bands; from thence

* Claws.

To the pine-bearing hills, thence to the mounts
Pirene, and so back to Rome again.
See impious war defiles the senate-house!
New factions rise; now through the world again
I go; O Phœbus shew me Neptune's shore,
And other regions! I have seen Philippi:"
This said being tir'd with fury she sunk down

Ovids Elegies: Three Bookes, by C. M. Epigrammes, by I. D. at Middlebourgh.

The reprint of another, and different edition of Marlowe's translation of the Elegies of Ovid in this place, requires some explanation. The fact is, that a reprint of Marlowe's translations did not originally form a part of the design of this publication, and it was not until the whole of his original works had been printed that it was determined to include the former in the present collection. Having been favoured with the loan of a copy of the recent edition mentioned in the note preceding the "Certaine Elegies," we immediately adopted it, not having the opportunity at the time of collating it with any of the older editions, which, as our readers may suppose are sufficiently scarce. On the eve of publication however, we found that there was another edition, bearing the same imprint, but containing the whole of the elegies of the first three books, and differing from the other in some other particulars, but of less importance. This determined us to reprint the present edition entire. We learn that there is also a third edition bearing an imprint similar to the others but with the title of 'All Ovids Elegies,' differing however from the second only in the title. That Marlowe originally intended to translate three books is manifest from the commencement of the first elegy,

"We which were Ovid's five books now are three,"

but whether he actually did so, and whether the "Certaine Elegies" or the above edition was first published, and whether either of them was published in his life-time, it is, from the absence of dates, impossible to determine with accuracy. At the same time it is worthy of remark that the order for burning the translations was not made until 1599—a circumstance which leads us to suppose that it was not published until after Marlowe's death, and probably not long before the order. The Epigrams printed in the preceding pages are the same as those contained in the above edition, in which, however, the lines entitled 'Ignoto' are omitted. In this Edition it will be observed, the Epigrams are ascribed wholly to Davies.

Those elegies included in the copy first reprinted are distinguished by asterisks.

P. OVIDII NASONIS AMORUM,

LIBER PRIMA.

Elegia 1.*

Quemadmodum a Cupidine, pro bellis amoris scribere coactus sit.

We which were Ovid's five books, now are three,
For these before the rest preferreth he:
If reading five thou 'plain'st of tediousness,
Two ta'en away, the labour will be less;
With muse prepar'd, I meant to sing of arms,
Choosing a subject fit for fierce alarms:
Both verses were alike till Love (men say)
Began to smile and took one foot away.
Rash boy, who gave thee power to change a line?
We are the Muses' prophets, none of thine.
What, if thy mother take Diana's bow,
Shall Dian fan when love begins to glow?
In woody groves is't meet that Ceres reign,
And quiver bearing Dian till the plain?
Who'll set the fair tress'd son in battle 'ray,
While Mars doth take the Aonion harp to play?
Great are thy kingdoms, over strong and large,
Ambitious imp! why seek'st thou further charge?
Are all things thine? the Muses' Tempe thine?
Then scarce can Phœbus say, this harp is mine.

When in this work's first verse I trod aloft,
I slack'd my muse, and made my number soft:
I have no mistress nor no favorite,
Being fittest matter for a wanton wit.
Thus I complain'd, but love unlock'd his quiver,
Took out the shaft, ordain'd my heart to shiver,
And bent his sinewy bow upon his knee,
Saying, Poet here's a work beseeming thee.
Oh, woe is me! he never shoots but hits,
I burn, love in my idle bosom sits:
Let my first verse be six, my last five feet;
Farewell stern war, for blunter poets meet!
Elegian muse, that warblest amorous lays,
Girt my shine brow, with seabank myrtle praise!

Elegia 2.*

Quod primo amore correptus, in triumphum duci se a

Young oxen newly yok'd are beaten more,
Than oxen which have drawn the plough before:
And rough jades' mouths with stubborn bits are torn,
But manag'd horses' heads are lightly borne.
Unwilling lovers, love doth more torment,
Than such as in their bondage feel content.
Lo! I confess, I am thy captive I,
And hold my conquer'd hands for thee to tie.
What need'st thou war? I sue to thee for grace:
With arms to conquer armless men is base.
Yoke Venus' Doves, put myrtle on thy hair,
Vulcan will give thee chariots rich and fair:
The people thee applauding, thou shalt stand,
Guiding the harmless pigeons with thy hand.
Young men and women shalt thou lead as thrall,
So will thy triumphs seem magnifical;
I, lately caught, will have a new made wound,
And captive-like be manacled and bound:
Good meaning shame, and such as seek loves wrack
Shall follow thee, their hands tied at their back.
Thee all shall fear, and worship as a king
Io, triumphing shall thy people sing.
Smooth speeches, fear and rage shall by thee ride,
Which troops have always been on Cupid's side:
Thou with these soldiers conquer'st gods and men,
Take these away where is thine honor then?
Thy mother shall from heaven applaud this show,
And on their faces heaps of roses strow,
With beauty of thy wings, thy fair hair gilded,
Ride golden Love in chariots richly builded!

Unless I err, full many shalt thou burn,
And give wounds infinite at every turn.
In spite of thee, forth will thine arrows fly,
A scorching flame burns all the standers by.
So having conquer'd Inde, was Bacchus hue,
Thee pompous birds and him two tigers drew;
Then seeing I grace thy shew in following thee,
Forbear to hurt thyself in spoiling me.
Behold thy kinsman Cæsar's prosperous bands,
Who guards thee conquered with his conquering hands.

Elegia 3.*

Ad amicam.

I ask but right, let her that caught me late,
Either love, or cause that I may never hate:
I ask too much—would she but let me love her:

The years that fatal destiny shall give
I'll live with thee, and die, ere thou shalt grieve.
Be thou the happy subject of my books
That I may write things worthy thy fair looks.
By verses horned Io got her name;
And she to whom in shape of swan Jove came;
And she that on a feign'd Bull swam to land,
Griping his false horns with her virgin hand.
So likewise we will through the world be rung,
And with my name shall thine be always sung.

Elegia 4.

Amicam, qua arte, quibusque nutibus in cœna presente viro uti debeat, admonet.

Thy husband to a banquet goes with me,
Pray God it may his latest supper be.
Shall I sit gazing as a bashful guest,
While others touch the damsel I love best?
Wilt lying under him, his bosom clip?
About thy neck shall he at pleasure skip?
Marvel not, though the fair bride did incite,
The drunken Centaurs to a sudden fight.
I am no half horse, nor in woods I dwell,
Yet scarce my hands from thee contain I well.
But how thou should'st behave thyself now know,
Nor let the winds away my warnings blow.
Before thy husband come, though I not see
What may be done, yet there before him be.
Lie with him gently, when his limbs he spread
Upon the bed, but on my feet first tread.

When I (my light!) do or say o
Turn round thy gold ring, as it
Strike on the board like them t
When thou do'st wish thy husb
What wine he fills thee, wisely
Ask thou the boy, what thou en
When thou hast tasted, I will t
And where thou drink'st, on tha
If he gives thee what first himse
Even in his face his offered gobl
Let not thy neck by his vile arm
Nor leave thy soft head on his l
Thy bosom's roseate buds let hi
Chiefly on thy lips let not his li
If thou giv'st kisses, I shall all
Say they are mine, and hands o
Yet this I'll see, but if thy gown
Suspicious fear in all my veins
Mingle not thighs, nor to his leg
Nor thy soft foot with his hard
I have been wanton, therefore a
And with mistrust of the like me

I and my wench oft under cloths did lurk,
When pleasure mov'd us to our sweetest work.
Do not thou so, but throw thy mantle hence,
Lest I should think thee guilty of offence.
Entreat thy husband drink, but do not kiss,
And while he drinks, to add more do not miss;
If he lies down with wine and sleep opprest,
The thing and place shall counsel us the rest.
When to go homewards we rise all, along
Have care to walk in middle of the throng.
There will I find thee or be found by thee,
There touch whatever thou can'st touch of me.
Aye me! I warn what profits some few hours,
But we must part, when heav'n with black night lowers.
At night thy husband clips, [and] I will weep
And to the doors sight of thyself [will] keep:
Then will he kiss thee, and not only kiss,
But force thee give him my stolen honey bliss.
Constrain'd against thy will give it the peasant,
Forbear sweet words, and be your sport unpleasant.
To him I pray it no delight may bring,
Or if it do, to thee no joy thence spring.
But though this night thy fortune be to try it,
To me to-morrow constantly deny it.

Elegia 5.*

Corinnæ concubitus.

In summer's heat, and mid-time of the day,
To rest my limbs, upon a bed I lay;
One window shut, the other open stood,
Which gave such light, as twinkles in a wood,

I snatch'd her gown being thu
Yet striv'd she to be covered t
And striving thus as one that
Betrayed herself, and yielded a
Stark naked as she stood befor
Not one wen in her body could
What arms and shoulders did I
How apt her breasts were to be
How smooth a belly under her
How large a leg, and what a lu
To leave the rest, all lik'd me p
I cling'd her fair naked body, d
Judge you the rest, being tired
Jove send me more such afterno

Elegia 6.

Ad Janitorem, ut fores a

Unworthy porter, bound in ch
On moved hooks set ope the chu
Little I ask, a little entrance ma
The gate half ope my bent side i
Long love my body to such use

's me how unheard to pass the watch,
des my feet lest stumbling falls they catch :
imes past I fear'd vain shades, and night,
ing if any walked without light.
aring it laugh'd with his tender mother,
iling said, be thou as bold as other.
th love came, no dark night-flying spright,
ids prepar'd to slaughter, me affright.
ar I too much : only thee I flatter,
htning can my life in pieces batter.
iviest me? this hostile door unbar,
v the gates with my tears wat'red are.
hou stood'st naked ready to be beat,
e I did thy mistress fair intreat.
at entreats for thee sometimes took place,
chief!) now for me obtain small grace.
il thou mayest be free give like for like ;
goes away : the door's bar backward strike.
so again hard chains shall bind thee never,
vile water shalt thou drink for ever.
iearted Porter doest and wilt not hear,
tiff oak propp'd the gate doth still appear.
ampier'd gates besieged cities aid,
st of peace why art of arms afraid?
l'st a lover, how would'st use a foe?
back the bar, night fast away doth go.
irms or armed men I come not guarded,
lone, were furious love discarded.
gh I would, I cannot him cashier,
I be divided from my geer.

Watching till after mid-night did not
But now perchance thy wench with t
Ah how thy lot is above my lot blest
Though it be so, shut me not out the
Night goes away: I pray thee ope th
Err we? or do the turned hinges sou
And opening doors with creaking noi
We err: a strong blast seem'd the ga
Ah me how high that gale did lift my
If Boreas bears Orithia's rape in mind
Come break these deaf doors with thy b
Silent the city is: night's dewy host,
March fast away: the bar strike from
Or I more stern than fire or sword wil
And with my brand these gorgeous h
Night, love, and wine to all extremes
Night, shameless wine, and love are f
All have I spent: no threats or praye
O harder than the doors thou guardes
No pretty wenches' keeper may'st tho
The careful prison is more meet for th
Now frosty night her flight begins to

But thou my crown from sad hairs ta'en away,
On this hard threshold till the morning lay.
That when my mistress there beholds thee cast,
She may perceive how we the time did waste.
Whate'er thou art, farewell, be like me pain'd!
Careless farewell, with my fault not distain'd!
And farewell cruel posts, rough thresholds block,
And doors conjoin'd with an hard iron lock!

Elegia 7.

Ad pacandam amicam, quam verberaverat.

Bind fast my hands, they have deserved chains,
While rage is absent, take some friend the pains.
For rage against my wench mov'd my rash arm,
My mistress weeps whom my mad hand did harm.
I might have then my parents dear misus'd,
Or holy gods with cruel strokes abus'd.
Why? Ajax master of the seven-fold shield,
Butcher'd the flocks he found in spacious field.
And he who on his mother veng'd his ire,
Against the destinies durst sharp darts require.
Could I therefore her comely tresses tear?
Yet was she graced with her ruffled hair.
So fair she was, Atalanta she resembled,
Before whose bow th' Arcadian wild beasts trembled.
Such Ariadne was, when she bewails,
Her perjur'd Theseus' flying vows and sails.
So, chaste Minerva! did Cassandra fall,
Deflower'd except, within thy temple wall.

That I was mad, and barbarous all men cried,
She nothing said, pale fear her tongue had tied.
But secretly her looks with checks did trounce me
Her tears, she silent, guilty did pronounce me.
Would of mine arms, my shoulders had been scanted
Better I could part of myself have wanted.
To mine own-self have I had strength so furious?
And to myself could I be so injurious?
Slaughter and mischief's instruments, no better,
Deserved chains these cursed hands shall fetter.
Punish'd I am, if I a Roman beat;
Over my mistress is my right more great?
Tydides left worst signs of villany,
He first a goddess struck; another I.
Yet he harm'd less; whom I profess'd to love,
I harm'd: a foe did Diomedes' anger move.
Go now thou conqueror, glorious triumphs raise,
Pay vows to Jove; engirt thy hairs with bays.
And let the troops which shall thy chariot follow,
Io, a strong man conquer'd this wench, hollow.
Let the sad captive foremost, with locks spread
On her white neck but for hurt cheeks, be led.
Meter it were her lips were blue with kissing,
And on her neck a wanton mark not missing.
But though I like a swelling flood was driven,
And as a prey unto blind anger given.
Was't not enough the fearful wench to chide?
Nor thunder, in rough threatnings, haughty pride?
Nor shamefully her coat pull over her crown,
Which to her waist her girdle still kept down?

But cruelly her tresses having rent,
My nails to scratch her lovely cheeks I bent.
Sighing she stood, her bloodless white looks shewed,
Like marble from the Parian mountains hewed.
Her half dead joints, and trembling limbs I saw,
Like poplar leaves blown with a stormy flaw.
Or slender ears, with gentle zephyr shaken,
Or waters' tops with the warm south-wind taken.
And down her cheeks, the trickling tears did flow,
Like water gushing from consuming snow.
Then first I did perceive I had offended,
My blood the tears were that from her descended.
Before her feet thrice prostrate down I fell,
My feared hands thrice back she did repel.
But doubt thou not (revenge doth grief appease,)
With thy sharp nails upon my face to seize.
Bescratch mine eyes, spare not my locks to break,
(Anger will help thy hands though ne'er so weak.)
And lest the sad signs of my crime remain,
Put in their place the combed hairs again.

ELIGIA 8.*

Execratur lenam quæ puellam suam meretricis arte instituebat.

THERE is, whoe'er will know a bawd aright
Give ear, there is an old trot, Dipsas hight.
Her name comes from the thing: she being wise,
Sees not the morn on rosy horses rise.
She magic arts and Thessal charms doth know,
And makes large streams back to their fountains flow;

The purple moon with sangui
Her I suspect among night's s
And her old body in birds plu
Fame saith as I suspect, and i
Two eye-balls shine, and doul
Great grandsires from their an
And with long charms the soli
She draws chaste women to in
Nor doth her tongue want har
By chance I heard her talk, tl
While closely hid betwixt two
Mistress thou knowest, thou ha
He staid and on thy looks his
And why should'st not please?
Aye me, thy body hath no wo
As thou art fair, would thou v
Wert thou rich, poor should n
Th' opposed star of Mars hatl
Now Mars is gone, Venus th
And brings good fortune, a ri
His love on thee, and can sup
Such is his form as may with
Would he not buy thee, thou

She blush'd: red shame becomes white cheeks, but this
If feigned, doth well; if true, it doth amiss.
When on thy lap thine eyes thou dost deject,
Each one according to his gifts respect.
Perhaps the Sabines rude, when Tatius reign'd,
To yield their love to more than one disdain'd.
Now Mars doth rage abroad without all pity,
And Venus rules in her Æneas' city.
Fair women play, she's chaste whom none will have
Or, but for bashfulness herself would crave.
Shake off these wrinkles that thy front assault,
Wrinkles in beauty is a grievous fault.
Penelope in bows her youth's strength tried,
Of horn the bow was that approv'd their side.
Time flying slides hence closely, and deceives us,
And with swift horses the swift year soon leaves us.
Brass shines with use; good garments would be worn,
Houses not dwelt in, are with filth forlorn.
Beauty not exercis'd with age is spent,
Nor one or two men are sufficient.
Many to rob is more sure, and less hateful,
From dog-kept flocks come preys to wolves most grateful.
Behold, what gives the poet but new verses?
And thereof many thousand he rehearses.
The poet's god arrayed in robes of gold,
Of his gilt harp the well tun'd strings doth hold.
Let Homer yield to such as presents bring,
(Trust me) to give, it is a witty thing.

Nor, so thou may'st obtain a wealthy prize,
The vain name of inferior slaves despise.
Nor let the arms of ancient lives beguile thee;
Poor lover, with thy grandsires I exile thee.
Who seeks, for being fair, a night to have,
What he will give, with greater instance crave.
Make a small price, while thou thy nets doest lay;
Lest they should fly, being ta'en, the tyrant play.
Dissemble so, as lov'd he may be thought,
And take heed, lest he gets that love for nought.
Deny him oft; feign now thy head doth ache:
And Isis now will shew what excuse to make.
Receive him soon, lest patient use he gain,
Or lest his love oft beaten back should wain.
To beggars shut, to bringers ope thy gate;
Let him within hear; bard-out lovers prate.
And as first wrong'd the wronged sometimes banish

What were it for thee to require a gift
By keeping of thy birth, make but a shift.
Beware lest he unrival'd love secure,
Take strife away, love doth not well endure.
On all the beds men tumbling let him view,
And thy neck with lascivious marks made blue.
Chiefly shew him the gifts, which others send:
If he gives nothing, let him from thee wend.
When thou hast so much as he gives no more,
Pray him to lend what thou may'st ne'er restore.
Let thy tongue flatter, while thy mind harm works,
Under sweet honey deadly poison lurks.
If this thou doest to me by long use known,
(Nor let my words be with the winds hence blown,)
Oft thou wilt say, live well, thou wilt pray oft,
That my dead bones may in their grave lie soft.
As thus she spake, my shadow me betrayed,
With much ado my hands I scarcely stay'd;
But her blear eyes, bald scalp's hoary fleeces,
And rivel'd cheeks I would have pull'd a pieces.
The gods send thee no house, a poor old age,
Perpetual thirst, and winters lasting rage.

Elegia 9.

Ad Atticum, amantem non oportere desidiosum esse, sicuti nec militem.

All lovers war, and Cupid hath his tent,
Attic, all lovers are to war far sent,
What age fits Mars, with Venus doth agree,
'Tis shame for old in war or love to be.

What years in soldiers captains do require,
Those in their lovers pretty maids desire.
Both of them watch: each on the hard earth sleeps:
His mistress' doors this; that his captain's keeps.
Soldiers must travel far: the wench forth send,
Her valiant lover follows without end.
Mounts, and rain-doubled floods he passeth over,
And treads the desert snowy heaps do cover.
Going to sea, east winds he doth not chide,
Nor to hoist sail attends full time and tide.
Who but a soldier or a lover is bold,
To suffer storm-mix'd snows with night's sharp cold!
One as a spy doth to his enemies go,
The other eyes his rival as his foe.
He cities great, this thresholds lies before:
This breaks town gates, but he his mistress' door.
Oft to invade the sleeping foe 'tis good

Hector to arms went from his wive's embraces,
And on Andromache his helmet laces.
Great Agamemnon was, men say amazed,
On Priam's loose-trest daughter when he gazed.
Mars in the deed the blacksmith's net did stable,
In heaven was never more notorious fable.
Myself was dull and faint, to sloth inclin'd
Pleasure, and ease had mollified my mind.
A fair maid's care expell'd this sluggishness,
And to her tents will'd me myself address.
Since may'st thou see me watch and night-wars move:
He that will not grow slothful let him love.

Elegia 10.

Ad puellam, ne pro amore præmia poscat.

Such as the cause was of two husbands' war,
Whom Trojan ships fetch'd from Eurota far.
Such as was Leda, whom the god deluded
In snow-white plumes of a false swan included.
Such as Amimone through the dry fields strayed,
When on her head a water pitcher layed.
Such wert thou, and I fear'd the bull and eagle,
And whate'er Love made Jove should thee inveigle.
Now all fear with my mind's hot love abates:
No more this beauty mine eyes captivates.
Ask'st why I change? because thou crav'st reward;
This cause hath thee from pleasing me debar'd.
While thou wert plain I lov'd thy mind and face:
Now inward faults thy outward form disgrace.

Love is a naked boy, his years sans stain,
And hath no cloths, but open doth remain.
Will you for gain have Cupid sell himself?
He hath no bosom, where to hide base pelf.
Love and Love's son are with fierce arms at odds;
To serve for pay beseems not wanton gods.
The whore stands to be bought for each man's money,
And seeks vile wealth by selling of her cunny.
Yet greedy bawds command she curseth still,
And doth constrain, what you do of good will.
Take from irrational beasts a president,
'Tis shame their wits should be more excellent.
The mare asks not the horse, the cow the bull,
Nor the mild ewe gifts from the ram doth pull.
Only a woman gets spoil from a man,
Farms out herself on nights for what she can.
And lets what both delight, what both desire,
Making her joy according to her hire.
The sport being such, as both alike sweet try it,
Why should one sell it and the other buy it?
Why should I loose, and thou gain by the pleasure,
Which man and woman reap in equal measure?
Knights of the post of perjuries make sale
The unjust judge for bribes becomes a stale.
'Tis shame sold tongues the guilty should defend
Or great wealth from a judgment seat ascend.
'Tis shame to grow rich by bed merchandize,
Or prostitute thy beauty for bad prize.
Thanks worthily are due for things unbought,
For beds ill-hir'd we are indebted nought.

The hirer payeth all, his rent discharg'd
From further duty he rests then enlarg'd.
Fair dames forbear rewards for nights to crave:
Ill-gotten goods good end will never have.
The Sabine gauntlets were too dearly won,
That unto death did press the holy nun.
The son slew her, that forth to meet him went,
And a rich necklace caus'd that punishment.
Yet think no scorn to ask a wealthy churl;
He wants no gifts into thy lap to hurl.
Take clustered grapes from an o'er-laden vine,
Many to bounteous love Alcinous' fruit resign.
Let poor men shew their service, faith and care;
All for their mistress, what they have, prepare.
In verse to prepare kind wenches 'tis my part,
And whom I like eternise by mine art.
Garments do wear, jewels and gold do waste,
The fame that verse gives doth for ever last.
To give I love, but to be ask'd disdain;
Leave asking, and I'll give what I refrain.

Elegia II.

Napen alloquitur, ut paratas tabellas ad Corinnam perferat.

In skillful gathering ruffled hairs in order,
Nape, free-born, whose cunning hath no border,
Thy service for night's 'scapes is known commodious,
And to give signs dull wit is odious.
Corinna clips me oft by thy persuasion:
Never to harm me made thy faith evasion.

Receive these lines, them to my mistress carry;
Be sedulous; let no stay cause thee tarry,
Nor flint, nor iron, are in thy soft breast,
But pure simplicity in thee doth rest.
And 'tis suppos'd love's bow hath wounded thee;
Defend the ensigns of thy war in me.
If what I do, she asks, say hope for night;
The rest my hand doth in my letters write.
Time passeth while I speak; give her my writ,
But see that forthwith she peruseth it.
I charge thee mark her eyes and front in reading:
By speechless looks we guess at things succeeding.
Straight being read, will her to write much back,
I hate fair paper should writ matter lack.
Let her make verses and some blotted letter
On the last edge to stay mine eyes the better.
What need she try her hand to hold the quill?

Going out again pass forth the door most wisely,
And somewhat higher bear thy foot precisely.
Hence luckless tables, funeral wood be flying,
And thou the wax stuff'd full with notes denying;
Which I think gather'd from cold hemlock's flower,
Wherein bad honey Corsic bees did pour,
Yet as if mix'd with red lead thou wert ruddy,
That colour rightly did appear so bloody.
And evil wood thrown in the highways lie,
Be broke with wheels of chariots passing by.
And him that hew'd you out for needful uses,
I'll prove had hands impure with all abuses.
Poor wretches on the tree themselves did strangle:
There sat the hangman for men's necks to angle.
To hoarse scrich-owls foul shadows it allows;
Vultures and furies nestled in the boughs.
To these my love I foolishly committed
And then with sweet words to my mistress fitted.
More fitly had they wrangling bonds contained
From barbarous lips of some attorney strained.
Among day-books and bills they had lain better,
In which the merchant wails his bankrupt debtor.
Your name approves you made for such like things
The number two no good divining brings.
Angry, I pray that rotten age you wracks
And sluttish white-mould overgrow the wax.

Elegia 13.*

Ad Auroram ne properet.

Now o'er the sea from her old love comes she
That draws the day from heaven's cold axletree.
Aurora whither slid'st thou ? down again,
And birds from Memnon yearly shall be slain.
Now in her tender arms I sweetly bide,
If ever now well lies she by my side,
The air is cold, and sleep is sweetest now,
And birds send forth shrill notes from every bough
Whither run'st thou, that men and women love me
Hold in thy rosy horses that they move not.
Ere thou rise, stars teach seamen where to sail,
But when thou com'st, they of their courses fail.
Poor travellers though tired, rise at thy sight,
And soldiers make them ready to the fight.
The painful hind by thee to field is sent;

How oft that either wind would break thy coach,
Or steeds might fall, forc'd with thick clouds approach.
Whither go'st thou, hateful nymph? Memnon the elf
Receiv'd his cole-black colour from thyself.
Say that thy love with Cephalus were not known,
Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not shown.
Would Tithon might but talk of thee awhile,
Not one in heaven should be more base and vile.
Thou leav'st his bed, because he's faint through age,
And early mount'st thy hateful carriage:
But held'st thou in thine arms some Cephalus,
Then would'st thou cry, stay night and run not thus.
Do'st punish me, because years make him wane,
I did not bid thee wed an aged swain.
The moon sleeps with Endymion every day,
Thou art as fair as she, then kiss and play.
Love that thou should'st not haste but wait his leisure
Made two nights one to finish up his pleasure.
I chide no more, she blush'd, and therefore heard me,
Yet linger'd not the day, but morning scar'd me.

Elegia 14.

Puellam consolatur cui prænimia cura comæ desiderant.

Leave colouring thy tresses I did cry,
Now hast thou left no hairs at all to die.
But what had been more fair had they been kept?
Beyond thy robes thy dangling locks had swept.
Feard'st thou to dress them being fine and thin,
Like to the silk the curious Seres spin.

And they were apt to curl a
And did to thee no cause of
Nor hath the needle, or the
The maid that comb'd them
Oft was she dress'd before n
Snatching the comb to beat
Oft in the morn her hairs n
Half sleeping on a purple b
Yet seemly like a Thracian
That tir'd doth rashly on th
When they were slender, ar
The troubled hairs, alas, en
How patiently hot irons the
In crooked trammells crispy
I cried, 'tis sin, 'tis sin, thes
They well become thee, the
Far off be force, no fire to th
Thy very hairs will the hot l
Lost are the goodly locks, w
Phœbus and Bacchus wish'd
Such were they as Diana pa
All naked holding in her wa
Why dost thy ill-comb'd tre

Be not to see with wonted eyes inclin'd;
To please thyself, thyself put out of mind.
No charmed herbs of any harlot skath'd thee,
No faithless witch in Thessal waters bath'd thee.
No sickness harm'd thee; far be that away,
No envious tongue wrought thy thick locks decay.
By thine own hand and fault thy hurt doth grow,
Thou mad'st thy head with compound poison flow.
Now Germany shall captive hair-tires send thee,
And vanquish'd people curious dressings lend thee.
With some admiring, O thou oft wilt blush!
And say he likes me for my borrowed bush.
Praising for me some unknown Guelder dame,
But I remember when it was my fame.
Alas she almost weeps, and her white cheeks,
Dyed red with shame to hide from shame she seeks.
She holds, and views her old locks in her lap;
Aye me! rare gifts unworthy such a hap.
Cheer up thyself, thy loss thou may'st repair,
And be hereafter seen with native hair.

Elegia 15.*

Ad invidos, quod fama poetarum sit perennis.

Envy, why carpest thou my time is spent so ill?
And term'st my works fruits of an idle quill?
Or that unlike the line from whence I come,
War's dusty honors are refus'd being young?
Nor that I study not the brawling laws,
Nor set my voice to sale in every cause?

Thy scope is mortal, mine eternal fame,
That all the world might ever chaunt my name.
Homer shall live while Tenedos stands and Ide,
Or to the sea swift Simois doth slide.
Ascreus lives, while grapes with new wine swell,
Or men with crooked sickles corn down fell.
The world shall of Callimachus ever speak,
His art excell'd, although his wit was weak.
For ever lasts high Sophocles' proud vein,
With sun and moon Eratus shall remain.
While bondmen cheat, fathers hoard, bawds whorish,
And strumpets flatter, shall Menander flourish.
Rude Ennius, and Plautus full of wit,
Are both in Fame's eternal legend writ.
What age of Varro's name shall not be told,
And Jason's Argos, and the fleece of gold?
Lofty Lucretius shall live that hour,

About my head be quivering myrtle wound,
And in sad lovers' heads let me be found.
The living, not the dead, can envy bite,
For after death all men receive their right.
Then though death rakes my bones in funeral fire,
I'll live, and as he pulls me down mount higher.

The same by B. I.*

ENVY, why twit'st thou me, my time's spent ill?
And call'st my verse fruits of an idle quill?
Or that (unlike the line from whence I sprung)
Wars dusty honors I pursue not young?
Or that I study not the tedious laws;
And prostitute my voice in every cause?
Thy scope is mortal; mine eternal fame,
Which through the world shall ever chaunt my name.
Homer will live, whilst Tenedos stands, and Ide,
Or to the sea, fleet Symois doth slide:
And so shall Hesiod too, while vines do bear,
Or crooked sickles crop the ripened ear;
Callimachus, though in invention low,
Shall still be sung, since he in art doth flow.
No loss shall come to Sophocles' proud vein;
With sun and moon Eratus shall remain.

* This version was probably from the pen of Ben Jonson, and if so, we have an additional reason for supposing that the edition which contains it was not published in Marlowe's lifetime, since Jonson was not born until 1574, and had not, we believe, commenced author at the time of Marlowe's death.

Of Varro's name, ...
Of Jason's Argo? and the fle
Then, shall Lucretius' lofty n
When earth, and seas in fire
Tityrus, tillage, Enæas shall b
Whilst Rome of all the conqu
Till Cupid's fires be out, and
Thy verses (neat Tibullus) sha
Our Gallus shall be known fr
So shall Lycoris, whom he no
The suffering ploughshear or
But heavenly poesy no death
Kings shall give place to it, a
The banks o'er which gold-be
Kneel hinds to trash: me let
With cups full flowing from th
The frost-dread myrtle shall ir
And of sad lovers I'll be often
" Envy the living, not the dea
" For after death all men rece
Then when this body falls in f
My name shall live, and my b

P. OVIDII NASONIS AMORUM,

LIBER SECUNDUS.

Elegia I.

Quod pro gigantomachia amores scribere sit coactus.

I, Ovid, poet, of my wantonness,
Born at Peligny, to write more address.
So Cupid wills; far hence be the severe,
You are unapt my looser lines to hear.
Let maids whom hot desire to husbands lead,
And rude boys, touch'd with unknown love, me read:
That some youth hurt, as I am, with Love's bow,
His own flames' best acquainted signs may know.
And long admiring say, by what means learn'd,
Hath this same poet my sad chance discern'd?
I durst the great celestial battles tell,
Hundred-hand Gyges, and had done it well;
With Earth's revenge and how Olympus top,
High Ossa bore, mount Pelion up to prop.
Jove and Jove's thunderbolts I had in hand,
Which for his heaven fell on the giants' band.
My wench her door shut, love's affairs I left,
Even Jove himself out of my wit was reft.
Pardon me, Jove, thy weapons aid me nought,
Her shut gates greater lightning than thine brought.

Toys and light elegies my darts I took,
Quickly soft words hard doors wide open stuck.
Verses reduce the horned bloody moon,
And call the sun's white horses back at noon.
Snakes leap by verse from caves of broken mountains,
And turned streams run backward to their fountains.
Verses ope doors, and locks put in the post,
Although of oak, to yeild to verses boast;
What helps it me of fierce Achill to sing?
What good to me will either Ajax bring?
Or he who warr'd and wandered twenty year?
Or woeful Hector whom wild horses tear?
But when I praise a pretty wench's face
She in requital doth me oft embrace.
A great reward: Heroes of famous names
Farewell! your favour nought my mind inflames.
Wenches apply your fair looks to my verse,
Which golden love doth unto me rehearse.

Elegia 2.

Ad Bagoum, ut custodiam puellæ sibi commissæ laxiorem habeat.

Bagous, whose care doth thy mistress bridle,
While I speak some few, yet fit words, be idle.
I saw the damsel walking yesterday,
There, where the porch doth Danaus' fact display:
She pleas'd me soon, I sent, and did her woo,
Her trembling hand writ back she might not do.
And asking why, this answer she redoubled
Because thy care too much thy mistress troubled.

Keeper, if thou be wise, cease hate to cherish,
Believe me, whom we fear, we wish to perish.
Nor is her husband wise; what needs defence?
When unprotected there is no expence,
But furiously he follow his love's fire,
And think her chaste whom many do desire:
Stolen liberty she may by thee obtain,
Which giving her, she may give thee again:
Wilt thou her fault learn? she may make thee tremble.
Fear to be guilty, then thou may'st dissemble.
Think when she reads, her mother letters sent her
Let him go forth known, that unknown did enter.
Let him go see her though she do not languish
And then report her sick and full of anguish.
If long she stays, to think the time more short,
Lay down thy forehead in thy lap to snort.
Enquire not what with Isis may be done,
Nor fear lest she to th' theatres run.
Knowing her 'scapes thine honor shall increase,
And what less labour than to hold thy peace?
Let him please, haunt thy house, be kindly us'd,
Enjoy the wench, let all else be refus'd.
Vain causes feign of him, the truth to hide
And what she likes, let both hold ratified.
When most her husband bends the brows and frowns,
His fawning wench with her desire he crowns.
But yet sometimes to chide thee let her fall
Counterfeit tears: and thee lewd hangman call.
Object thou then, what she may well excuse,
To stain all faith in truth, by false crimes use.

Of wealth and honor
Do this and soon thou
On tell-tales necks th
The filthy prison faith
Water in waters, and
Tantalus seeks, his lo
While Juno's watchm
Him timeless death to
I saw one's legs with f
By whom the husban
More he deserv'd, to
The man did grieve, t
Trust me all husband
Nor make they any m
If he loves not, deaf e
Or if he loves, thy tal
Nor is it easy prov'd t
She safe by favour of
Though himself see, h
Condemn his eyes, an
Spying his mistress' te
And say this blab shal
Why fightest 'gainst o
Sharp stripes; she sitt
To meet for poison or
My hands an unsheat
We seek that through
What can be easier th

Elegia 3.

Ad Eunuchum servantem dominam.

Aye me, an eunuch keeps my mistress chaste,
That cannot Venus' mutual pleasures taste.
Who first depriv'd young boys of their best part,
With selfsame wounds he gave, he ought to smart.
To kind requests thou would'st more gentle prove,
If ever wench had made lukewarm thy love:
Thou wert not born to ride, or arms to bear,
Thy hands agree not with the warlike spear.
Men handle those, all manly hopes resign,
Thy mistress' ensigns must be likewise thine.
Please her—her hate makes others thee abhor,
If she discards thee, what use serv'st thou for?
Good form there is, years apt to play together:
Unmeet is beauty without use to wither.
She may deceive thee, though thou her protect,
What two determine never wants effect.
Our prayers move thee to assist our drift,
While thou hast time yet to bestow that gift.

Elegia 4.*

Quod amet mulieres, cujuscunque forma sint.

I mean not to defend the scapes of any,
Or justify my vices being many;
For I confess, if that might merit favour,
Here I display my lewd and loose behaviour.
I loath, yet after that I loath I run:
Oh, how the burthen irks, that we should shun.

Methinks she should be quick when s
Though her sour looks a Sabine's bro
I think she'll do, but deeply can disse
If she be learned, then for her skill I
If not, because she's simple I would l
Before Callimachus one prefers me fa
Seeing she likes my books, why shoul
Another rails at me, and that I write,
Yet would I lie with her, if that I mig
Trips she, it likes me well, plods she,
She would be nimbler lying with a ma
And when one sweetly sings, then stı
To quaver on her lips even in her son
Or if one touch the lute with art and
Who would not love those hands
running?
And her I like that with a majesty,
Folds up her arms, and makes low co
To leave myself, that am in love with
Some one of these might make the cl
If she be tall, she's like an Amazon,
And therefore fills the bed she lies up

If short, she lies the rounder, to say troth,
But short and long please me, for I love both.
I think that one undeck'd, would be, being dress'd
Is she attired, then shew her graces best.
A white wench thralls me, so doth golden yellow
And nut-brown girls in doing have no fellow.
If her white neck be shadow'd with brown hair,
Why so was Leda's, yet was Leda fair.
Amber-tress'd is she, then on the morn think I,
My love alludes to every history:
A young wench pleaseth, and an old is good,
This for her looks, and that for her womanhood:
Nay what is she, that any Roman loves,
But my ambitious ranging mind approves?

Elegia 5.

Ad amicam corruptam.

No love is so dear (quiver'd Cupid flie)
That my chief wish should be so oft to die.
Minding my fault, with death I wish to revel;
Alas! a wench is a perpetual evil.
No intercepted lines thy deeds display,
No gifts given secretly thy crime betray.
O would my proofs as vain might be withstood!
Aye me, poor soul, why is my cause so good?
He's happy, that his love dares boldly credit;
To whom his wench can say, I never did it.
He's cruel, and too much his grief doth favour,
That seeks the conquest by her loose behaviour.

And words that seem'd for ce
Now many guests were gone,
The youthful sort to divers pa
I saw you then unlawful kisse
(Such with my tongue it like
None such the sister gives he
But such kind wenches let th
Phœbus gave not Diana such
But Venus often to her Mars
What dost, I cried; transport
My lordly hands I'll throw u
Such bliss is only common to
In this sweet good, why hath
This, and what grief inforc'd
A scarlet blush her guilty fac
Even such as by Aurora hath
Or maids that their betrothed
Such as a rose mix'd with a li
Or when the moon travels wit
Or such as, lest long years sh
Arachne stains Assyrian ivory,
To these, or some of these like
By chance her beauty never sl

She viewed the earth: the earth to view, beseem'd her.
She looked sad; sad, comely I esteem'd her.
Even combed as they were, her locks to rend,
And scratch her fair soft cheeks I did intend.
Seeing her face, mine uprear'd arms descended,
With her own armour was my wench defended.
I, that erewhile was fierce, now humbly sue,
Lest with worse kisses she should me indue.
She laugh'd, and kiss'd so sweetly as might make
Wrath-kindled Jove away his thunder shake.
I grieve lest others should such good perceive,
And wish hereby them all unknown to leave.
Also much better were they than I tell,
And ever seem'd as some new sweet befel.
'Tis ill they pleas'd so much, for in my lips,
Lay her whole tongue hid, mine in hers she dips.
This grieves me not, no joined kisses spent,
Bewail I only, though I them lament.
Nowhere can they be taught but in the bed;
I know no master of so great hire sped.

Elegia 6.

In mortem psittaci.

The parrot, from East India to me sent,
Is dead, all fowls her exequies frequent.
Go goodly birds, striking your breasts bewail,
And with rough claws your tender cheeks assail.
For woeful hairs let piece-torn plumes abound,
For long shril'd trumpets let your notes resound.

And to the end your constant
What Pylades did to Orestes p
Such to the parrot was the turt
But what avail'd this faith? he
Or voice that how to change th
What helps it thou wert given
Birds' hapless glory; death thy
Thou with thy quills might'st
dark,
And pass our scarlet of red saf
No such voice-feigning bird wa
Thou spok'st thy words so well wi
Envy hath rap'd thee, no fierce
Vain babling speech, and pleass
Behold how quails among their
Which do perchance old age u
A little fill'd thee, and for love
Thy mouth to taste of many me
Nuts were thy food, and poppy
Pure water's moisture thirst aw
The ravenous vulture lives, the
Around the air, the cadess* rair

* Cadess or Caddaw, a

And crow survives arms-bearing Pallas' hate,
Whose life nine ages scarce bring out of date.
Dead is that speaking image of man's voice,
The parrot given me, the far world's best choice.
The greedy spirits take the best things first,
Supplying their void places with the worst.
Thersites did Protesilaus survive;
And Hector died his brothers yet alive.
My wench's vows for thee why should I show,
Which stormy south winds into sea did blow?
The seventh day came, none following might'st thou see,
And the fates' distaff empty stood to thee:
Yet words in thy benumbed palate rung,
Farewell Corinna, cried thy dying tongue.
Elysium hath a wood of holm trees black,
Whose earth doth not perpetual green grass lack,
There good birds rest (if we believe things hidden):
Whence unclean fowls are said to be forbidden.
There harmless swans feed all abroad the river,
There lives the phœnix one alone bird ever.
There Juno's bird displays his gorgeous feather:
And loving doves kiss eagerly together.
The parrot into wood receiv'd with these,
Turns all the goodly birds to what she please.
A grave her bones hides, on her corps small grave,
The little stones these little verses have.
This tomb approves, I pleas'd my mistress well,
My mouth in speaking did all birds excel.

Elegia 7.

Amicæ se purgat, quod ancillam non amet.

Dost me of new crimes always guilty frame?
To overcome, so oft to fight I shame.
If on the marble theatre I look,
One among many is, to grieve thee, took.
If some fair wench me secretly behold,
Thou arguest she doth secret marks unfold.
If I praise any, thy poor hairs thou tearest,
If blame, dissembling of my fault thou fearest.
If I look well, thou think'st thou dost not move,
If ill, thou say'st I die for others' love.
Would I were culpable of some offence,
They that deserve pain, bear't with patience.
Now rash accusing, and thy vain belief,
Forbid thine anger to procure my grief.
Lo, how the miserable great ear'd ass,
Dull'd with much beating slowly forth doth pass.
Behold Cipassis wont to dress thy head,
Is charg'd to violate her mistress' bed.
The gods from this sin rid me of suspicion,
To like a base wench of dispis'd condition.
With Venus' game who will a servant grace?
Or any back, made rough with stripes, embrace?
Add she was diligent thy locks to braid,
And for her skill to thee a grateful maid.
Should I solicit her that is so just;
To take repulse, and cause her shew my lust?
I swear by Venus, and the wing'd boy's bow,
Myself unguilty of this crime I know.

Elegia 8.

Ad Cypassim ancillam Corinnæ.

Cypassis, that a thousand ways trim'st hair,
Worthy to comb none but a goddess fair,
Our pleasant 'scapes shew thee no clown to be,
Apt to thy mistress, but more apt to me.
Who that our bodies were comprest bewray'd?
Whence knows Corinna that with thee I play'd?
Yet blush'd I not, nor us'd I any saying,
That might be urg'd to witness our false playing.
What if a man with bondwomen offend,
To prove him foolish did I e'er contend?
Achilles burnt with face of captive Brisseis,
Great Agamemnon lov'd his servant Chriseis.
Greater than these myself I not esteem:
What graced kings, in me no shame I deem.
But when on thee her angry eyes did rush,
In both my cheeks she did perceive the blush.
But being present, might that work the best,
By Venus' deity how did I protest.
Thou goddess dost command a warm south blast,
Myself oaths in Carpathian seas to cast.
For which good turn my sweet reward to pay,
Let me lay with thee brown Cypass to-day.
Ungrate, why feign'st new fears? and dost refuse;
Well may'st thou one thing for thy mistress use.
If thou deny'st fool, I'll our deeds express,
And as a traitor mine own fault confess;
Telling thy mistress, where I was with thee,
How oft, and by what means we did agree.

Elegia 9.

Ad Cupidinem.

O Cupid! that do'st never cease my smart,
O boy! that liest so slothful in my heart.
Why me that always was thy soldier found,
Do'st harm, and in thy tents why do'st me wound?
Why burns thy brand, why strikes thy bow thy friends
More glory by thy vanquish'd foes ascends.
Did not Pylades whom his spear did grieve,
Being requir'd, with speedy help relieve?
Hunters leave taken beasts, pursue the chase,
And then things found do ever further pace.
We people wholly given thee, feel thine arms,
Thy dull hand stays thy striving enemies harms.
Do'st joy to have thy hooked arrows shaked
In naked bones? love hath my bones left naked.
So many men and maidens without love,
Hence with great laud thou may'st a triumph move.
Rome, if her strength the huge world had not fill'd,
With strawy cabins now her courts should build.
The weary soldier hath the conquer'd fields,
His sword, laid by, safe, to rude places yields. (?)
The dock inharbours ships drawn from the floods,
Horse freed from service range abroad the woods.
And time it was for me to live in quiet,
That have so oft serv'd pretty wenches diet.
Yet should I curse a God, if he but said,
Live without love, so sweet ill is a maid.
For when my loathing it of heat deprives me,
I know not whither my mind's whirlwind drives me.

Even as a headstrong courser bears away,
His rider vainly striving him to stay.
Or as a sudden gale thrusts into sea
The heaven-touching bark now near the lee.
So wavering Cupid brings me back amain,
And purple love resumes his darts again.
Strike boy, I offer thee my naked breast,
Here thou hast strength, here thy right hand doth rest.
Here of themselves thy shafts come, as if shot;
Better than I their quiver knows them not:
Hapless is he that all the night lies quiet
And slumbering, thinks himself much blessed by it.
Fool, what is sleep but image of cold death,
Long shalt thou rest when fates expire thy breath.
But me let crafty damsel's words deceive,
Great joys by hope I inly shall conceive.
Now let her flatter me, now chide me hard,
Let her enjoy me oft, oft be debar'd.
Cupid, by thee, Mars in great doubt doth trample,
And thy stepfather fights by thy example.
Light art thou, and more windy then thy wings;
Joys with uncertain faith thou tak'st and brings:
Yet love, if thou with thy fair mother hear,
Within my breast no desert empire bear;
Subdue the wandering wenches to thy reign,
So of both people shalt thou homage gain.

Elegia 10.*

Ad Grecinum quod eodem tempore duas amet.

Grecinus (well I wot) thou told'st me once,
I could not be in love with two at once;
By thee deceiv'd, by thee surprised am I,
For now I love two women equally:
Both are well favoured, both in rich array,
Which is the loveliest it is hard to say:
This seems the fairest, so doth that to me,
And this doth please me most, and so doth she;
Even as a boat toss'd by contrary wind,
So with this love and that wavers my mind.
Venus why doublest thou my endless smart?
Was not one wench enough to grieve my heart?
Why add'st thou stars to heaven, leaves to green woods,
And to the vast deep sea fresh water floods?
Yet this is better far than lie alone,
Let such as be mine enemies have none;
Yea, let my foes sleep in an empty bed,
And in the midst their bodies largely spread:
But may soft love rouse up my drowsy eyes,
And from my mistress' bosom let me rise:
Let one wench cloy me with sweet love's delight,
If one can do't, if not, two every night.
Though I am slender, I have store of pith,
Nor want I strength, but weight to press her with:
Pleasure adds fuel to my lustful fire,
I pay them home with that they most desire:

Oft have I spent the night in wantonness,
And in the morn been lively ne'ertheless,
He's happy whom Love's mutual skirmish slays,
And to the gods for that death Ovid prays.
Let soldiers chase their enemies amain,
And with his blood eternal honour gain,
Let merchants seek wealth with perjur'd lips,
And being wreck'd, carouse the sea tir'd by their ships;
But when I die, would I might droop with doing,
And in the midst thereof, set my soul going;
That at my funeral some may weeping cry,
Even as he led his life, so did he die.

Elegia III.

Ad amicam navigantem.

The lofty pine, from high mount Pelion raught,
Ill ways by rough seas' wondering waves first taught.
Which rashly 'twixt the sharp rocks in the deep,
Carried the famous golden-fleeced sheep.
O would that no oars might in seas have sunk!
The Argos wreck'd had deadly waters drunk.
Lo, country gods, and known bed to forsake
Corinna means, and dangerous ways to take.
For thee the East and West winds make me pale,
With icy Boreas, and the southern gale.
Thou shalt admire no woods or cities there,
The unjust seas all blueish do appear.
The ocean hath no painted stones or shells,
The sucking shore with their abundance swells.

Maids on the shore, with marble-white feet tread,
So far 'tis safe, but to go farther, dread.
Let others tell how winds fierce battles wage,
How Scylla's and Caribydis' waters rage.
And with what rock the fear'd Ceraunia threat;
In what gulph either Sirtes have their seat.
Let others tell this, and what each one speaks
Believe; no tempest the believer wrecks.
Too late you look back, when with anchor weigh'd,
The crooked bark hath her swift sails display'd.
The careful shipman now fears angry gusts,
And with the waters sees death near him thrusts.
But if that Triton toss the troubled flood,
In all thy face will be no crimson blood.
Then wilt thou Læda's noble twin-stars pray,
And he is happy whom the earth holds, say.
It is more safe to sleep, to read a book,
The Thracian harp with cunning to have struck.
But if my words with winged storms hence slip,
Yet Galatea favour thou her ship.
The loss of such a wench much blame will gather,
Both to the sea-nymphs and the sea-nymphs' father.
Go, minding to return with prosperous wind,
Whose blast may hither strongly be inclin'd.
Let Nereus bend the waves unto this shore,
Hither the winds blow, here the springtides roar.
Request mild Zephyr's help for thy avail,
And with thy hand assist the swelling sail.
I from the shore thy known ship first will see,
And say it brings her that preserveth me.

I'll clip and kiss thee with all contentation,
For thy return shall fall the vow'd oblation;
And in the form of beds we'll strew soft sand;
Each little hill shall for a table stand:
There wine being fill'd, thou many things shalt tell,
How almost wreck'd thy ship in main seas fell.
And hasting to me, neither darksome night,
Nor violent south-winds did thee ought affright.
I'll think all true, though it be feigned matter,
Mine own desires why should myself not flatter?
Let the bright day-star cause in heaven this day be,
To bring that happy time so soon as may be.

Elegia 12.

Exultat, quod amica potitus sit.

About my temples go triumphant bays,
Conquer'd Corinna in my bosom lays.
She whom her husband, guard, and gate, as foes,
Lest art should win her, firmly did enclose:
That victory doth chiefly triumph merit,
Which without bloodshed doth the prey inherit.
No little ditched towns, no lowly walls,
But to my share a captive damsel falls.
When Troy by ten years' battle tumbled down,
With the Atrides many gain'd renown:
But I no partner of my glory brook,
Nor can another say his help I took.
I, guide and soldier, won the field and wear her,
I was both horseman, footman, standard-bearer.

Nor in my act hath fortune mingled chance:
O care-got triumph hitherwards advance!
Nor is my war's cause new; but for a queen
Europe and Asia in firm peace had been.
The Lapithes, and the Centaurs for a woman,
To cruel arms their drunken selves did summon.
A woman forc'd the Trojans new to enter
Wars, just Latinus, in thy kingdom's center:
A woman against late-built Rome did send,
The Sabine fathers, who sharp wars intend.
I saw how bulls for a white heifer strive,
She looking on them did more courage give.
And me with many, but yet me without murder,
Cupid commands to move his ensigns further.

Elegia 13.

Ad Isidem, ut parientem Corinnam servet.

And the dull snake about thy offspring creep,
And in thy pomp horn'd Apis with thee keep.
Turn thy looks hither, and in one spare twain,
Thou giv'st my mistress life, she mine again.
She oft hath serv'd thee upon certain days,
Where the French rout engirt themselves with bays.
On labouring women thou dost pity take,
Whose bodies with their heavy burdens ache;
My wench, Lucina, I entreat thee favour,
Worthy she is, thou should'st in mercy save her.
In wines, with incense, I'll thine altars greet,
Myself will bring vow'd gifts before thy feet.
Subscribing Naso with Corinna sav'd,
Do but deserve gifts with this title grav'd.
But if in so great fear I may advise thee,
To have this skirmish fought let it suffice thee.

Elegia 14.

In amicam, quod abortivum ipsa fecerit.

What helps it woman to be free from war,
Nor being arm'd fierce troops to follow far,
If without battle self-wrought wounds annoy them,
And their own privy weapon'd hands destroy them?
Who unborn infants first to slay invented,
Deserv'd thereby with death to be tormented.
Because thy belly should rough wrinkles lack,
Wilt thou thy womb-inclosed offspring wrack?
Had ancient mothers this vile custom cherish'd,
All human kind by their default had perish'd.

Cut in the air let these words come to nought,
And my presages of no weight be thought.
Forgive her gracious gods this one delict,
And on the next fault punishment inflict.

Elegia 15.

Ad annulum, quem dono amicæ dedit.

Thou ring that shalt my fair girl's finger bind,
Wherein is seen the giver's loving mind:
Be welcome to her, gladly let her take thee,
And, her small joints encircling, round, hoop, make thee.
Fit her so well, as she is fit for me,
And of just compass for her knuckles be.
Blest ring in my mistress' arms shall lie,
Myself, poor wretch, mine own gifts now envy.
O would that suddenly into my gift,
I could myself by secret magic shift!
Then would I wish thee touch my mistress' pap,
And hide thy left hand underneath her lap.
I would get off though straight, and sticking fast,
And in her bosom strangely fall at last.
Then I, that I may seal her privy leaves,
Lest to the wax the hold-fast dry gem cleaves,
Would first my beauteous wenches moist lips touch,
Only I'll sign nought, that may grieve me much.
I would not out, might I in one place hit:
But in less compass her small fingers knit.
My life! that I will shame thee never fear,
Or be a load thou should'st refuse to bear.

Elegia I

Ad amicam, ut ad rur

Sulmo, Peligny's third part,
A small, but wholesome soil w
Although the sun to rive the e
And the Icarian froward dog-s
Pilignian fields whi h liquid ri
And on the soft ground fertile
With corn the earth abounds,
And some few pastures Pallas'
And by the rising herbs, where
A grassy turf the moistened ea
But absent is my fire, lies I'll t
My heat is here, what moves n
Pollux and Castor, might I sta
In heaven without thee would
Upon the cold earth pensive le
That mean to travel some long
Or else will maidens young me
If they determine to persever s
Then on the rough Alps shoul
My hard way with my mistress

With her I durst the Lybian Sirtes break through,
And raging seas in boisterous south-winds plough.
No barking dogs, that Scylla's intrails bear,
Nor thy gulphs, crooked Malea, would I fear.
Nor flowing waves with drowned ships forth-poured
By cloyed Charibdis, and again devoured.
But if stern Neptune's windy power prevail,
And waters' force, force helping gods to sail,
With thy white arms upon my shoulders seize,
So sweet a burden I will bear with ease.
The youth oft swimming to his Hero kind,
Had then swam over, but the way was blind.
But without thee, although vine-planted ground
Contains me; though the streams the fields surround;
Though hinds in brooks the running waters bring,
And cool gales shake the tall trees leafy spring;
Healthful Peligny! I esteem nought worth,
Nor do I like the country of my birth.
Scythia, Cilicia, Brittany are as good,
And rocks dyed crimson with Prometheus' blood.
Elms love the vines, the vines with elms abide,
Why doth my mistress from me oft divide?
Thou swear'dst, division should not 'twixt us rise,
By me, and by my stars, thy radiant eyes;
Maids' words more vain and light than falling leaves,
Which as it seems, hence wind and sea bereaves.
If any godly care of me thou hast,
Add deeds unto thy promises at last.
And with swift nags drawing thy little coach,
(Their reins let loose) right soon my house approach.

Let me be slandered, while
That Paphos, and the flood-
Would I had been my mist
Since some fair one I should
Beauty gives heart, Corinna
Ay me, why is it known to h
But by her glass disdainful
Nor she herself, but first trin
Not though thy face in all th
(O face, most cunning mine
Thou ought'st therefore to s
Small things with greater m
Love-snar'd Calypso is supp
A mortal nymph's refusing
Who doubts, with Peleus T
Egeria with just Numa had
Venus with Vulcan, though
With his stump foot he halt
This kind of verse is not alik
With shorter numbers the h
And thou, my light, accept

Nor of our love, to be asham'd we need.
For great revenues I good verses have,
And many by me to get glory crave.
I know a wench reports herself Corinne,
What would not she give that fair name to win?
But sundry floods in one bank never go,
Eurotas cold, and poplar-bearing Po.
Nor in my books shall one but thou be writ,
Thou dost alone give matter to my wit.

ELEGIA 18.

Ad Macrum, quod de amoribus scribat.

To tragic verse while thou Achilles train'st,
And new sworn soldiers' maiden arms restrain'st.
We, Macer, sit in Venus' slothful shade,
And tender love hath great things hateful made.
Often at length, my wench depart, I bid,
She in my lap sits still as erst she did.
I said it irks me, half to weeping fram'd,
Ay me! she cries, to love, why art ashamed?
Then wreathes about my neck her winding arms,
And thousand kisses gives, that work my harms:
I yield, and back my wit from battles bring,
Domestic acts, and mine own wars to sing.
Yet tragedies, and sceptres fill'd my lines,
But though I apt were for such high designs,
Love laugh'd at my cloak, and buskins painted,
And rule, so soon with private hands acquainted.
My mistress' deity also drew me from it,
And love triumpheth o'er his busking poet.

As soon as from strange lands
And writings did from divers
White-cheek'd Penelope knew
The step-dame read Hippolite
Æneas to Elisa answer gives,
And Phillis hath to read; if n
Jason's sad letter doth Hypsip
Sappho her vow'd harp lays at
Nor of thee, Macer, that resou
Is golden love hid in Mars' mi
There Paris is, and Helen's cri
With Laodamia, mate to her d
Unless I err to these thou more
Than wars, and from thy tents

ELEGIA 1

Ad rivalem cui uxor cu

FOOL, if to keep thy wife thou
Keep her from me, my more de
We scorn things lawful, stol'n s
Cruel is he that loves whom no

Let us, both lovers, hope and fear alike,
And may repulse, place, for our wishes strike.
What should I do with fortune that ne'er fails me?
Nothing I love, that at all times avails me.
Wily Corinna saw this blemish in me,
And craftily knows by what means to win me.
Ah, often, that her whole head ach'd, she lying,
Will'd me, whose slow feet sought delay by flying;
Ah, oft, how much she might, she feign'd offence;
And doing wrong made shew of innocence.
So having vex'd she nourish'd my warm fire,
And was again most apt to my desire.
To please me, what fair terms and sweet words has she,
Great gods! what kisses, and how many gave she!
Thou also that late took'st mine eyes away,
Oft cozen me, oft being woo'd, say nay.
And on thy threshold let me lie dispread,
Suff'ring much cold by hoary night's frost bred.
So shall my love continue many years;
This doth delight me, this my courage cheers.
Fat love, and too much fulsome me annoys,
Even as sweet meat a glutted stomach cloys.
In brazen tower had not Danaæ dwelt,
A mother's joy by Jove she had not felt.
While Juno Io keeps, when horns she wore,
Jove lik'd her better than he did before.
Who covets lawful things takes leaves from woods,
And drinks stol'n waters in surrounding floods.

Whether the subtle maid line
Why she alone in empty bed
Let this care sometimes bite t
That to deceits it may me for
To steal sands from the shore
That can affect a foolish witta
Now I forewarn, unless to ke
Thou dost begin, she shall be
Long have I borne much, h
thee,
To guard her well, that well I
Thou suffer'st what no husba
But of my love an end it will
Shall I, poor soul, be never i
Nor never with night's sharp
In sleeping shall I fearless dra
Will't nothing do, why I shou
Can I but loath a husband gr
By thy default thou dost our j
Some other seek that may i
thee,

P. OVIDII NASONIS AMORUM.

LIBER TERTIUS.

Elegia I.

Deliberatio poetæ, utrum elegos pergat scribere an potius tragædias.

An old wood, stands uncut of long year's space,
'Tis credible some god-head haunts the place.
In midst thereof a stone-pav'd, sacred spring,
Where round about small birds most sweetly sing.
Here while I walk, hid close in shady grove,
To find what work my muse might move, I strove.
Elegia came with hairs perfumed sweet,
And one, I think, was longer, of her feet.
A decent form, thin robe, a lover's look,
By her foot's blemish greater grace she took.
Then with huge steps came violent Tragedy,
Stern was her front, her look on ground did lie.
Her left hand held abroad a regal sceptre,
The Lydian buskin in fit paces kept her.
And first he said, when will thy love be spent
O poet, careless of thy argument?
Wine-bibbing banquets tell thy naughtiness,
Each cross-way's corner doth as much express.
Oft some points at the prophet passing by,
And this is he whom fierce love burns, they cry.

And by those numbers is thy
Now give the Roman tragedy
To fill my laws thy wanton sp
This said, she mov'd her busl
And seven times shook her
garnish'd.
The other smiled, (I wot) wit
Err I, or myrtle in her right
With lofty words stout Trage
Why tread'st me down? art t
Thou deign'st unequal lines
Thou fight'st against me usir
Thy lofty style with mine I r
Small doors unfitting for larg
Light am I, and with me, my
Not stronger am I, than the
Venus without me should be
This goddess' company doth
What gate thy stately words
My flatt'ring speeches soon
And I deserve more than the
By suff'ring much not borne

By me Corinna learns, cozening her guard,
To get the door with little noise unbarr'd;
And slipp'd from bed, clothed in a loose night-gown,
To move her feet unheard in sliding down.
Ah, how oft on hard doors hung I engraved,
From no man's reading fearing to be saved.
But, till the keeper went forth, I forget not,
The maid to hide me in her bosom let not.
What gift with me was on her birth-day sent,
But cruelly by her was drown'd and rent.
First of thy mind the happy seeds I knew,
Thou hast my gift, which she would from thee sue.
She left; I said, you both I must beseech,
To empty air may go my fearful speech.
With sceptres and high buskins th' one would dress me,
So through the world should bright renown express me;
The other gives my love a conquering name,
Come, therefore, and to long verse shorter frame.
Grant, Tragedy, thy poet, Time's least title:
Thy labour ever lasts; she asks but little.
She gave me leave; soft loves in time make haste;
Some greater work will urge me on at last.

Elegia 2.

Ad amicam cursum equorum spectantem.

I sit not here the noble horse to see,
Yet whom thou favour'st, pray may conqueror be.

To sit and talk with thee I hither came,
That thou may'st know with love thou mak'st me
flame.
Thou view'st the course, I thee: let either heed
What please them, and their eyes let either feed.
What horse-driver thou favour'st most is best,
Because on him thy care doth hap to rest.
Such chance let me have: I would bravely run,
On swift steeds mounted till the race were done.
Now would I slack the reins, now lash her hide,
With wheels bent inward now the ring-turn ride.
In running if I see thee, I shall stay,
And from my hands the reins will slip away.
Ah, Pelops from his coach was almost fell'd,
Hippodamia's looks while he beheld.
Yet he attain'd, by her support, to have her:
Let us all conquer by our mistress' favour.

Coat-tuck'd Diana's legs are painted like them,
When strong wild beasts, she, stronger, hunts to strike
them.
Ere these were seen, I burnt: what will these do?
Flames into flame, floods thou pour'st seas into.
By these I judge; delight me may the rest,
Which lie hid, under her thin veil suppress'd.
Yet in the meantime wilt small winds bestow,
That from thy fan, mov'd by my hand, may blow?
Or is't my heat of mind, not of the sky?
Is't women's love my captive breast doth fry?
While thus I speak, black dust her white robes ray;
Foul dust, from her fair body go away.
Now comes the pomp; themselves let all men cheer:
The shout is nigh; the golden pomp comes here.
First, victory is brought with large spread wing,
Goddess, come here; make my love conquering.
Applaud you Neptune, that dare trust his wave,
The sea I use not: me my earth must have.
Soldier applaud thy Mars, no wars we move,
Peace pleaseth me, and in mid peace is love.
With augurs Phœbus, Phœbe with hunters stands.
To thee Minerva turn the craftsmen's hands.
Ceres and Bacchus countrymen adore,
Champions please Pollux, Castor loves horsemen
more.
Thee gentle Venus, and the boy that flies,
We praise, great goddess aid my enterprize.
Let my new mistress grant to be beloved;
She beck'd, and prosperous signs gave as she moved.

Four chariot-horses from t
I see whom thou affectest:
The horses seem, as thy de
Alas he runs too far about
What dost thy waggon in
What dost unhappy? her
Let with strong hand the r
One slow we favour, Roma
And each give signs by cas
They call him back; lest t
To hide thee in my bosom
But now again the barriers
And forth the gay troops o
At last now conquer, and
My mistress' wish confirm
My mistress hath her wish,
He holds the palm: my pa
She smil'd, and with quick
Pay it not here, but in ano

* Promi

Elegia 3.

De amica quæ perjuraverat.

VHAT are there gods? herself she hath forswore,
.nd yet remains the face she had before.
[ow long her locks were ere her oath she took,
o long they be since she her faith forsook.
'air white with rose red was before commix'd:
[ow shine her looks pure and white red betwixt.
[er foot was small: her foot's form is most fit:
'omely tall was she, comely tall she's yet.
harp eyes she had: radiant like stars they be,
y which she perjured oft hath lied to me.
n sooth, th' eternal powers grant maids' society,
'alsely to swear; their beauty hath some deity.
y her eyes, I remember, late she swore,
.nd by mine eyes, and mine were pained sore.
ay gods: if she unpunish'd you deceive,
'or others faults why do I loss receive.
ut did you not so envy Cepheus' daughter,
'or her ill-beauteous mother judg'd to slaughter.
'is not enough, she shakes your record off,
.nd, unreveng'd, mock'd gods with me doth scoff.
ut by my pain to purge her perjuries,
'ozen'd, I am the cozener's sacrifice.
od is a name, no substance, fear'd in vain,
.nd doth the world in fond belief detain.
r if there be a God, he loves fine wenches,
.nd all things too much in their sole power drenches.
Iars girts his deadly sword on for my harm,
'allas' lance strikes me with unconquer'd arm.

At me Apollo bends his pliant bow;
At me Jove's right hand lightning hath to thro
The wronged gods dread fair ones to offend,
And fear those, that to fear them least intend.
Who now will care the altars to perfume?
Tut, men should not their courage so consume
Jove throws down woods and castles with his f
But bids his darts from perjured girls retire.
Poor Semele among so many burn'd,
Her own request to her own torment turn'd.
But when her lover came, had she drawn back,
The father's thigh should unborn Bacchus lack
Why grieve I? and of heaven reproaches pen?
The gods have eyes, and breasts as well as me
Were I a god, I should give women leave,
With lying lips my godhead to deceive.
Myself would swear the wenches true did swe
And I would be none of the gods severe.
But yet their gift more moderately use,
Or in mine eyes, good wench, no pain transfus

Elegia 4.

Ad virum servantem conjugem.

Rude man, 'tis vain thy damsel to commend,
To keepers trust: their wits should them defe
Who, without fear, is chaste; is chaste in soot
Who, because means want, doth not, she doth
Though thou her body guard, her mind is stain
Nor, lest she will, can any be restrain'd.

Nor can'st by watching keep her mind from sin,
All being shut out, the adulterer is within.
Who may offend, sins least; power to do ill,
The fainting seeds of naughtiness doth kill.
Forbear to kindle vice by prohibition,
Sooner shall kindness gain thy will's fruition.
I saw a horse against the bit stiff-neck'd,
Like lightning go, his struggling mouth being check'd:
When he perceived the reins let slack, he staid,
And on his loose mane the loose bridle laid.
How to attain what is denied, we think,
Even as the sick desire forbidden drink.
Argus had either way an hundred eyes,
Yet by deceit love did them all surprise.
In stone and iron walls Danae shut,
Came forth a mother, though a maid there put.
Penelope, though no watch look'd unto her,
Was not defil'd by any gallant wooer.
What's kept, we covet more: the care makes theft,
Few love what others have unguarded left.
Nor doth her face please, but her husband's love:
I know not what men think should thee so move.
She is not chaste that keeps away therefore:
Thy fear is than her body valued more.
Although thou chafe, stol'n pleasure is sweet play,
She pleaseth best, I fear, if any say.
A free-born wench, no right 'tis up to lock,
So use we women of strange nations' stock.
Because the keeper may come, say, I did it,
She must be honest to thy servant's credit.

He is too clownish, whom a lewd wife grieves,
And this town's well-known custom not believes;
Where Mars his sons not without fault did breed,
Remus and Romulus, Ilia's twin-born seed.
Cannot a fair one, if not chaste, please thee?
Never can these by any means agree.
Kindly thy mistress use, if thou be wise;
Look gently, and rough husbands' laws despise.
Honour what friends thy wife gives, she'll give many,
Least labour, thou shalt win great grace of any.
So shalt thou go with youths to feasts together,
And see at home much, that thou ne'er brought'st thither.

Elegia 6.*

Ad amnem dum iter faceret ad amicam.

Flood with red-grown slime banks, 'till I be past,

With snow, thaw'd from the next hill, now thou rushest,
And in thy foul deep waters thick thou pushest.
What helps my haste? what to have ta'en small rest?
What day and night to travel in her quest?
If standing here I can by no means get
My foot upon the further bank to set.
Now wish I those wings noble Perseus had,
Bearing the head with dreadful arrows clad;
Now wish the chariot, whence corn fields were found,
First to be thrown upon the untill'd ground:
I speak old poets wonderful inventions,
Ne'er was, nor shall be, what my verse mentions.
Rather, thou large bank overflowing river,
Slide in thy bounds, so shalt thou run for ever.
(Trust me) land-stream, thou shalt no envy lack,
If I a lover be by thee held back.
Great floods ought to assist young men in love,
Great floods the force of it do often prove.
In mid Bithynia, 'tis said, Inachus
Grew pale, and in cold fords not lecherous.
Troy had not yet been ten years' siege out-stander,
When nymph Neæra rapt thy looks, Scamander.
What? not Alpheus in strange lands to run,
The Arcadian virgin's constant love hath won?
And Creusa unto Xanthus first affic'd,
They say Peneus near Phthia's town did hide.
What should I name Æsop, that Thebe loved?
Thebe who mother of five daughters proved.

Is by Evadne thought to tak
As his deep whirlpools could
Dry Enipeus, Tyro to embra
T'fly back his stream charg
gave place.
Nor pass I thee, who hollow
In Tiber's field with wat'ry
Whom Ilia pleased, though
Her cheeks were scratch'
shevell'd.
She wailing Mars' sin, and
Stray'd barefoot through so
Her, from his swift waves, t
And from the mid ford his
Saying why sadly tread'st n
Ilia, sprung from Idæan La
Where's thy attire? why w
To stay thy tresses white v
Why weep'st? and spoil'st
And fiercely knock'st thy
His heart consists of flint,
That seeing thy tears can

Fear not: to thee our court stands open wide,
There shalt be lov'd: Ilia, lay fear aside.
Thou o'er a hundred nymphs or more shalt reign,
For five score nymphs or more our floods contain,
Nor, Roman stock, scorn me so much (I crave,)
Gifts than my promise greater thou shalt have.
This said he: she her modest eyes held down,
Her woeful bosom a warm shower did drown.
Thrice she prepared to fly, thrice she did stay,
By fear deprived of strength to run away.
Yet rending with enraged thumb her tresses,
Her trembling mouth these unmeet sounds expresses.
O would in my forefathers' tomb deep laid,
My bones had been, while yet I was a maid!
Why being a vestal am I woo'd to wed,
Deflowr'd and stained in unlawful bed.
Why stay I? men point at me for a whore,
Shame, that should make me blush, I have no more.
This said: her coat hoodwink'd her fearful eyes,
And into water desperately she flies.
'Tis said the slipp'ry stream held up her breast,
And kindly gave her, what she liked best.
And I believe some wench thou hast affected,
But woods and groves keep your faults undetected.
While thus I spake the waters more abounded,
And from the channel all abroad surrounded.
Mad stream, why do'st our mutual joys defer?
Clown, from my journey why do'st me deter?
How would'st thou flow wert thou a noble flood?
If thy great fame in every region stood?

What thirsty traveller ever d
Who said with grateful voice
Harmful to beasts, and to th
Perchance these, others, me n
To this I fondly loves of flood
I shame so great names to ha
I know not what expecting, I
Nam'd Achelaus, Inachus, a
But for thy merits I wish the
Dry winters aye, and suns in

ELEGIA

Quod ab amica receptus, cum ea c

EITHER she was foul, or her
Or she was not the wench I
Idly I lay with her, as if I lo
And like a burden griev'd the
Though both of us perform'd
Yet could I not cast anchor
She on my neck her ivory ar
Her arms far whiter, then th

Yea, and she sooth'd me up, and call'd me sire,
And us'd all speech that might provoke and stir.
Yet like as if cold hemlock I had drunk,
It mocked me, hung down the head and sunk.
Like a dull cypher, or rude block I lay,
Or shade, or body was I who can say?
What will my age do, age I cannot shun?
When in my prime my force is spent and done?
I blush, that being youthful, hot, and lusty,
I prove neither youth nor man, but old and rusty.
Pure rose she, like a nun to sacrifice,
Or one that with her tender brother lies.
Yet boarded I the golden Chie twice,
And Libas, and the white cheek'd Pitho thrice.
Corinna crav'd it in a summer's night,
And nine sweet bouts we had before day-light.
What waste my limbs through some Thessalian charms?
May spells, and drugs do silly souls such harms?
With virgin wax hath some imbast my joints?
And pierc'd my liver with sharp needles' points?
Charms change corn to grass and make it die:
By charms are running springs and fountains dry.
By charms mast drops from oaks, from vines grapes fall,
And fruit from trees when there's no wind at all.
Why might not then my sinews be inchanted?
And I grow faint as with some spirit haunted.
To this, add shame: shame to perform it quail'd me,
And was the second cause why vigour fail'd me.

My idle thoughts
Than did the robe
Yet might her tou
And Tithon livelie
Even her I had, a
What might I cra
I think the great g
The benefit : whic
I wish'd to be rece
To kiss, I kiss'd ;
Why was I blest ?
Chufft like had I
So in a spring thri
And looks upon t
Hath any rose so
As she might st
pray'd.
Well I believe, sh
Nor used the sleig
Huge oaks, hard a
And with sweet
lov'd.
Worthy she was to
But neither was I
Can deaf ear take
Or Thamyris in cu
What sweet thoug
And one gave plac
Yet notwithstandi
Drooping more lik

Now when he should not jet, he bolts upright,
And craves his task, and seeks to be at fight.
Lie down with shame, and see thou stir no more,
Seeing thou would'st deceive me as before.
Thou cozen'st me: by thee surpris'd am I,
And bide sore loss with endless infamy.
Nay more, the wench did not disdain a whit
To take it in her hand, and play with it.
But when she saw it would by no means stand,
But still droop'd down, regarding not her hand,
Why mock'st thou me she cried? or being ill,
Who bade thee lie down here against thy will?
Either thou art witch'd with blood of frogs new dead,
Or jaded cam'st thou from some other's bed.
With her loose gown on from me she cast her,
In skipping out her naked feet much graced her.
And lest her maid should know of this disgrace,
To cover it, spilt water in the place.

Elegia 8.

Quod ab amica non recipiatur, dolet.

What man will now take liberal arts in hand,
Or think soft verse in any stead to stand?
Wit was sometimes more precious than gold;
Now poverty great barbarism we hold.
When our books did my mistress fair content,
I might not go whither my papers went.
She praised me, yet the gate shut fast upon her,
I here and there go, witty with dishonour.
See a rich chuff, whose wounds great wealth inferr'd,
For bloodshed knighted, before me preferr'd.

Fool, can'st thou him in thy white arms embra
Fool, canst thou lie in his enfolding space?
Know'st not this head a helm was wont to bear
This side that serves thee, a sharp sword did we
His left hand whereon gold doth ill alight
A target bore: blood-sprinkled was his right.
Can'st touch that hand wherewith some one lies d
Ah, whither is thy breast's soft nature fled?
Behold the signs of ancient fight, his scars,
Whate'er he hath his body gain'd in wars.
Perhaps he'll tell how oft he slew a man,
Confessing this, why do'st thou touch him then
I, the pure priest of Phœbus and the Muses,
At thy deaf doors sing in verse my abuses.
Not what we slothful know, let wise men learn;
But follow trembling camps and battles stern.
And for a good verse draw the first dart forth:
Homer without this shall be nothing worth.
Jove, being admonish'd gold had sovereign pow
To win the maid came in a golden shower.
Till then, rough was her father, she severe,
The posts of brass, the walls of iron were.
But when in gifts the wise adulterer came,
She held her lap ope to receive the same.
Yet when old Saturn heaven's rule possest,
All gain in darkness the deep earth supprest.
Gold, silver, iron's heavy weight, and brass,
In hell were harbour'd, here was found no mass.
But better things it gave, corn without ploughs,
Apples, and honey in oaks' hollow boughs.

With strong ploughshares no man the earth did cleave,
The ditcher no marks on the ground did leave.
Nor hanging oars the troubled seas did sweep,
Men kept the shore and sail'd not in the deep.
Against thyself, man's nature, thou wert cunning,
And to thine own loss was thy wit swift running.
Why gird'st thy cities with a towered wall,
Why let'st discordant hands to armour fall?
What dost with seas? with th'earth thou wert content;
Why seek'st not heav'n the third realm to frequent?
Heaven thou affects: with Romulus, temples brave,
Bacchus, Alcides, and now Cæsar have.
Gold from the earth instead of fruits we pluck;
Soldiers by blood to be inrich'd have luck.
Courts shut the poor out: wealth gives estimation,
Thence grows the judge, and knight of reputation.
All, thee possess: they govern fields, and laws,
They manage peace, and raw war's bloody jaws.
Only our loves let not such rich churls gain:
'Tis well, if some wench for the poor remain.
Now, Sabine-like, though chaste she seems to live,
One she commands, who many things can give.
For me, she doth keeper and husband fear,
If I should give, both would the house forbear.
If of scorn'd lovers god be venger just,
O let him change goods so ill got to dust.

Elegia 9.

Tibulli mortem deflet.

If Thetis, and the Morn their sons did wail,
And envious fates great goddesses assail;

Sad Elegy, thy woeful hairs unbind:
Ah, now a name too true thou hast I find.
Tibullus, thy works' poet, and thy fame,
Burns his dead body in the funeral flame.
Lo, Cupid brings his quiver spoiled quite,
His broken bow, his firebrand without light.
How piteously with drooping wings he stand
And knocks his bare brest with self-angry ha
The locks spread on his neck receive his tear
And shaking sobs his mouth for speeches bea
So at Æneas' burial men report,
Fair-fac'd Iulus; he went forth thy court.
And Venus grieves, Tibullus' life being spent
As when the wild boar Adonis' groin had ren
The gods care we are call'd, and men of piet
And some there be that think we have a deit
Outrageous death profanes all holy things,
And o'er all creatures obscure darkness bring
To Thracean Orpheus what did parents good
Or songs, amazing wild beasts of the wood?
Where Linus by his father Phœbus laid,
To sing with his unequal harp is said,
See Homer, from whose fountain ever fill'd,
Pierian dew to poets is distil'd.
Him the last day in black Avern hath drown'
Verses alone are with continuance crown'd.
The work of poets lasts, Troy's labours' fame
And that slow web night's falsehood did unfr
So Nemesis, so Delia famous are,
The one his first love, th'other his new care.
What profit to us hath our pure life bred?

What to have lain alone in empty bed?
When bad fates take good men, I am forbod,
By secret thoughts to think there is a God.
Live godly, thou shalt die, though honour'd heaven,
Yet shall thy life be forcibly bereaven.
Trust in good verse, Tibullus feels death's pains,
Scarce rests of all what a small urn contains.
Thee sacred poet could sad flames destroy?
Nor feared they thy body to annoy?
The holy gods' gilt temples they might fire,
That durst to so great wickedness aspire.
Eryx, bright empress, turn'd her looks aside,
And some, that she refrain'd tears, have denied.
Yet better is't, than if Corcyra's Isle,
Had thee unknown interr'd in ground most vile.
Thy dying eyes here did thy mother close,
Nor did thy ashes her last offerings lose.
Part of her sorrow here thy sister bearing,
Comes forth her uncomb'd locks asunder tearing.
Nemesis and thy first wench join their kisses
With thine, nor this last fire their presence misses.
Delia departing, happier loved she saith,
Was I: thou liv'dst, while thou esteem'dst my faith.
Nemesis answers, what's my loss to thee?
His fainting hand in death engrasped me.
If ought remains of us but name and spirit,
Tibullus doth Elysium's joy inherit.
Their youthful brows with ivy girt to meet him,
With Calvus, learn'd Catullus comes to greet him.
And thou, if falsely charged to wrong thy friend,
Gallus, that car'dst not life and blood to spend,

Come were the times of Ceres
In empty bed alone my mistre
Golden-hair'd Ceres crown'd v
Why are our pleasures by thy
Thee, goddess, bountiful, all n
Nor less at man's prosperity a
Rude husbandmen bak'd not t
Nor on the earth was known t
On mast of oaks, first oracles,
This was their meat, the soft g
First Ceres taught the seed in
And ripe-ear'd corn with shar
She first constrain'd bulls nec
And untill'd ground with crook
Who thinks her to be glad at
And worshipp'd by their pain,
Nor is she, though she loves t
A clown, nor no love from her
Be witness Crete (nor Crete d
Crete proud that Jove her nu
There, he who rules the world
A little boy drunk tea-distillir

The goddess saw Iasion on Candian Ide,
With strong hand striking wild beasts' bristled hide.
She saw, and as her marrow took the flame,
Was divers ways distract with love and shame.
Love conquer'd shame, the furrows dry were burn'd,
And corn with least part of itself return'd.
When well-toss'd mattocks did the ground prepare,
Being fit-broken with the crooked share,
And seeds were equally in large fields cast,
The ploughman's hopes were frustrate at the last.
The grain-rich goddess in high woods did stray,
Her long hair's ear-wrought garland fell away.
Only was Crete fruitful that plenteous year,
Where Ceres went, each place was harvest there.
Ida, the seat of groves, did sing with corn,
Which by the wild boar in the woods was shorn.
Law-giving Minos did such years desire,
And wish'd the goddess long might feel love's fire.
Ceres, what sports to thee so grievous were,
As in thy sacrifice we them forbear?
Why am I sad, when Proserpine is found,
And Juno like with Dis reigns under ground?
Festival days ask Venus, songs, and wine,
These gifts are meet to please the powers divine.

Elegia 11.

Ad amicam a cujus amore discedere non potest.

Long have I borne much, mad thy faults me make;
Dishonest love, my wearied breast forsake!
Now have I freed myself, and fled the chain,
And what I have borne, shame to bear again.

We vanquish, and tread tam'd love under feet,
Victorious wreaths at length my temples greet.
Suffer, and harden: good grows by this grief,
Oft bitter juice brings to the sick relief.
I have sustain'd, so oft thrust from the door,
To lay my body on the hard moist floor.
I know not whom thou lewdly did'st embrace,
When I to watch supplied a servant's place.
I saw when forth a tired lover went,
His side past service, and his courage spent.
Yet this is less, than if he had seen me;
May that shame fall mine enemies chance to be.
When have not I, fix'd to thy side, close laid?
I have thy husband, guard, and fellow play'd.
The people by my company she pleas'd;
My love was cause that more men's love she seiz'd.
What, should I tell her vain tongue's filthy lyes,
And to my loss, god-wronging perjuries?
What secret becks in banquets with her youths,
With privy signs, and talk-dissembling truths?
Hearing her to be sick, I thither ran,
But with my rival sick she was not than;
These hardened me, with what I keep obscure:
Some other seek, who will these things endure.
Now my ship in the wished haven crown'd,
With joy hears Neptune's swelling waters sound.
Leave thy once powerful words, and flatteries,
I am not as I was before, unwise.
Now love and hate my light breast each way move,
But victory, I think will hap to love.

I'll hate, if I can; if not, love 'gainst my will,
Bulls hate the yoke, yet what they hate have still.
I flie her lust, but follow beauty's creature,
I loath her manners, love her body's feature.
Nor with thee, nor without thee can I live,
And doubt to which desire the palm to give.
Or less fair, or less lewd would thou might'st be:
Beauty, with lewdness doth right ill agree.
Her deeds gain hate, her face entreateth love,
Ah, she doth more worth than her vices prove.
Spare me, O by our fellow bed, by all
The gods, who by thee, to be perjured fall.
And by thy face to me a power divine,
And by thine eyes whose radiance burns out mine.
Whate'er thou art, mine art thou: choose this course,
Wilt have me willing, or to love by force.
Rather I'll hoist up sale, and use the wind,
That I may love yet, though against my mind.

Elegia 12.

Dolet amicam suam ita suis carminibus innotuissam ut rivales multos sibi pararit.

What day was that, which all sad haps to bring,
White birds to lovers did not always sing?
Or is't I think my wish against the stars?
Or shall I plain some god against me wars?
Who mine was call'd, whom I lov'd more than any,
I fear with me is common now to many.
Err I? or by my looks is she so known?
'Tis so: by my wit her abuse is grown.

And justly: for her praise why did I tell?
The wench by my fault is set forth to sell.
The bawd I play, lovers to her I guide:
Her gate by my hands is set open wide.
'Tis doubtful whether verse avail or harm,
Against my good they were an envious charm.
When Thebes, when Troy, when Cæsar should be
writ,
Alone Corinna moves my wanton wit.
With muse oppos'd, would I my lines had done,
And Phœbus had forsook my work begun.
Nor, as use will not poets record hear,
Would I my words would any credit bear.
Scylla by us her father's rich hair steals,
And Scylla's womb mad raging dogs conceals.
We cause feet fly, we mingle hares with snakes,
Victorious Perseus a wing'd steed's back takes.
Our verse great Tityus, a huge space outspreads,
And gives the viper-curled dog three heads.
We make Enceladus use a thousand arms,
And men inthrall'd by mermaid's singing charms.
The east winds in Ulysses' bags we shut,
And babbing Tantalus in mid-waters put.
Niobe flint, Callist we make a bear,
Bird-changed Progne doth her Itys tear.
Jove turns himself into a swan, or gold,
Or his bull's horns Europa's hand doth hold.
Proteus what should I name? teeth, Thebes' firs
seed?
Oxen in whose mouths burning flames did breed;

Heav'n-starr'd Electra, that bewail'd her sisters?
The ships, whose godhead in the sea now glisters?
The sun turn'd back from Atreus' cursed table?
And sweet touch'd harp that to move stones was able?
Poets' large power is boundless, and immense,
Nor have their words true history's pretence.
And my wench ought to have seem'd falsely prais'd,
New your credulity harm to me hath rais'd.

Elegia 13.

De Junonis festo.

When fruit-fill'd Tuscia should a wife give me,
We touch'd the walls, Camillus won by thee.
The priests to Juno did prepare chaste feasts,
With famous pageants, and their home-bred beasts.
To know their rites, well recompenc'd my stay,
Though thither leads a rough steep hilly way.
There stands an old wood with thick trees dark clouded:
Who sees it grants some deity there is shrowded.
An altar takes men's incense and oblation,
An altar made after the ancient fashion.
Here, when the pipe with solemn tunes doth sound,
The annual pomp goes on the cover'd ground.
White heifers by glad people forth are led,
Which with the grass of Tuscan fields are fed.
And calves from whose fear'd front no threatning flies,
And little pigs, base hogsties' sacrifice,
And rams with horns their hard heads wreathed back,
Only the goddess-hated goat did lack.
By whom disclos'd, she in the high woods took,
Is said to have attempted flight forsook.
Now is the goat brought through the boys with darts,

And give to him that the first wound imparts.
Where Juno comes, each youth and pretty maid,
Shew large ways, with their garments there displayed.
Jewels, and gold their virgin tresses crown,
And stately robes to their gilt feet hang down.
As is the use, the nuns in white veils clad,
Upon their heads the holy mysteries had.
When the chief pomp comes, loud the people hollow
And she her vestal, virgin priests doth follow.
Such was the Greek pomp, Agamemnon dead,
Which fact, and country wealth, Halesus fled.
And having wandered now through sea and land,
Built walls high towered with a prosperous hand.
He to th' Etrurians, Juno's feast commended,
Let me, and them by it be aye befriended.

ELEGIA 14.*

And I shall think you chaste, do what you can.
Slip still, only deny it when 'tis done,
And, before folk, immodest speeches shun.
The bed is for lascivious toyings meet,
There use all tricks, and tread shame under feet.
When you are up and dress'd, be sage and grave,
And in the bed hide all the faults you have.
Be not asham'd to strip you being there,
And mingle thighs, your's ever mine to bear.
There in your rosy lips my tongue entomb,
Practise a thousand sports when there you come.
Forbear no wanton words you there would speak,
And with your pastime let the bedstead creak.
But with your robes put on an honest face,
And blush, and seem as you were full of grace.
Deceive all, let me err, and think I'm right,
And like a wittal think thee void of slight.
Why see I lines so oft received and given?
This bed and that by tumbling made uneven?
Like one start-up your hair tost and displaced,
And with a wanton's tooth your neck new rased.
Grant this, that what you do I may not see;
If you weigh not ill speeches, yet weigh me.
My soul fleets when I think what you have done,
And through every vein doth cold blood run.
Then thee whom I most love, I hate in vain,
And would be dead, but dead with thee remain.
I'll not sift much, but hold thee soon excus'd,
Say but thou wert injuriously accus'd.
Though while the deed be doing you be took,
And I see when you ope the two-leaved book,

Ad Venerem, quod elegi

TENDER love's mother a new
This last end to my elegies is
Which I Pelignis' foster-child
(Nor am I by such wanton to
Heir of an ancient house, if h
Not only by war's rage made
In Virgil Mantua joys: in Cat
Of me Pelignis' nation boasts
Whom liberty to honest arms
When careful Rome in doubt
And some guest viewing water
Where little grounds to be inc
How such a poet could you br
How small soee'r, I'll you for g
Both loves, to whom my heart
Your golden ensigns pluck'd o
Horn'd Bacchus graver fury do
A greater ground with great h
Weak elegies, delightful muse
A work, that after my death, h

ERRATA.

Vol. I. page 14. line 3. for "God's" read "Gods."
275. line 13. for " ;" read " ,"
28. line 3. read " a dainty gallery."
Vol. II. page 76. line 1. for "Lord's" read "Lords."
120. line 29. for "had" read "hath."
163. line 11. for "at the hard heels" read "hard at the heels."
Vol. III. page 429. line 19. " for line 19." read
"Aurora whither slid'st thou? down again,"
456. line 3. for "line 3," read
"Nepenthe, Heav'ns drink, most gladness brings,"

[redacted]

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